Collier's
TEN CENTS
JUNE 17, 1944
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ULA FREE

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENDERSO

WALLACE RIDES AG

By George Creel

June 17, 1944

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HOSPITALITY IN GLASS: A LIFT TO LIVING

Stout
Pilsner BEER
Dark Ale
LIGHT BEER
Light Ale
Lager
Dark Beer
Porter

Malt beverages are popular in 36 countries—there are many more brews than countries! Here's an idea from a clever hostess for a United Nations Service party—an attractive, inexpensive table setting featuring a half-dozen kinds of malt beverages.

Light beer, dark beer, ale, stout, porter—a favorite for each service man! Jan Struther, author of *Mrs. Miniver* and interpreter of wartime living, says, "I always think beverages served in their sparkling glass bottles look more inviting—and hospitable."

"My emergency cupboard," points out Jan Struther, "is where I keep a reserve of foods packed in glass. I'm always ready for impromptu meals. Just a look at these products in glass—and there's a menu idea! Then, too, when I can see at a glance what I have on hand, I know what I need to buy.

"It's so easy to keep left-overs in glass jars! I just leave unused portions in the original glass containers, cover them with the tops, and put them back into the refrigerator. It's as easy as that and certainly saves a lot of extra dishwashing!

CHEESE
MAYONNAISE
CHILI SAUCE
PEANUT BUTTER

"The Snack Department—that's what my two children like to call the special corner I set up for them in our refrigerator. Here, there are always soft drinks, milk, glasses of cheese, peanut butter, jam, other snacks—all packed in glass so the children can see what's what and help themselves."

Tune in: "Broadway Matinee," a big-time "night-time" show in the daytime. Mondays through Fridays. CBS 4 P.M. Eastern War Time.

Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo, Ohio—makers of containers that give "a lift to living."

A name that helps you see what you buy!

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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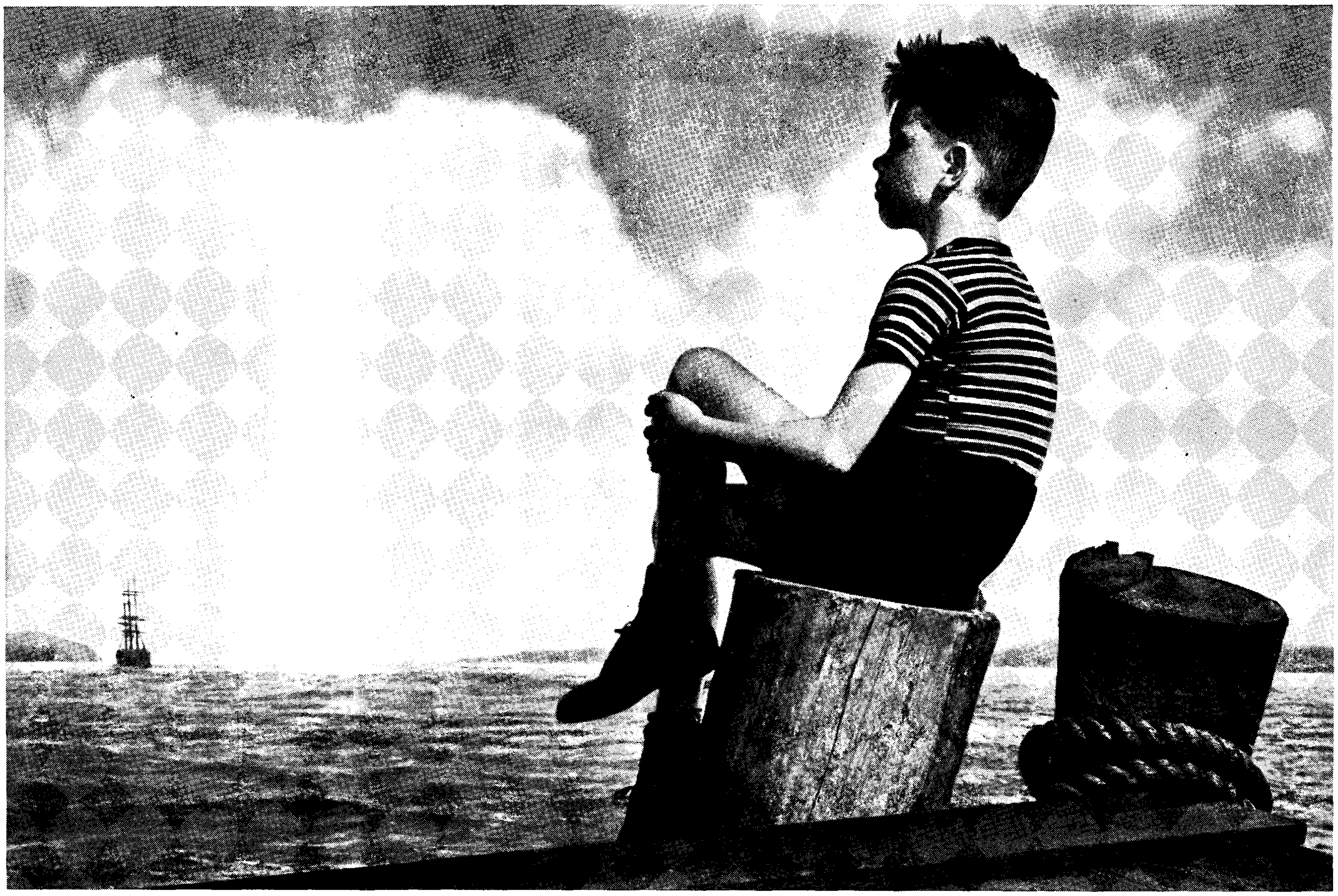
What do you see, Son, Beyond the Horizon?

Pictures that you alone can see— Dreams that shape a Bright Tomorrow?



We see you a Man—Fine and Reliant and Smiling—with a Smile that owes much to your lifelong use of Ipana and Massage.

LOOK eagerly to that far horizon, son! Let your hopes soar higher than the clouds.

For yours is the vision of youth! Yours is the spirit that will meet the challenge of tomorrow. Yours is a future filled with promise—a future you will face, confident, reliant and *smiling*.

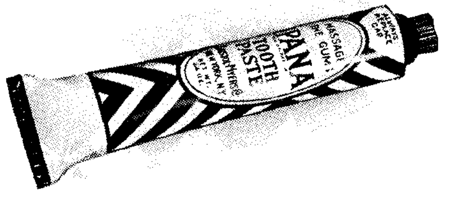
Yes, *smiling!* For today the smiles of America's boys and girls are being carefully safeguarded. Right in their classrooms, thousands of youngsters are learning a lesson in dental health that many adults never knew—the importance of firm, healthy gums to sparkling teeth and attractive smiles.

Even in primary grades, these children know that soft foods . . . so common today . . . rob our gums of work and stimulation. They know why gums tend to become soft, tender . . . often signal their sensitiveness with a warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush!

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

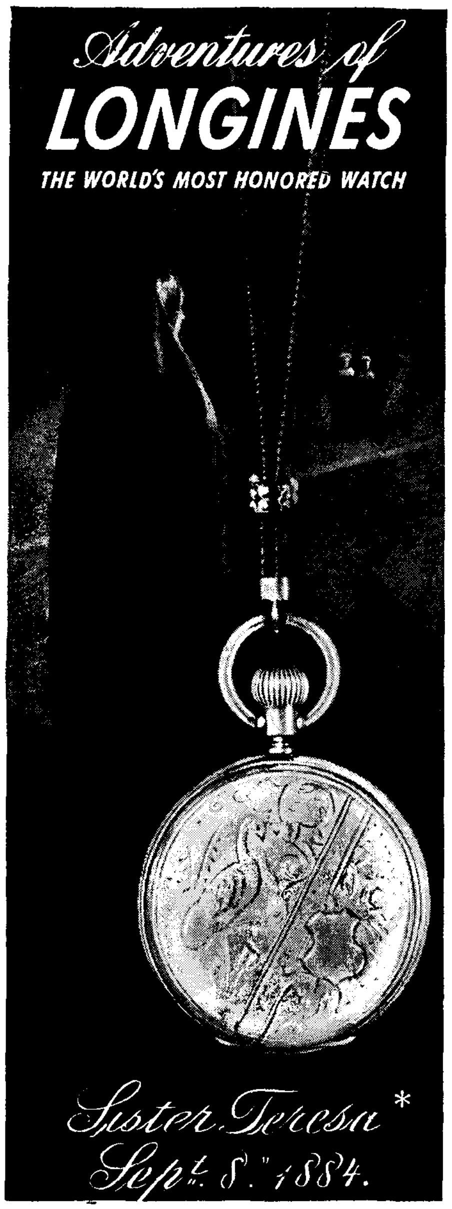
If you see "pink" on your tooth brush . . . *see your dentist*. It may not be serious, but get his advice. He may simply say your gums have become tender because of today's soft foods. And, like many modern dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid gums. Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums when you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens within the gums—helps them to healthier firmness. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer gums, a more sparkling smile!



Ipana Tooth Paste

Product of Bristol-Myers

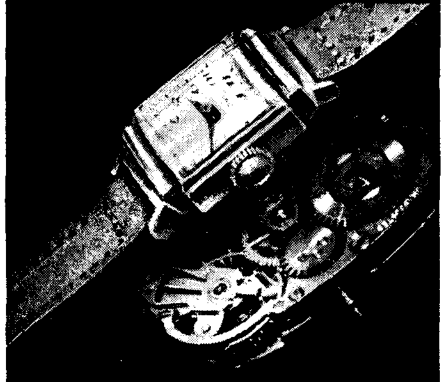


THERE recently came to us, with a gracious letter, a chased, silver Longines watch. Inside the back of the watch was engraved "Sister Teresa, Sept. 8, 1884". This Sister of the Church was a professor in a Western University. For more than half a century, her Longines watch had timed the beginning and end of classes and other details of a busy, peaceful, and useful life. ¶ We make Longines watches as well as we know how to keep good time. And we make them well, to last careful owners for many years. It is to us a source of satisfaction to learn from time to time, as from this letter, that we succeed so well. Longines watches, indeed, keep good time, for a long, long time.

*From documents in our files

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc., New York, Montreal, Geneva; also makers of the Wittnauer Watch, a companion product of unusual merit.

Longines
WINNER OF 10 WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES
AND 28 GOLD MEDAL AWARDS



The beating heart of every Longines Watch is the Longines "Observatory Movement," world honored for greater accuracy and long life.* *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Collier's

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ANY WEEK

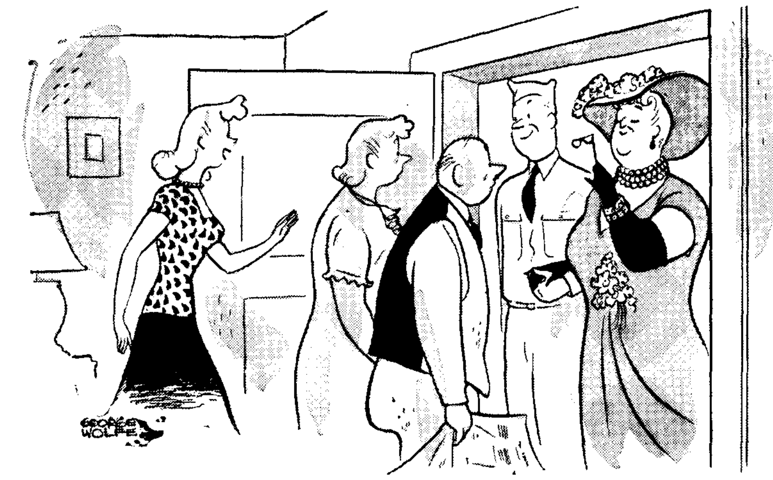
IT WAS in Potter's Market in Port Richey, Florida, that an old lady told Mr. Hugh Fullerton she'd just received a letter from her grandson. This grandson is in the Army, and his letter had come from Italy. "Yes," she said, "and besides having all those Germans to fight, they made him rescue all those people in danger at Mount Vesuvius. Yes, and then he had to put the old thing out all by himself."

WE HAVE just written to a lady to say that we have lost all track of Army regulations regarding overseas marriages. We're sorry, too, because she's seriously disturbed. "I hear that many titled Englishwomen are making free with our troops in England," she says. "I wish to do something about this, as my son Al is over there in the Army, and I do not want him to be bringing home any duchess or princess or anything, as I am having all the trouble I can handle with his sister."

WE'VE just been talking to an Army censor, home on leave. He said, "A great many islands have been taken in a purely literary sense by our lads, in many battles which never occurred. But it is good for home morale, and we never quibble if a soldier is licked by his own imagination. I remember one such letter written by a soldier which read: 'Dear Mom, I was up all night fighting and will maybe get a medal. Tell Ollie Wickert, who works for the Clarion, hello.'"

BUT Miss Olga Davis has a letter from a sergeant wherein he says: "Don't let anybody kid you. Censors are human, at least at first. However, as soon as they begin to go around talking to themselves and twitching, they are relieved and advanced to a higher rank. We had a censor lieutenant who twitched himself into a full lieutenant-colonelcy and a job in Washington."

THE real secret of the success of this publishing organization is the versatility of its officials. We could write many pages on the subject, but must limit ourselves to the case of Mr. Peter Dennerlein, vice-president. "Your Mr. Dennerlein," says Mr. G. F. Zimmermann of Springfield, Ohio, "was entrancing as the heroine in our all-male charity show held here lately. He has a divine figure and wears his gowns with a chic. In the second act, he came out with a black rayon jersey slip on, bare-backed, with a hand-painted adjustable overskirt. The big tomboy!"



GEORGE WOLFE

WE SHARE an office with Miss Amy Porter. It is a trifle crowded because we are growing a Victory Garden in one corner. Miss Porter has gone in for chives and something she calls watercress. We have planted a potato in a jar of water, and it is growing a fine set of Hemingway whiskers. We have planted a few peanuts, too, but nothing seems to happen. Miss Porter

(Continued on page 80)

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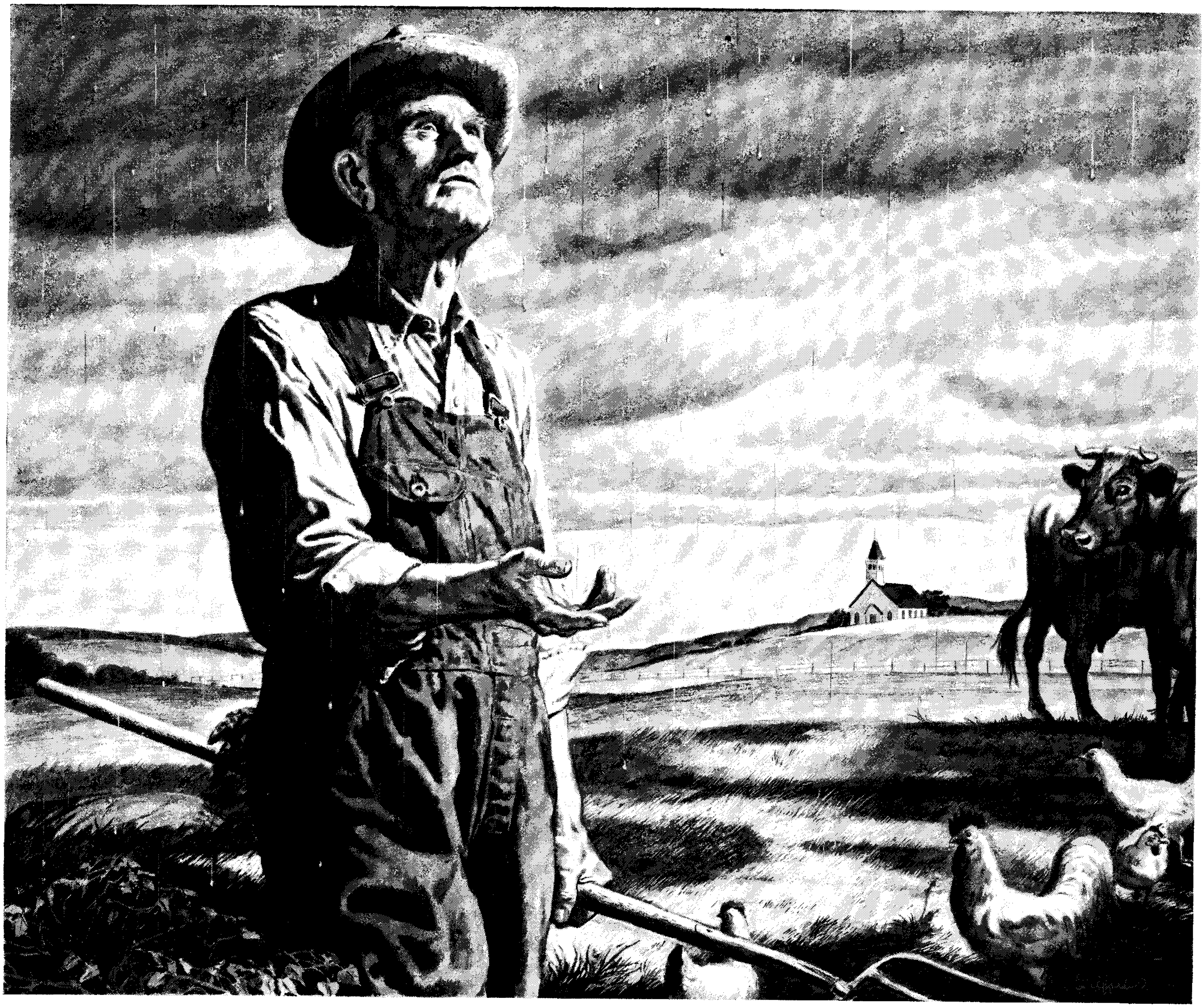
THIS WEE

JUNE 17, 1944

SHORT STORIES
BARBARA WEBB
Parson Sand's Miracles. Even in t day and age, faith triumphs ov material odds. Page
WALTER HAVIGHURST
The Bright Land. One soldier, sta ing for the front, knows what h fighting for. Page
GEORGE HARMON COXE
Courage Isn't Everything. It's ea ier to play the game straight whe you're not alone. Page
HILDA COLE ESPY
The Malignant Mattress. A hero uniform comes to the aid of a lad sore beset. Page
THE SHORT SHORT STORY
For Some We Loved, by Owen Can eron. Page 4
SERIAL STORY
FAITH BALDWIN
Change of Heart. The fourth of fiv parts. Page 2
ARTICLES
GEORGE CREEL
Wallace Rides Again. The Vic President is stacking up new pote tial votes. Page 1
HARRISON FORMAN
The Voice of China. Radio Chung king overcomes all obstacles broadcast to the world. Page 1
HARRY HENDERSON and SAM SHAW
Star Merchants. Talent scouts are o 24-hour alert for new movie mate rial. Page 1
J. D. RATCLIFF
Chicken-Wire Chemistry. Natura gas is the raw material for a vas postwar chemical industry. Page 2
DAN PARKER
Sam, You Made the Pants Too Loud All the brash color of The Street i embodied in Broadway Sam. Page 23
MARTHA GELLHORN
The Bomber Boys. To R.A.F. men the daily mission is routine work to be done, without drama or fuss. Page 58
JIM MARSHALL
The Guy Nobody Hates. Mark Hellinger forsakes Hollywood to cover the war. Page 66
ELMER DAVIS
Mr. Davis Replies. The purpose and function of OWI is clarified. Page 68
W. B. COURTNEY
Tedder. British and Allied fliers are all out for Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder. Page 78
●
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Page 6
WING TALK. Page 8
DAVID O. WOODBURY
Your Life Tomorrow. Page 31
PRONUNCIATION TEST. Page 39
THE WEEK'S WORK. Page 54
THE GUILTY (Mitsuru Toyama). Profile of Axis Terrorist No. 46. Page 75
EDITORIALS Page 86
COVER HARRY HENDERSO and SAM SHA

...with the help of Providence



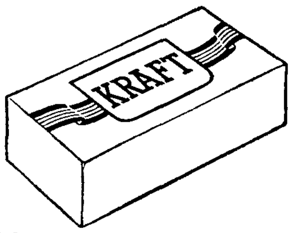
From millions of American homes prayers go up for the safety of boys away in the war. From *farm* homes other prayers, too . . .

For *aid in the production of crops vital to Victory and the establishment of Peace.* For rains to keep green the pastures where milking cows graze. For sunshine to ripen the grains and fodders needed in the winter's feeding.

Increased again this year are America's production goals for milk and transportable products of milk! The U. S. Government's own requirement of *cheese* is estimated at nearly 450 *million* pounds—for our fighting men and fighting allies. On top of that there should be made over 500 million *more* pounds of this nutritious food for civilians of our land.

More than twice as much cheese as the nation could produce when the last war ended is needed now!

We of Kraft who work with the dairy farmers of America know how earnestly they strive to meet these goals. Short of hands, short of equipment, they carry on as best they humanly can. And they will succeed *. . . with the help of Providence.*

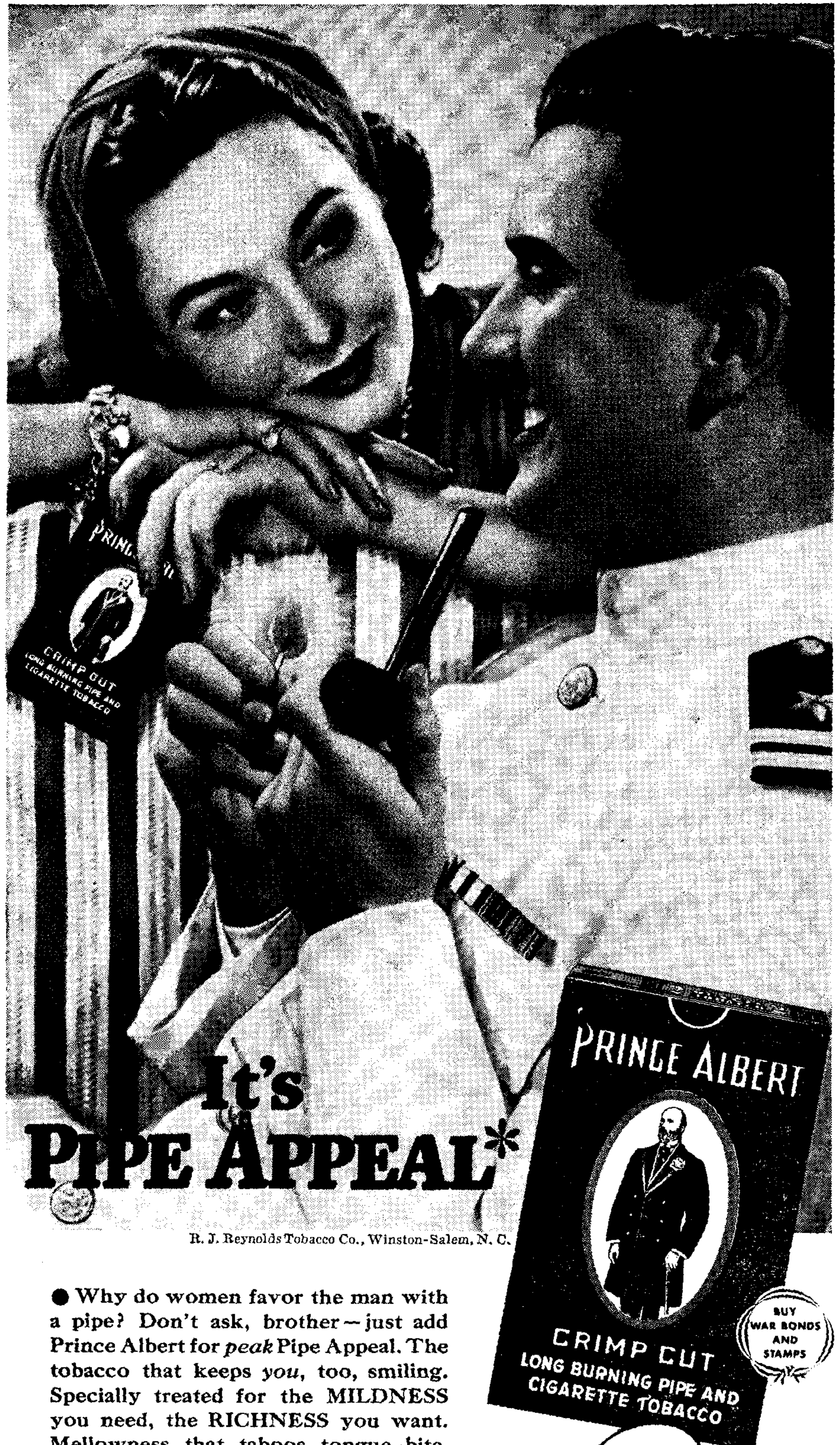


Because of the tremendous demand, both military and civilian, you may not be able to get as much Kraft Cheese as you would like, or get your favorite varieties —Kraft American, "Old English", "Philadelphia" Brand Cream Cheese, Velveeta, and so on. But you may be sure, as always, that any cheese or cheese food which bears the Kraft *name represents the very highest standard of quality.*

KRAFT CHEESE COMPANY

A Division of National Dairy Products Corporation

The LIGHT of his life!


It's
PIPE APPEAL*
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

● Why do women favor the man with a pipe? Don't ask, brother—just add Prince Albert for *peak* Pipe Appeal. The tobacco that keeps *you*, too, smiling. Specially treated for the MILDNESS you need, the RICHNESS you want. Mellowness that taboos tongue-bite. Crimp cut... for packing even, drawing right... the *easy* draw that keeps your light. Strike the match of your lifetime: You—P. A.—for Pipe Appeal!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert

70 fine roll-your-own cigarettes in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert

HOW THEY GET ALONG! PRINCE ALBERT'S MILDNESS AND RICH TASTE. THAT'S TONGUE-EASE!

*PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

TONY BARLOW

Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

This year, the eleven major-league ball clubs that have lighted parks will play 203 night games at home, or 47 more than in 1943. These night dates comprise, in the American League, 43 for the Senators, 21 for the Browns, and 14 each for the Athletics, Indians and White Sox; in the National League, 22 for the Cardinals and 15 each for the Giants, Dodgers, Reds, Pirates and Blue Jays.

White scars on the human cornea, the transparent coat of the eyeball, are removed by tattooing them with a matched pigment.

After a two-shock earthquake, fallen tombstones often reveal, more accurately than seismographs, the epicenter of the most destructive shock, because they topple over in direct lines toward it. Seismograph records of a quake near Los Angeles in 1933 placed the epicenter in the ocean, 30 miles from its true position in the town of Compton, toward which, a survey disclosed, all 54 fallen tombstones in five near-by cemeteries were pointed.

In Congress today, the Senate has 42 committees with 567 seats, or an average of 5.91 per member; and the House has 52 committees with 978 seats, or 2.25 per member. While 210 members in the House sit on one committee only, 24 senators and representatives serve on seven committees, 11 on eight, and 2 on nine.

Since a law society in England established The Services Divorce Department in 1942, it has obtained divorces at a cost of $20 for thousands of men and women in the country's armed forces. The majority of these persons had wanted divorces for years but were unable to pay the regular legal fees and earned too much to be entitled to the low rate charged the poor.

Russia now has more than 4,000,000 religious people who regularly attend some 5,000 Orthodox churches, 1,800 Roman Catholic churches, 1,300 Moslem mosques, 1,100 Protestant churches and 1,000 Jewish synagogues.

The ideal nose is one third as long as the face, points out at a 30-degree angle and tilts up at the tip at a 95-degree angle.... On a hot night in an air-conditioned movie, the average person gives off about six ounces of moisture during a three-hour show.

Within the past twenty years, the number of active lobbyists in the nation's capital has increased from 150 to about 15,000.

Oddest of the 53 diseases and disorders of the human foot is ainhum, which in most cases is confined to the little toe of male Negroes in warm countries. From some unknown cause, a fibrous ring forms around the base of the digit and, unless this ring is severed at an early stage, it tightens until it amputates the toe.

The fragrance of flowers can be photographed by placing a petal on a bowlful of talc-coated mercury, which is then covered with a glass plate to keep in the odor. Within ten minutes, the fragrance, in emanating in all directions a fraction of an inch above the talc, will make thousands of fine lines, or "avenues" of escape, in the soft powder through which it will continue to flow for hours and may be seen in a photograph.

Russian children receive their school grading in reverse order, the highest being 5 for "Excellent" and the lowest 1 for "Very Bad." American airports are likewise graded, the best and largest being "D" fields and the poor and smallest "A" fields.

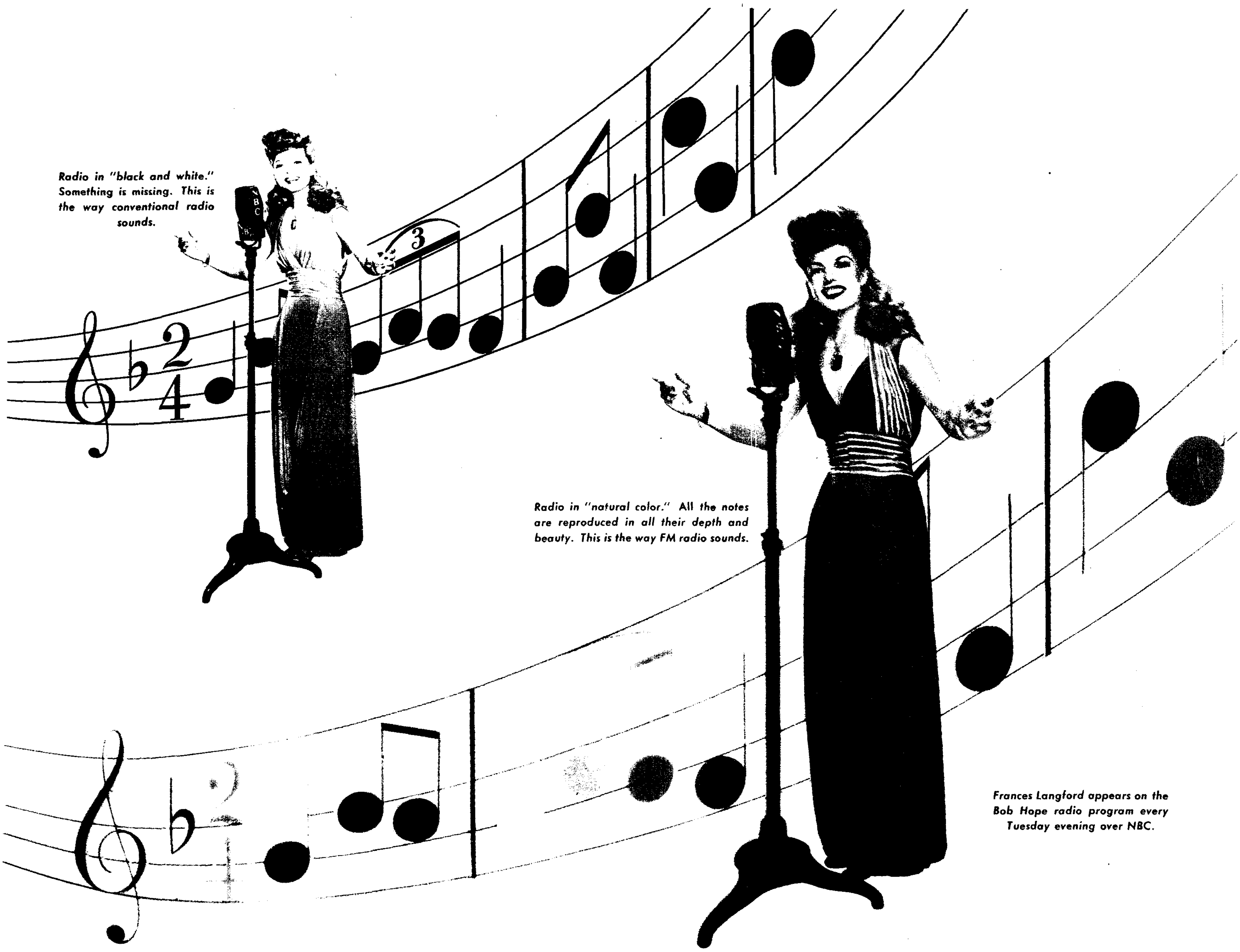
New Jersey is the only state in which seduction, under statutory as well as common law, is not a civil offense and is a criminal offense only when pregnancy results and a promise of marriage exists.

The U. S. Weather Bureau in Washington sends a master weather map every six hours over 26,000 miles of teletype circuits to some 500 offices, including its own branches. In about 90 minutes after reports are received from 800 local observers, the map is drawn and ready for transmission in a numerical code that includes 16 wind directions, 30 types of clouds, 50 varieties of precipitation and 99 kinds of general weather conditions.

Between March, 1943, and March, 1944, the cost-of-living index, prepared by the Bureau of Labor Statistics, increased less than one per cent.

Human serum albumin occupies only one fifth as much space as the blood plasma from which it is extracted and for which it is used as a substitute.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher



Radio in "black and white." Something is missing. This is the way conventional radio sounds.

Radio in "natural color." All the notes are reproduced in all their depth and beauty. This is the way FM radio sounds.

Frances Langford appears on the Bob Hope radio program every Tuesday evening over NBC.

You'll hear the *real* Frances Langford—on this FM "NATURAL COLOR" radio!

For the first time in radio history, FM (Frequency Modulation) makes it possible for you to hear music you've never heard before!

Even a popular star like Frances Langford sounds entirely different, because General Electric FM captures *all* the tones and overtones, *all* the subtle shadings that conventional radio just can't reproduce!

Instead of being so often pale and flat in quality, radio voices are now rich and full. Instead of only one-third the musical range, as before, you hear the *complete* range. Instead of music in "black and white," you listen to music in "natural color."

General Electric built the first FM radio receivers used by Major Edwin H. Armstrong, the inventor of FM, in perfecting this new kind of broadcasting. General Electric has built more FM broadcasting equipment than any manufacturer. And General Electric owns and operates its own FM radio station.

No other manufacturer offers so much experience in the field of FM radio!

FREE: "YOUR COMING RADIO—*as forecast by General Electric*"—28 full color pages of facts about the newest in radios; radio-phonographs, the self-charging portable with its own rechargeable battery, and television! A post-card brings it free. Address *Electronics Department, General Electric, Schenectady, New York.*

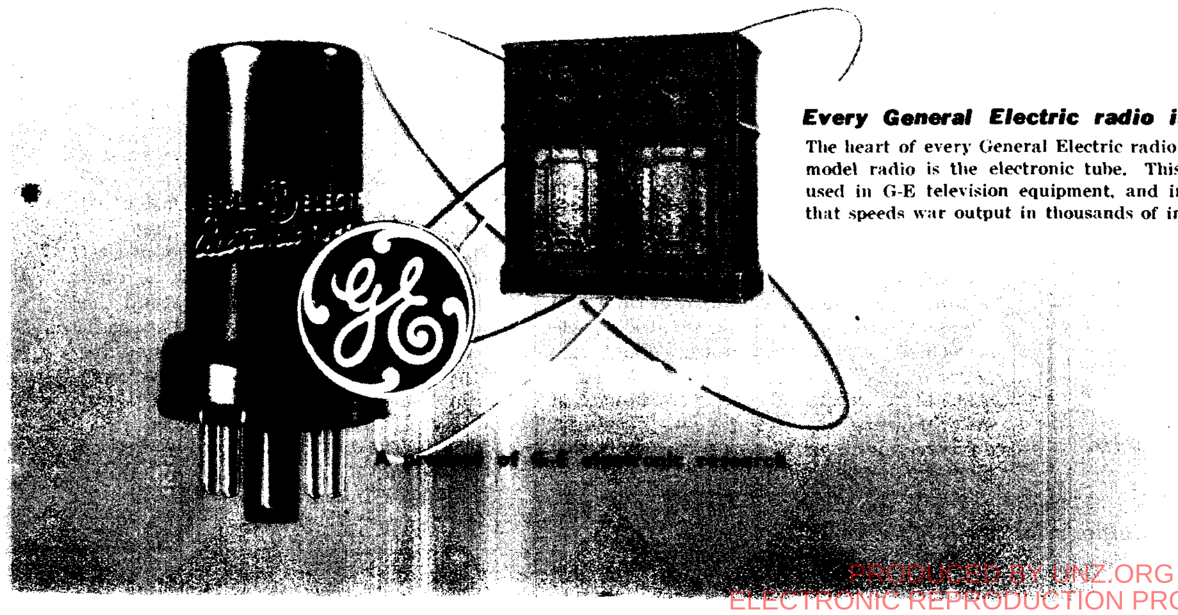
- Tune in General Electric's "The World Today" and hear the news from the men who see it happen, every evening except Sunday at 6:45 E.W.T. over CBS network. On Sunday evening listen to the G-E "All Girl Orchestra" at 10 E.W.T. over NBC.

- *Buy more War Bonds—and hold on to those you have.*

RADIO · TELEVISION · ELECTRONICS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

170-C7



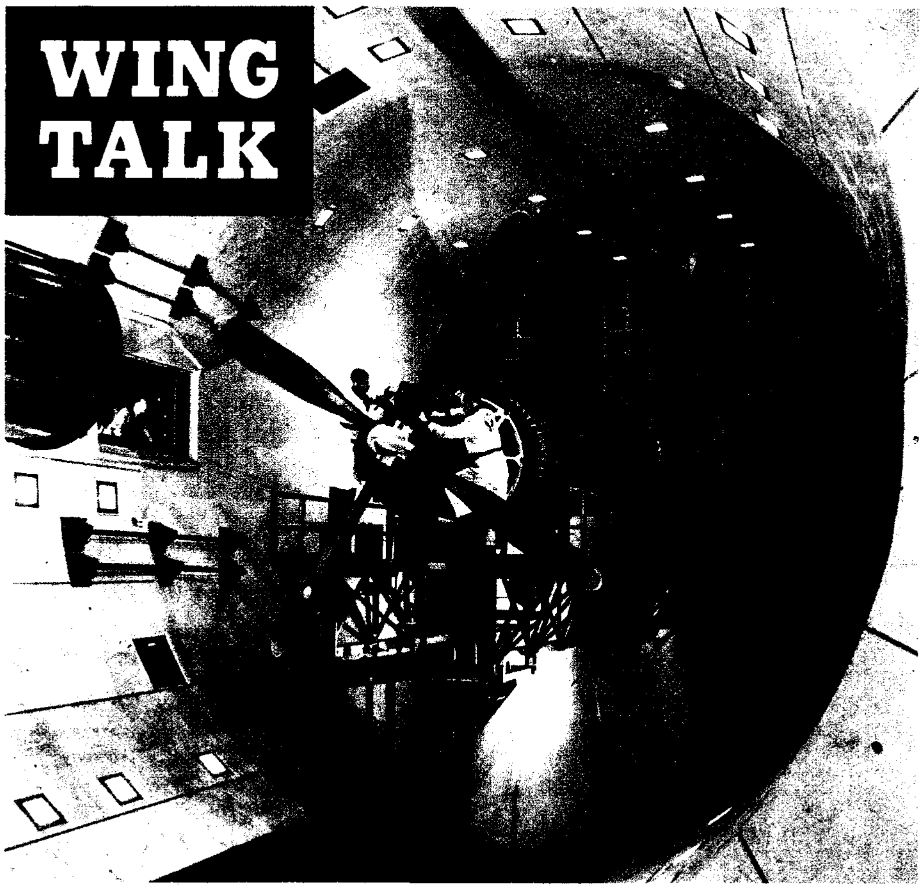
Every General Electric radio is an electronic instrument

The heart of every General Electric radio-phonograph, portable radio, or table model radio is the electronic tube. This tube is similar to electronic tubes used in G-E television equipment, and in amazing G-E electronic apparatus that speeds war output in thousands of industrial plants across the continent.

Thanks for the Buggy Ride!
NOW LOOKIT, SUGAR! YOU CAN'T OPEN FIRE ON A GUY JUST BECAUSE HE TRIES FOR A LITTLE KISS!
ANYWAY, IF I'M BEIN' WASHED OUT, I GOT A RIGHT TO KNOW WHY!
BUT, BUCK, HONEY, A GIRL JUST CAN'T TELL A FELLOW TO SET A COURSE FOR HIS DENTIST'S –FOR A THOROUGH BREATH OVERHAUL!
BUCK SEES HIS DENTIST!
TO GET RID OF BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH INSTANTLY!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH–HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES–STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS–REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER–THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
GOT EVERYTHING SHIPSHAPE FOR YOU THIS TRIP, HONEY– INCLUDING GUNNER BUCK HIMSELF!
COMING ABOARD, SAILOR–ALL SET TO HAVE THE PREACHER SIGN ME UP AS MATE ON THIS BUGGY RIDE!
COLGATE'S SURE DOES A JOB OF CLEANING AND POLISHING TEETH, TOO!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

Tune In! CAN YOU TOP THIS? Saturday Night—NBC Network

WING TALK



CURTISS-WRIGHT

This is one of two test cells completed by the Propeller Division of the Curtiss-Wright Corporation at Caldwell, N. J., designed to accommodate props up to 30 feet in diameter, as well as air- and liquid-cooled engines of over 5,000 h.p. Shown in the picture is the largest prop of its type developed to date

SINCE early 1927 when the government began to administer the Air Commerce Act of 1926 by licensing pilots and planes, the potential airplane pilot has been progressively discouraged by federal regulatory red tape. This is now about to be slashed by the Civil Aeronautics Board, to further the commerce and pleasure of flying to its maximum possibilities after the war. But you won't have to wait until then, because the new regulations should be effective six months from now.

The proposed regulations permit anyone from 16 to 100 or over, to possess a private pilot certificate if he or she can satisfactorily accomplish simplified requirements.

Before the enactment of the 1926 Air Commerce Act, anybody could own an airplane and anybody could fly one if he thought he knew how. Then the government wisely stepped in and established rules to govern the airworthiness of the aircraft and the competency of the pilot. The act also directed the government to build airways, conduct technical research and help establish airlines. The original agency in the Department of Commerce and its successor groups met the problem and did very well.

However, as the number of pilots and planes increased, so did the government's safety troubles. They were usually solved, it was thought, by writing another regulation. Unwittingly the guardians of public safety in the air piled up prohibition upon prohibition until it became apparent to a large number of prospective but disqualified pilots that only the acme of twentieth-century physique and culture could be eligible to cruise in the sky at the controls of a plane.

But in spite of the regulation-weighted cloak of protection thrown about the successful applicants, accidents continued to happen. They always will, says Jesse W. Lankford, director of the Safety Bureau, although he is quick to add that they will always happen on land and sea, too. Jesse Lankford, who knows more about the cause of civil aviation accidents than any man alive, acquired this storehouse of knowledge in seventeen years of study, analysis and investigation of nearly 60,000 mishaps and tragedies in civil flying.

There are three factors that cause the Civil Aeronautics Board and Jesse Lankford to believe that a major shakedown of the regulations and a sifting out of ancient theories and practices will benefit us all.

First, he says, "We are now dealing with the younger generation, and it has the inherent ability to fly. These kids today can put us to shame with their detailed knowledge of aviation engineering and aircraft operation."

THE second motivating force behind the simplification of the rule book, Jesse continues, "is the tremendous technical progress made in aircraft safety and reliability. We know what an airplane will do and what it will take. We no longer have delicate stick and wire models with wheezy power plants, and no airports or airways for safe operation. And what is waiting for us when the war is won; in the nonspinnable types and the simplified two-control—just a control wheel on a movable column and no rudder pedals; in fact, no rudder at all, only a fin back there—will make flying practically boresome."

And third, he says, is "the overwhelming desire of the public to fly as a result of the miraculous accomplishments of the airplane in this war. We know we have the public's support in this plan because it is reflected in appeals to us by people who have been turned down for licenses or are now disqualified to make applications. The mystery has been taken out of flying, and there is no justification for making it appear difficult, or reserved only for supermen."

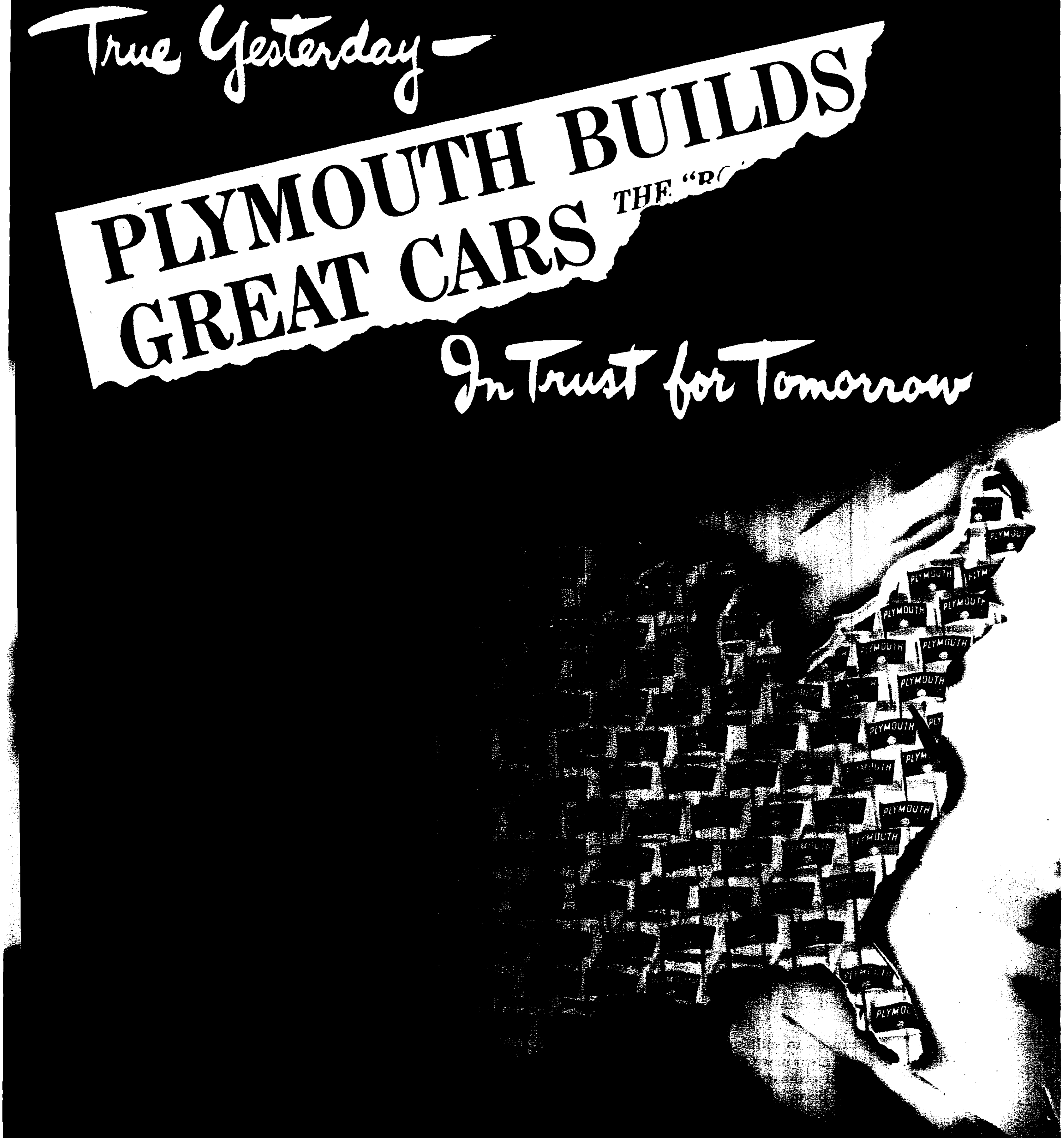
Here is what Jesse and his staff in the Safety Bureau propose:

Reduce the minimum age for a private pilot certificate from 18 to 16 years. Although a youth of 16 can now receive a student permit, he must wait until he is 18 before he can get his private pilot license, no matter how good he is in training.

Eliminate the specific requirement that a student or private pilot must be able to read, write, speak and understand the English language. This would permit, for example, a mute who is otherwise qualified and could pass the necessary examinations, to obtain a private (not commercial) pilot certificate.

Simplify the physical requirements by one of two methods: The first is to require

(Continued on page 84)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—goes a long way to make friends

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY FOR JUNE 17, 1944

WALLACE RIDES AGAIN

BY GEORGE CREEL

The Vice-President has made one of the most spectacular comebacks in history. Apparently laid away on the shelf amid the wreckage of his ambitions, he's now making things hum in Democratic political circles. The polls say his renomination is probable

LESS than a year ago, Henry Agard Wallace looked to be headed for political oblivion with a one-way ticket. Kicked out as chairman of the Board of Economic Warfare publicly and humiliatingly, nothing seemed plainer than that White House favor had been withdrawn, and the smiles of the Great White Father replaced by frowns. Party leaders, with joyous accord, hastened to dismiss him from their consideration and, overnight, candidates for the Vice-Presidential nomination shot up their lightning rods.

Today, however, Wallace rides again! His boots and spurs restored, he gallops to China and Russia, and sits in high conference with Chiang Kai-shek and Stalin, or anyway Molotov, for the discussion and settlement of world problems. More than that, if Mr. Roosevelt decides to let himself be drafted for a fourth term, it is better than an even money bet that the shockheaded Iowan will be his running mate. Democratic chieftains admit quite frankly that other candidacies are withering on the vine.

A dramatic reversal, and due entirely to Henry Wallace's own unaided efforts. When the party's swing to the right scrapped the New Deal, he alone repaired to the junk pile, picked it up, warmed it back to life, and raised it aloft as a "living truth." He trudged from state to state, from town to town, calling for a return to the faith—a tramp down the sawdust trail.

Corn-Belt Philosopher

To get the true drama of Wallace's comeback, backgrounds must be painted in. When the Iowan first burst on Washington in 1933, coming to be Secretary of Agriculture, he had been editor of a farm paper for twenty years, and looked it. Although he had supported Al Smith and Franklin Roosevelt in 1928 and 1932, he was still registered as a Republican, and that was another thing that didn't sit well with the Democratic politicians. The "boys" also found him shy and inarticulate. When he did speak, they seldom knew what he was talking about.

Distaste turned into active dislike when the Secretary proceeded to ignore the organization and surrounded himself with a "bunch of social planners and campus nuts," to quote the bitter comment of practical politicians. Heads shook gloomily as they watched millions poured into rural resettlement projects and schemes for the uplift of sharecroppers, with never a thought of city precincts. When the rumor spread that Henry consulted astrologers and sought guidance from the stars, "regulars" threw up their hands and prayed for the agony to pass. "Screwball" was the least they called him.

Imagine, then, their dismay when President Roosevelt served notice on the Democratic Convention in 1940 that he must have Henry Agard Wallace, and none other, as his running mate. The crack of the White House whip was drowned out by a chorus of boos, and the order was obeyed only when Paul McNutt, Sam Rayburn and Senator Bankhead, all "good soldiers" refused to have their names considered. Even so, the nomination was followed by rude noises indicative of acute nausea.

The politicians, however, found some comfort in the traditional obscurity of the Vice-Presidential office. At least, Henry would be out from under their feet, and in a place where he couldn't upset any applecarts or throw monkey wrenches into the party machinery. What they did not know (or else failed to take into account) was a new factor that had come into the life of the diffident "corn hog farmer."

A Convert for the Cause

In 1934, to go into necessary detail, the Secretary of Agriculture received a letter from Houston, Texas. Signed by one Milo R. Perkins, it set forth that the writer was in the fortunate position of having amassed a competence while still in full possession of his youth and abilities. He begged for a chance to throw "my whole energies into working for the New Deal."

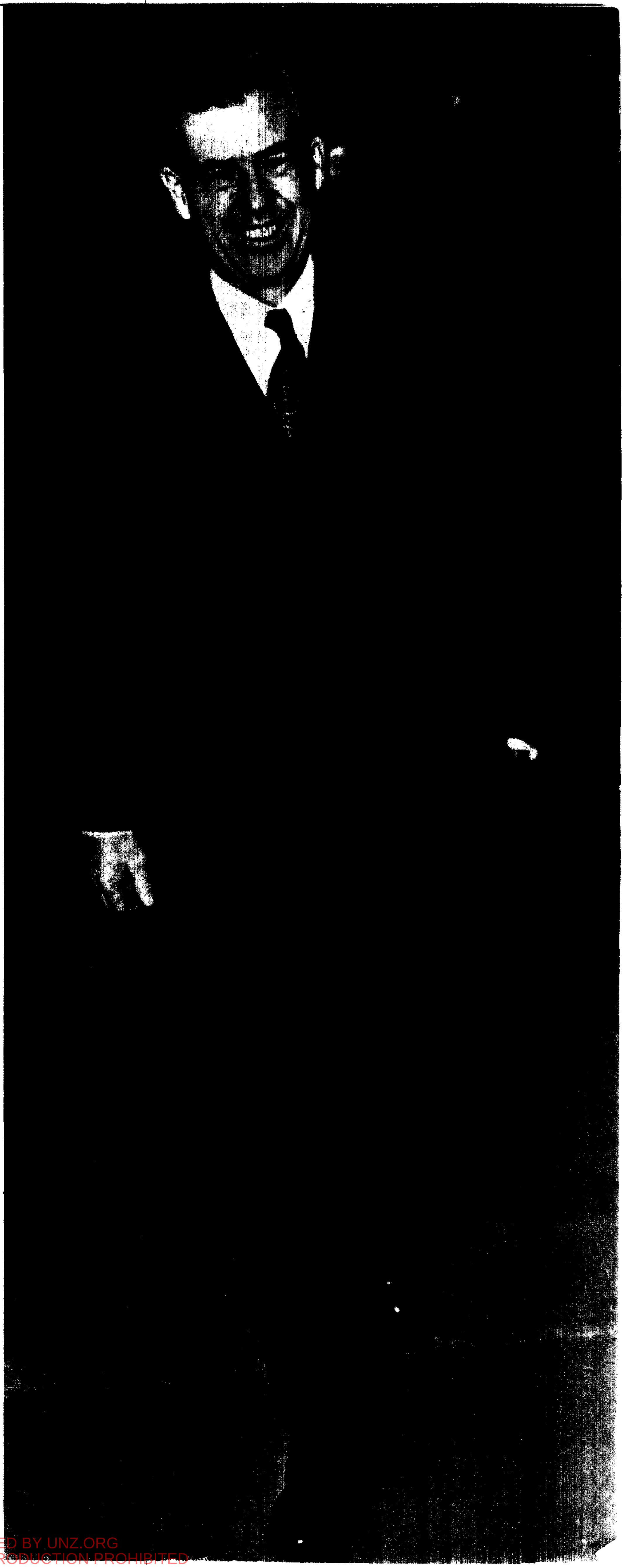
"If it can't be done any more effectively," said the letter, "I shall simply continue to lecture before schools and clubs as I have done for the last six months. But it occurs to me that you might have just the job for a man of my interests, and that it would give me a wider range of usefulness. My only condition would be that I do not become lost in some sort of office work." He explained that his talent lay in "being able to influence people."

"From childhood," Mr. Perkins confided, "I have wanted to live in the world so that I could lift it, and leave it happier because I had worked in it." Emphasizing his wholehearted desire to "help America wake up," he concluded with a declaration of his intent "to work along these lines if I have to do it as one of the self-appointed prophets of the New Order. But I would rather be appointed by you."

And he was! Called to Washington, Milo took his place at the Secretary's right hand, a dynamic influence from the very first.

There is small doubt that Henry Wallace's own native force would have brought him growth in self-confidence and assertion, but it is equally undoubted that intimate association with a go-getter accelerated the process. He himself has made his obligation a matter of public

(Continued on page 81)

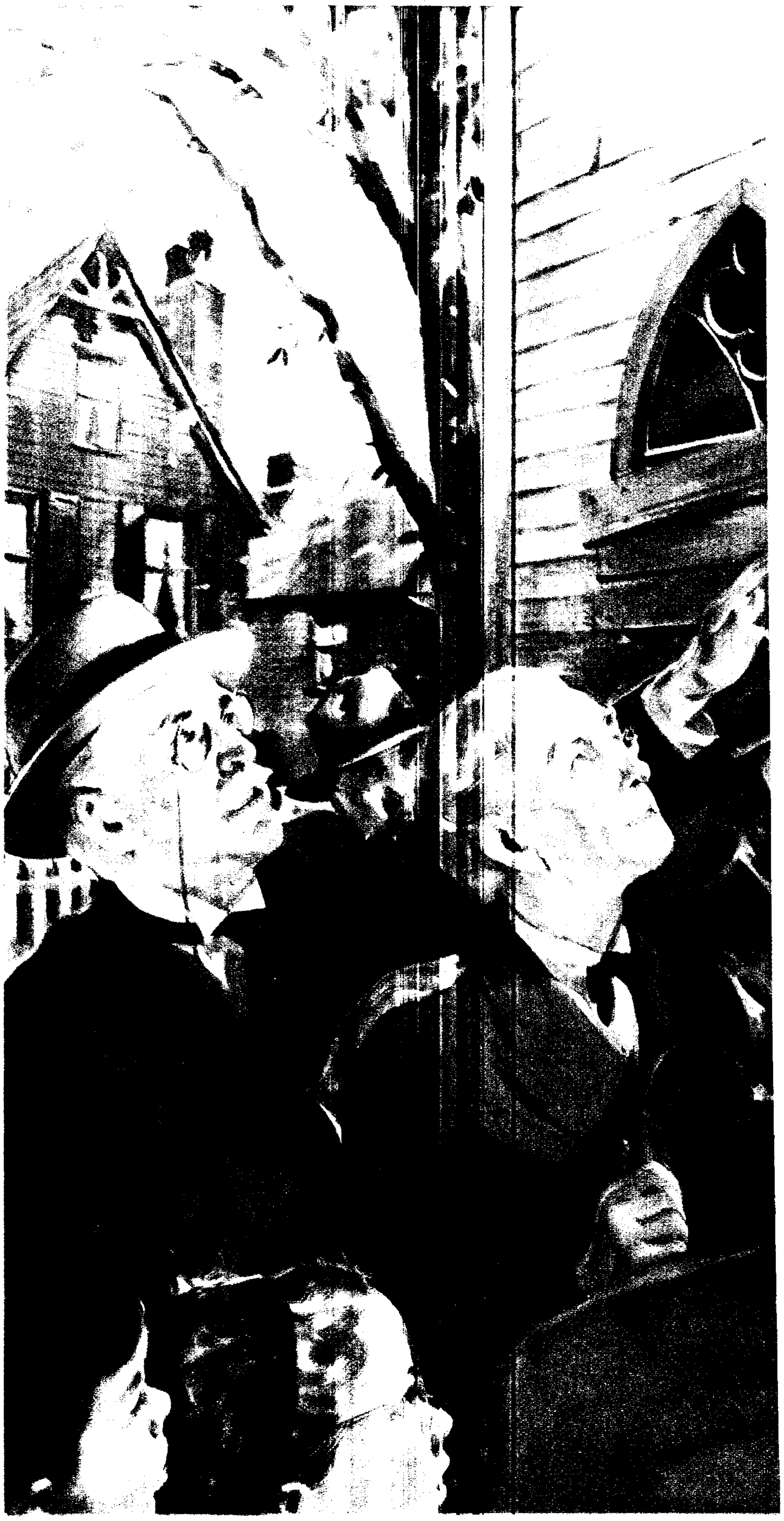


WIDE WORLD

PARSON SAND'S *Miracles*

BY BARBARA WEBB

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN



The property was up for sale, and Andy Gelk put in a bid for the devil. But Parson Sand put in a bid for God, and a strange bid it turned out to be

ALWAYS before in crisis, Parson Sand had been able to pray. Even through that terrible period of his youth when faith left him for a season, prayer had been possible. When Miriam died, leaving him with Jesse, their only child, a boy of six, prayer had sustained Parson Sand. Only now, in extreme need of help for another as well as himself, prayer was blocked by a yellow oblong lying on his desk.

". . . regrets, your son Captain Jesse Sand, missing in action."

The final three words were like the refrain of train wheels: "Missing in action. Missing in action." They drove him to his knees.

Pictures of Jesse falling earthward, parachute unopened; Jesse a prisoner, wounded, in enemy hands, assailed him. Discipline and habit moved his lips. "Not my will . . ." But this, thought Parson Sand, is never prayer.

The telephone rang. Still kneeling, he answered: "Jehu Sand speaking."

"Jehu, I want you to listen to me, and don't interrupt what I have to say."

That would be Tilch Adams calling. No one else used the given name, or opened conversation with abrupt demands. Parson Sand made an indeterminate sound, and the voice went on:

"I've just talked long distance with Orion College. We've decided you're the best bet for the chair of philosophy for the summer session starting in ten days. Now don't mutter at me about the next issue of Modern Faith. You've finished the proofs on the spring number, haven't you?"

Parson Sand made another sound. The corrected proofs lay on his desk under the War Department message.

"In my opinion," Tilch continued, "we should suspend the quarterly for the duration. Now here's what I want you to do. There's a train to Orion at twelve-forty-seven, gets in around three. I told President Hollins you'd be down today and would call him when you got there. You can settle everything in a couple of hours this evening. Is that clear, Jehu? Well, why don't you say something?"

Parson Sand cleared his throat. "Just what, Tilch, shall I teach the students . . . that I am a Christian, therefore a philosopher, or that I am a philosopher, ergo a Christian?"

"Whichever you like," said Tilch. "It won't make any difference. Philosophy's a required course at Orion. Now look here, Jehu, it's time you came down out of your ivory tower. You've sat there for the last fifteen years editing Modern Faith. You're soft. You know nothing but the literary angle. Jesse told me that himself just before he left, said he wished you'd take a parish again. Well, you're too old and out of touch for that. I wish you weren't, we've lost so many men to chaplaincies. By the way, what do you hear from Jesse?"

In the seconds before he answered, faith spoke to Parson Sand. It said, "Neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God."

Tilch made an impatient noise. "I asked you what you hear from Jesse."

"He's . . . he's all right, Tilch. He's safe. I'll go to Orion. Goodby."

On the train a new agony began. Men in uniform, fresh-faced, cheerful-voiced, were fellow passengers. They said variously as they passed him: "Afternoon, Padre." "Mmmm, sir." And one, with a Southern accent, "How're you, Parson?"

It was the form of address he preferred, and as the train began to move, he fastened his mind on the word's associations. It was Miriam who first called him "Parson." It reduced the formality of the clerical garb he always wore, she said. All this belonged to that time when, his faith gone, his outer self paying lip service to the duties of his first parish, she came into his life.

To her alone, he spoke of his struggle and she responded, not with shock or indignation, but with sympathy. In a manner as sunny as the bright hair she had given to Jesse, she took away grimness from the battle. It became a human, even a universal experience, ending in victory and the fullness of their love.

HOW much had Tilch suspected? He would think about Tilch, solid and real through all the years. They'd roomed together in college, an odd pair—Jehu poor and shabby, Tilch even then, as beneficiary of a fabulous trust fund, given to large gestures. The carillon in the chapel, for example.

"Why should you do such a thing?" Jehu asked, when Tilch announced his intention.

"Why shouldn't I? Even though I'm majoring in ethics instead of religion, I certainly go for beauty, and I like the sound of bells—bells at sunset. . . ."

One evening after the installation, Jehu watched the sun go down behind the hill crowned by the college chapel. The cross on the spire gleamed slender and strong. The sound of the carillon moved over a laundry, a jumble of Negro tenements, the ancient trees bordering the campus. The echo died. The cross remained. It was visible always from the poorest and the finest houses in the town. It was higher than all the halls of learning. His call to the ministry came clear that evening, and he sat on alone, pondering the future.

Tilch found him and they began to argue. They talked through supper and on till midnight.

"Metaphysics, mysticism," said Tilch, toward the end. "Why don't you religious people tear down tenements, raise wages, run the schools and hospitals, subsidize beauty?"

"I don't know," Jehu answered. "Maybe we will some day. But faith comes first."

Tilch remained unconvinced as to faith, but in good works he was tireless. He sat on the boards of colleges, he financed religious publications, he directed a newly formed foundation to supply pulpits in wartime. He had never married. He fought shy always of individual humanity.

He would, thought Parson Sand, summing up, refuse a beggar a dime and give a hundred thousand dollars for research into the causes of poverty.

A spring thunderstorm darkened the countryside. Lights came on in the car. The window through which Parson Sand stared gave him back curious half-reflections of his own face. Miriam had once called it a comical face—domed forehead, uptilted nose rather sharp between round cheeks. Jesse had claimed a resemblance between his father and Mr. O'Malley when that character arrived.

Parson Sand smiled. "I shall write him I've become fairy godfather to a philosophy class." The smile given back to him by the window was a grimace. It reminded him he'd thought nothing at all, seriously, of the purpose of this trip.

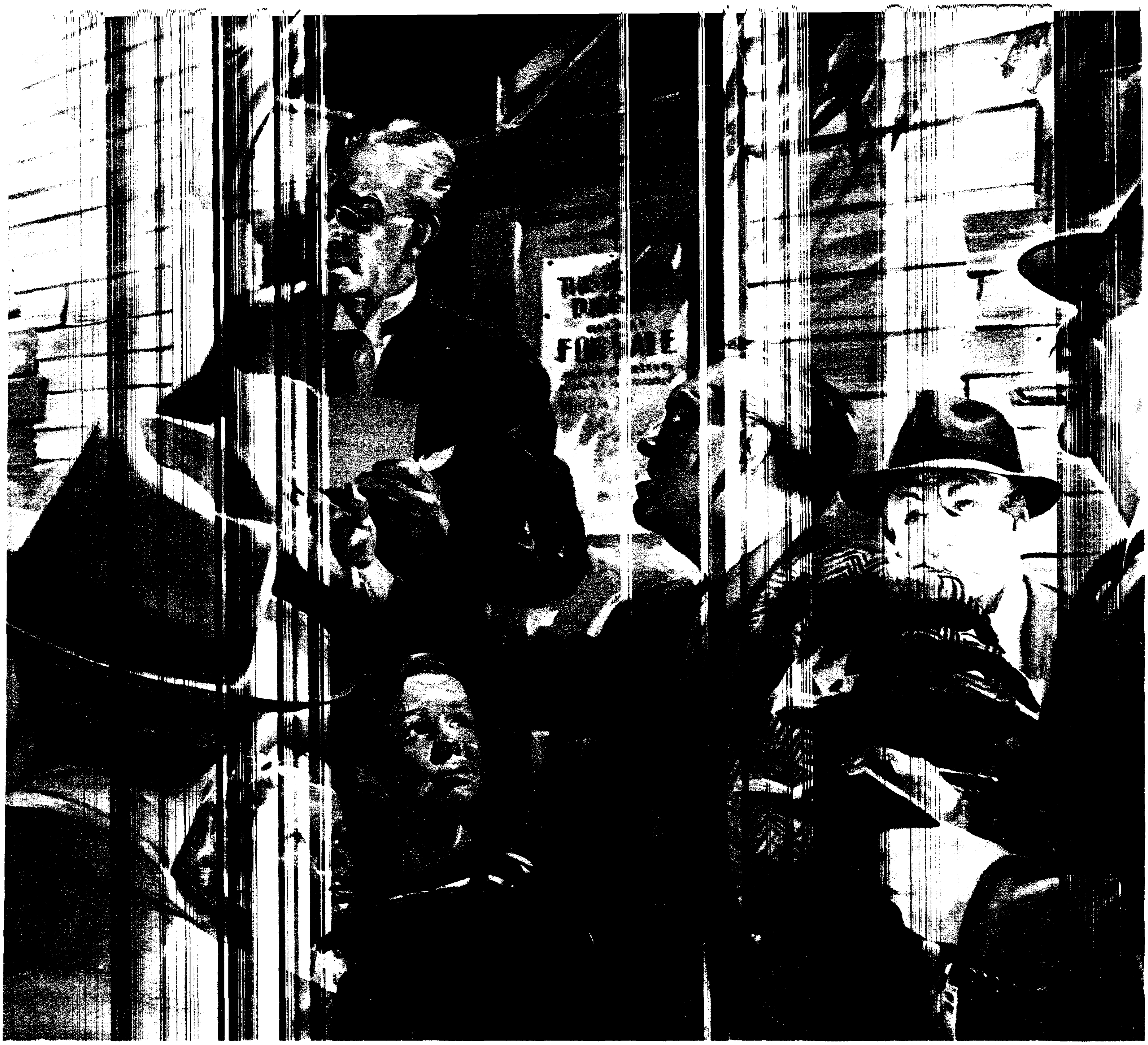
"I'm running away . . ." and, "Running away, running away," said the train wheels all the rest of the journey to Orion.

He was the only passenger to leave the train there. The station was closed. It had been years since he visited the town. The one hotel stood, he believed, north along the main street and near the college. Carrying his light bag, he began to walk in that direction.

HE PASSED through the shopping section before he realized his error. The day was pleasant, exercise soothing. He went on, unready yet for even the slight human intercourse involved in asking his way.

Houses grew dingy. A factory bore a placard, "War Industry. Night workers wanted." Children played in the streets. Negroes lounged in front of soft-drink stores. A smell of rancid frying fat came from a cheap restaurant. For the first time in years, Parson Sand found himself in the midst of squalor.

Ahead of him now lay the outskirts of the town. He was about to turn back when the steeple of a church, silhouetted against the descending sun, caught his attention. Association, of course. Just so had a cross against the sky once claimed his life. His steps quickened. If the



"How much did he bid?" cried Andy Gelk. "I got a right to a chance to offer more." Tilch spoke for his friend. "Announce the bid," he said firmly. "Whatever it is, I'll cover it"

church were open, he would go in. Perhaps he could pray inside walls where hundreds of others had knelt to ask strength.

A sagging fence surrounded the churchyard. Weeds grew high. Windows showed jagged panes. Parson Sand felt an unreasonable dismay. This then was an abandoned church. Irony suggested a kinship between himself and the building. He would, he decided, go in.

He paused at the gate. Very plain, but in the salt-box style of colonial times, the church stood, its four walls and its fenestration so balanced by old craftsmen that dignity of line remained. There were broad, bare steps to a narrow porch and double door, topped by a broken fanlight. Tilting himself back, Parson Sand stared at the cross surmounting the spire. It leaned a little awry and he wished, mildly, that he could set it straight.

There was a sign on the door. Parson Sand got the gate open, went along the flagged walk, mounted the steps and read:

"This desirable property will be sold at public auction at 10 o'clock, May 17th. Sealed bids may be submitted until midnight of the 16th. The trustees reserve the right to reject any and all bids."

Several names and an address were appended. Parson Sand read them carefully, then tried the door. It yielded with a groan and he walked through the dark vestibule into the body of the church.

Dusty windows showed a twilight emptiness. The altar was bare. His hand touching the back of a pew came away covered with dust. He stood still, hearing the small sound of mice, the creaks and rustles, the faint squeakings of old timbers.

THE noises fused, grew into a murmur, and suddenly Parson Sand was aware of the presence of many people. He could not see them, or distinguish any words they spoke. But they were there, men and women and children, asking pardon, giving thanks, receiving help, raising the ghostly whisper of hymns. Presently through this murmur a voice spoke to Parson Sand.

"Take me," it said. "Take me and use me again for the comfort of the sick and the well, the lost and the found. Give me life again."

Bewildered, even a little frightened, Parson Sand stood hearkening as the voice blended with the building's murmur, gathered clarity and cried with power, "Take me. Take me. Give me life again."

"But I am an old man," said Parson Sand aloud. "I haven't had a parish in years. I haven't preached a sermon in a . . . in a decade. I don't know what kind of church this is . . . I—I couldn't."

But the voice was inexorable. It spoke through all the waste and disrepair, urgently, compellingly, until Parson Sand turned and fled back to the open air. He could not get the door completely shut and, as he went along the walk, he looked back to see the door swing ajar as though inviting him to return.

He paused at the gate. Waning light made the church momentarily beautiful. Slowly, Parson Sand walked away.

Two vacant lots away from the church stood a small house with a dilapidated trailer in its drive. A singular compulsion led Parson Sand into the yard where some children were playing marbles. They stared up at him, and he stared back, his face too stiff for smiling.

He asked, finally, "Do you . . . any of you go to Sunday school, over there?" He pointed to the church.

The children answered the stupid question matter-of-factly. "Naw," said one.

"Nobody goes there no more," said a second.

"Caddy Jones throwed a rock clean through the front-door window," said a third.

"Hit wa'n't Caddy. Hit were Rusty Blair," the first speaker corrected, and, with pride, "I seen him."

Parson Sand forestalled argument. "Where do you go to Sunday school?" he asked.

The game of marbles came to a full stop. A fourth child, a girl of perhaps twelve, said after a pause, "We don't go to no Sunday school, nowhere."

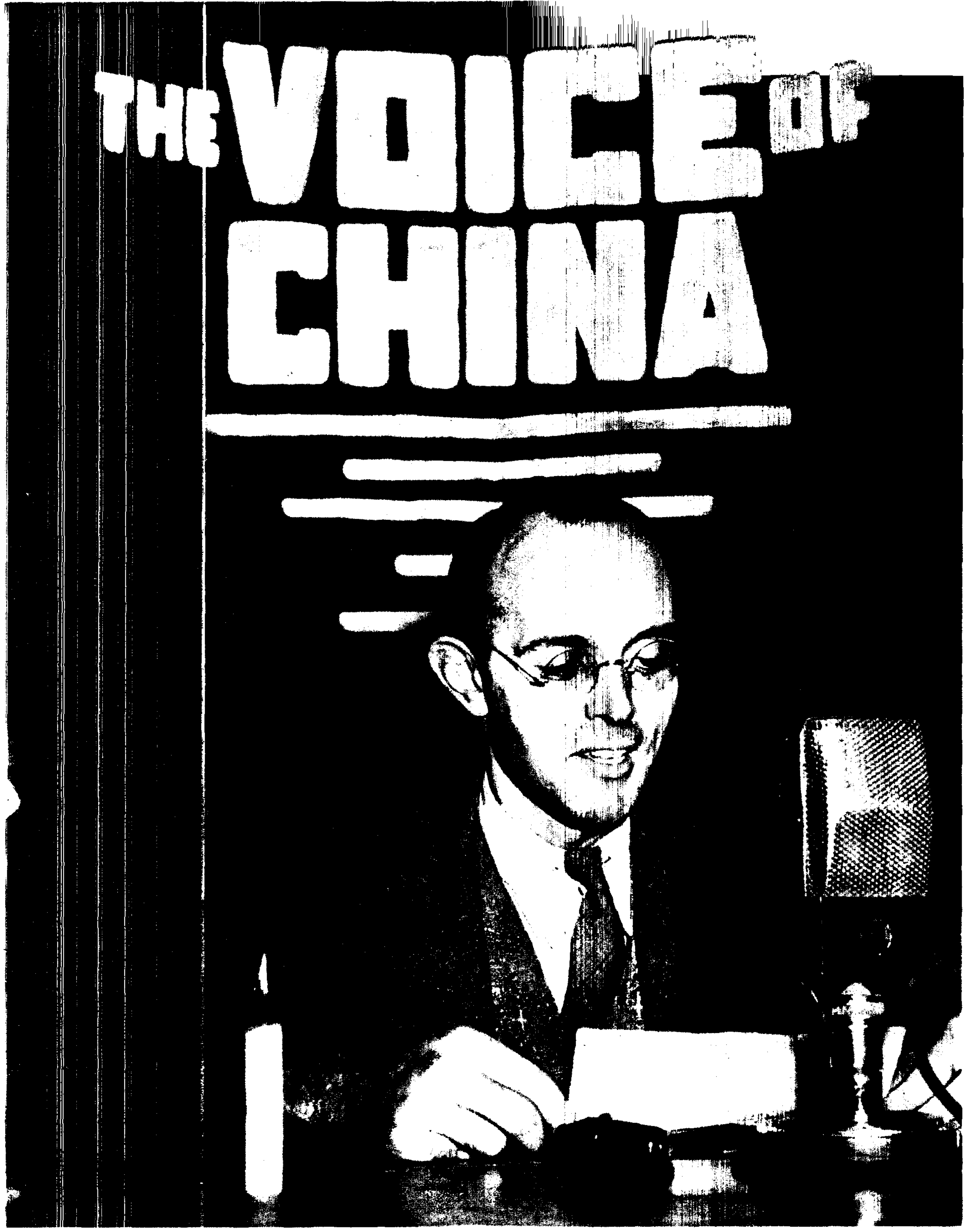
(Continued on page 71)

THE VOICE OF CHINA

BY HARRISON FORMAN

RADIOED FROM CHUNGKING

Sometimes the studio lights go out, and crickets in the walls make new sound effects, but the Chungking radio, manned by the world's strangest collection of technicians, manages to keep China's allies informed



Leonard Allen, ex-history professor in Rangoon, broadcasts over XGOY. A pious Baptist, he will read no scripts which mention ladies' underwear, no news reports not in line with Moral Rearmament

At SOME time during the two years since Pearl Harbor, you may have heard a radio broadcast from Chungking. You probably didn't give much thought to the things that made it possible, but you never would have heard those voices from China if it weren't for a dentist in Ventura, California.

Doctor Charles E. Stuart is a radio ham. Before the war he spent all his spare time tinkering with the sending and receiving sets he had rigged up in his attic. He became especially fond of station XGOY, Chungking, and concentrated on adjusting his receiver so he could pick up that particular signal perfectly. Then came Pearl Harbor, and suddenly Chungking was important in the lives of all the major networks.

But despite their pastel and chromium studios, their uranium-plated equipment and surtax-paying technicians, the networks never had much success in bringing in XGOY. Finally they admitted they'd met a better man and ran their lines into Doctor Stuart's little attic. Now every word and note that America hears from Chungking is funneled through that attic. That gives you an idea of the way XGOY does things.

To underpowered, economy-strapped XGOY and the Chinese people—as anxious to talk to Americans as Americans are to listen to them—Dentist Stuart is a godsend. Through his attic, in addition to major network programs, XGOY feeds a dozen top-power independent stations, pinpointed in key spots from coast to coast, with as many as fifty special disk recorded shows monthly. Magazine articles (including this one), special news feaures, official reports, even the manuscript for a full-sized book complete with columns and columns of statistical data, are all broadcast from Chungking, picked up in Ventura, transcribed and forwarded to the Chinese Ministry of Information's office in New York.

Communication Via the Mailbag Hour

On Saturday night, XGOY broadcasts the Mailbag Hour. In what amounts to a free radiogram service by the Chinese government, fifty-word messages—mostly from civilian Americans—are voicecast from Chungking, transcribed onto radiogram forms in Ventura and mailed to their addresses in the United States and Canada. The mailbag idea began with Pearl Harbor when ordinary communications became suddenly jammed with voluminous official traffic. To enable Americans throughout the Far East to let their friends and relatives in America know of their safety and whereabouts, XGOY started this special service and has continued it weekly ever since. Many "mailbaggers" today come from people in occupied areas. These are smuggled out to Chungking and are unsigned, so that they may not be traced to their sources.

Mostly from missionaries in the Chinese hinterland, the radio mailbaggers announce births, marriages, deaths, acknowledge the receipt of letters and remittances, and are generally liberally seasoned with quotations from the Bible. Some ask for seeds, medicines and the latest photograph of little Jane or Tommy. Requests for money are taboo, as are messages dealing purely with business. A woman, advising her girl chum about to be married in America, listed essentials for a trousseau. A brother warned his sister to be careful about a new boy friend she had mentioned in her latest letter.

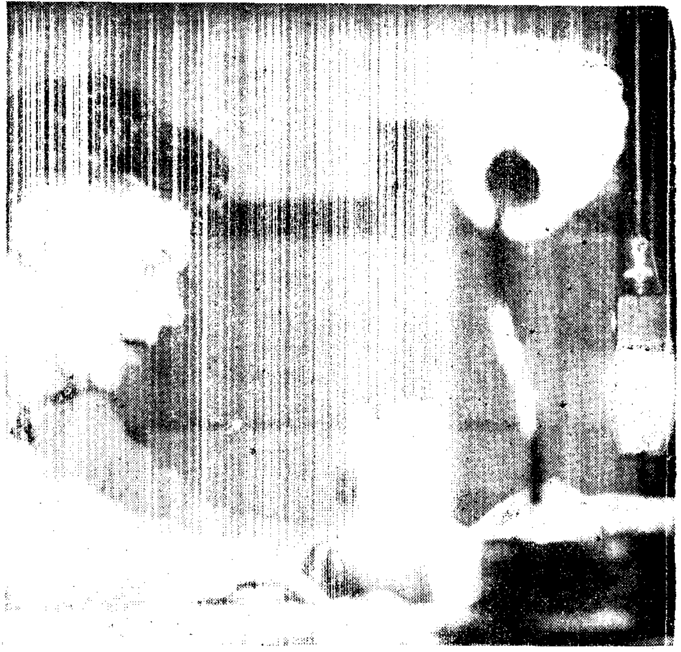
When the Japs silenced radio stations throughout the Far East, XGOY remained the only source of news from the free world for surreptitious listeners in occupied territories. Today it broadcasts news in a dozen different languages, including Japanese, Thai, Burmese, Malay, French for Indo-China, Spanish for the Philippines and Dutch for the Netherlands East Indies.

Jap bombers have tried desperately to silence XGOY. But while dozens of bombs have made direct hits on the station, they have not caused even the

Isolated from English factories which made its transmitters, XGOY operates with equipment any self-respecting station would junk. At left, a technician manicures a damaged generator in the station's repair shop

Professor Feng Chien, boss of XGOY, is a world-famous authority on electro-magnetic waves

Above, "Smile" Crim, U. S. State Department envoy, chats with Mike Peng, the station's director



Floyd Rogers, another American who often broadcasts from Chungking, reads some news reports

slightest damage to the precious transmitter which is buried deep in an air-conditioned, rock-hewn cavern bombproof against block-busters. The equipment is good—principally British made—and is operated by a hand-picked group of competent Chinese engineers under the direction of Professor Feng Chien. Professor Feng, an authority in the field of electro-magnetic waves, is concurrently dean of the College of Engineering of the University of Chungking. He was trained at General Electric in Schenectady, and A.E.G., the RCA of Germany.

But blockade, wartime priorities and inflationary costs have hit XGOY badly. Overworked equipment wears distressingly and frequently breaks down altogether. Spare parts, which must come from England, are difficult to obtain; and it is little short of miraculous what Professor Feng and his little group of technicians can do by substitution and improvisation. A temperamental oscillator, which any self-respecting station elsewhere would immediately junk, will be gently "massaged" to adjust loose wires in the filament. It is a matter of necessity more than economy, for there just isn't a spare oscillator to replace this one.

Uninsulated line wires from the studio in town to the transmitter in the suburbs, ten miles away, frequently pick up hum from telephone wires near by. There is no insulated cable available, so the best XGOY can do is to detail a squad of line walkers to patrol the ten-mile stretch every day and say, "No, no," to anyone they catch trying to string more lines on the already overloaded poles.

XGOY has its own power plant for it would be quite impossible to operate efficiently on Chungking's capricious city power. But coal is costly and the budget is restricted. So fires are fed literally by measured shovelfuls. A string of coolies carry baskets of coal from the daily barge which floats down from upriver. When a coal barge overturned in a whirlpool recently, long-wave listeners throughout the shackled Far East were without their news for the rest of the day.

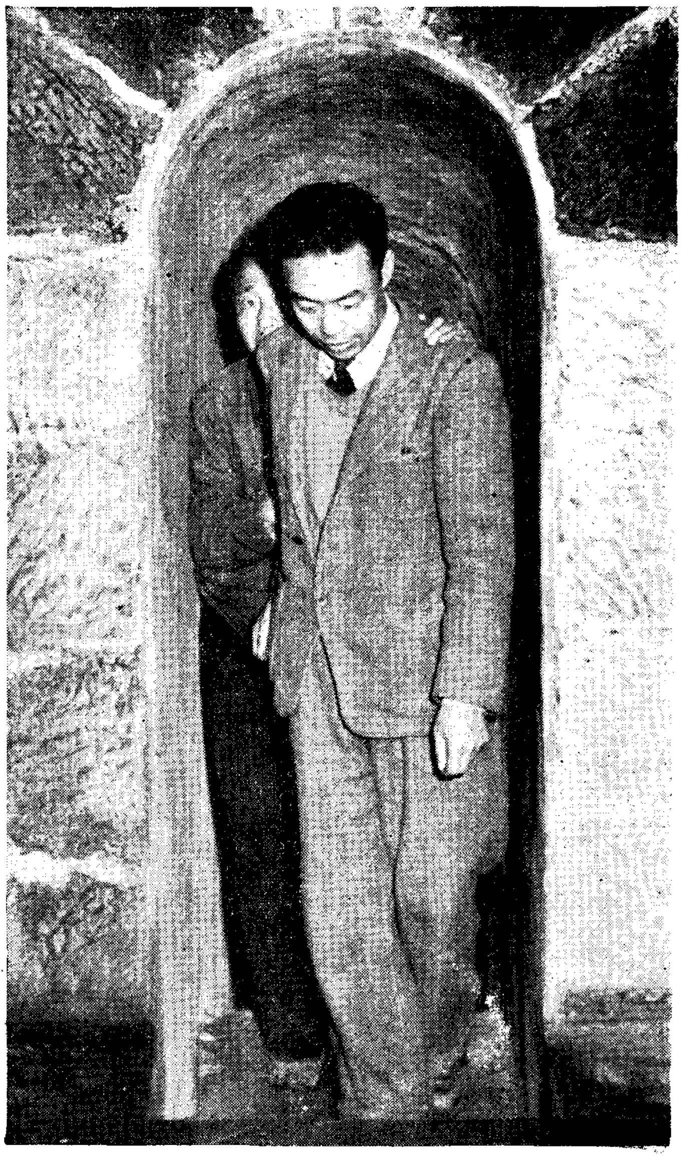
Even so, XGOY's private power plant produces only enough kilowatts to operate the transmitter, the studio amplifiers and record pickup. The rest of the studio has to rely on city power for current—including a fancy chrome-plated transcription player—which was the last bit of equipment to come in over the Burma Road before the Nips nipped it.

All too often, in the middle of a fine program of records supplied by the American OWI, off goes the current, and while studio attendants scurry about lighting candles, the announcer snatches the record from the de luxe transcription player and plunks it down on the turntable of an ancient hand-winding phonograph. The program proceeds merrily, though listeners may wonder what suddenly happened to the sound give out in their sets.

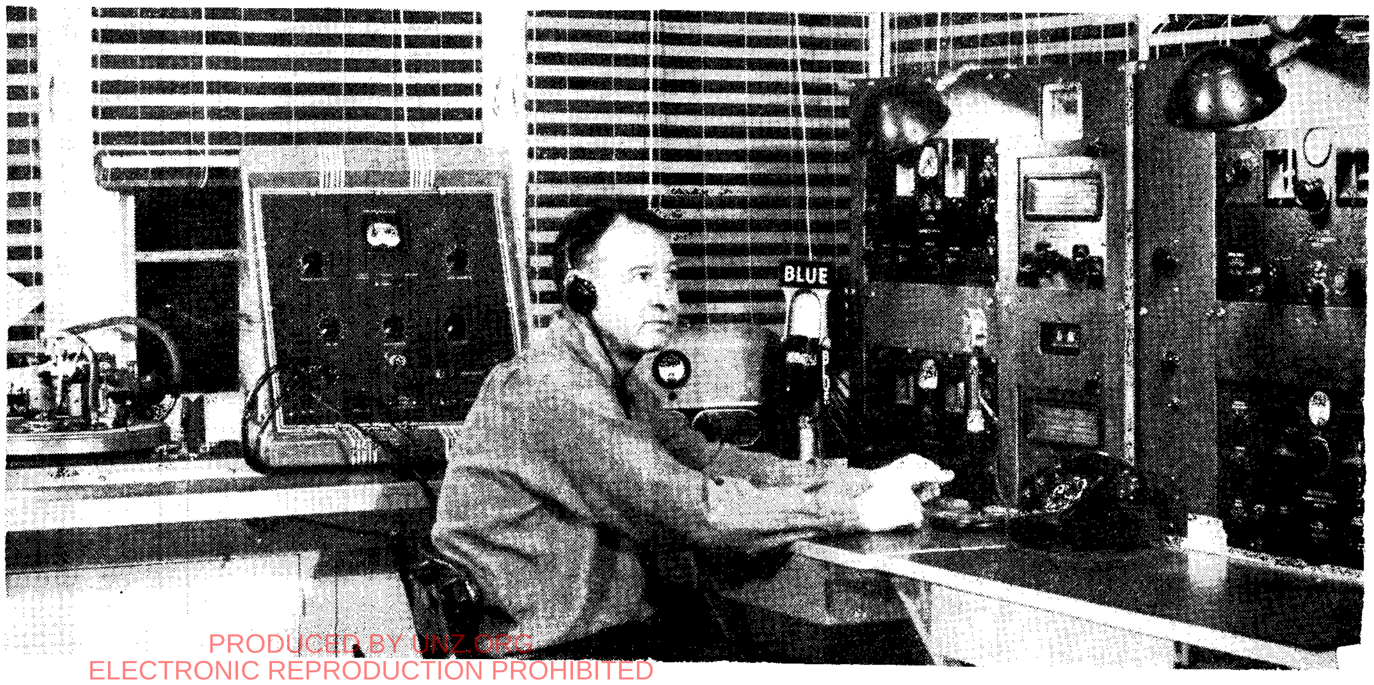
There was a time when XGOY possessed an excellent record collection of its own, but during the bombing seasons, the record files had to be kept in a cave where the damp eventually warped them into uselessness. A needle crisis developed recently and threatened to keep music off the air altogether. The American Army, however, came to the rescue and flew in a plentiful supply from India.

The Army, incidentally, leans heavily upon XGOY for entertainment for American *(Continued on page 85)*

XGOY has its own power plant. Above, a coolie dumps a basketful of coal into the hopper



Transmitter is in bombproof, air-conditioned cave. Above, is entrance to the cave's tunnel



Dr. Charles E. Stuart, the Ventura, Calif., dentist and radio ham, through whose attic all radio contact with China must go, sits at the controls of his receiver. Note the Blue Network microphone beside his left hand

PHOTOGRAPHS — GEORGE ALEXANDERSON — GUILLUMETTE

Shapely Mildred Law tries out for the Copacabana's Monte Proser, who has brought many girls into focus for Hollywood. Watching is Bob Goldstein, International talent scout, and Mary Mullen, a Copa queen recently tested by International

BY HARRY HENDERSON AND SAM SHAW

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHORS

Does your heart beat? Are you under 50? Can you read English? Then take a lunch hour off and become a movie star. For Hollywood has run into the manpower shortage

MEN have always been able to make mountains out of molehills, and Hollywood has been able to make a living at it, though we'd be the first to admit that Miss Betty Grable is at least a couple of molehills. However, the Hollywood molehill situation has been growing desperate ever since Uncle Sam began scouting for talent. Characters who would frighten Boris Karloff are becoming romantic stars, and Bob Goldstein, International Pictures talent chief, claims he carries a stethoscope and screen-tests any guy whose heart beats. It was Mr. Goldstein who, as a 20th Century-Fox scout, saw Frank Sinatra tottering before a mike last winter and rushed off a wire to his studio: "Sign Sinatra immediately. I doubt if he'll live through a second chorus."

When the Armed Forces began siphoning off the movies' Gables, Powers, Stewarts and Taylors, few felt the situation would become critical. But new talent is the lifeblood of the movie industry, and today the race to find handsome 4-F characters has become almost a death struggle. Any doubt about the desperateness of the situation will be dispelled by Arthur Hornblow's statement in postponing his $4,000,000 spectacle, *Quo Vadis?:* "There never was a more propitious time than now for a film of this type, but it is impossible to do justice to the casting with the 4-Fs that are left."

Nor is the problem eased by what we used to call the "It" girls. The established stars have been getting older day by day for years, and it is now 1944. For many, the hocus-pocus of the soft-focus is at an end. Those are not crow's-feet we've been seeing; they're mud hen's. Consider the nightmares of M-G-M executives who have been watching such stars as Norma Shearer, Myrna Loy, Joan Crawford, Greta Garbo, Mary Astor and Jeannette MacDonald turn into period pieces altogether. The parts that can be played by Mae West, Irene Dunne, Marlene Dietrich and Connie Bennett are extremely difficult to find; in fact, these ladies have virtually arrived at the stage where the only vehicle left for them is their life stories. And to top things off, Betty Grable, Alice Faye, Gene Tierney and Lana Turner have been so inconsiderate as to choose this critical period for motherhood.

The result of all this has been the most intensive search for new talent Hollywood has ever attempted. The major studios are shacking their scouts over hill and dale on the mere whisper that there is something photogenic in them thar hills. It has been a nightmare for the professional merchants of Venus and a field day for amateurs.

Bob Goldstein puts it this way: "Everyone considers himself a talent scout. I get a dozen calls a day from friends, relatives, casual acquaintances—all of them insisting I gotta see their Mary Lou, who is liable to be a three-year-old, an elevator-operator or a lady sandhog."

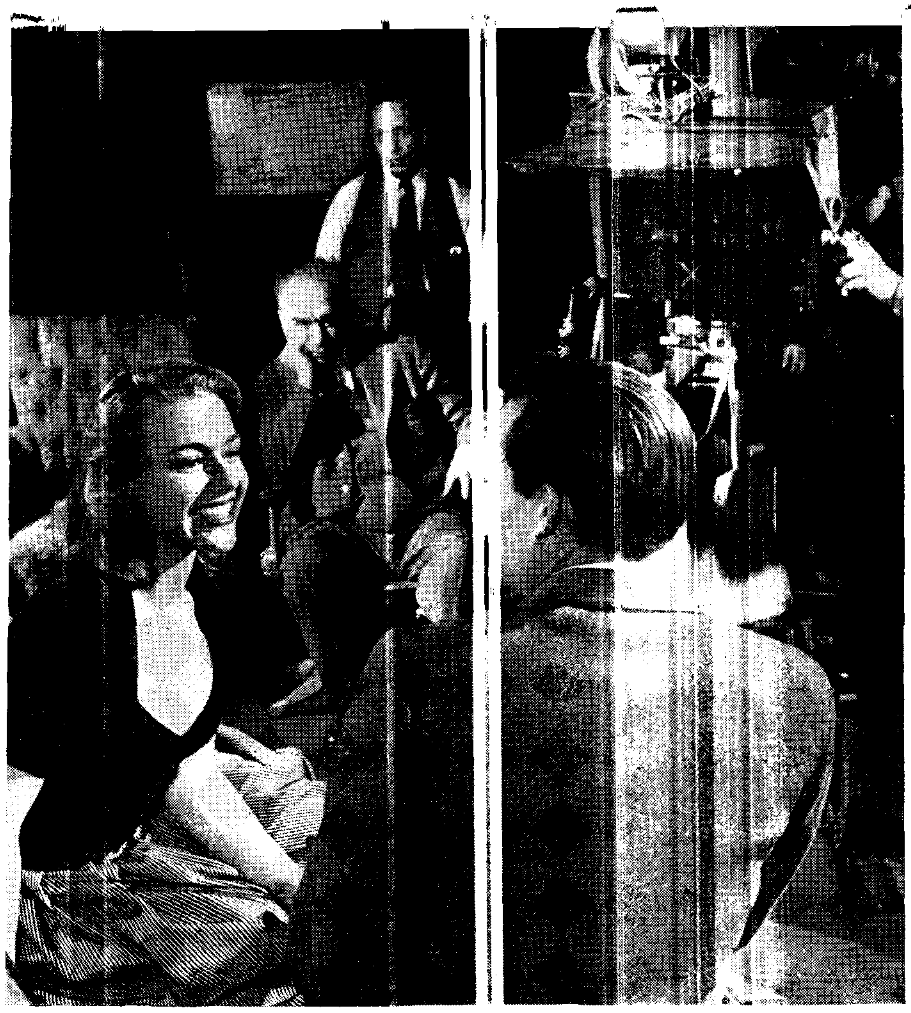
Probably the two biggest unofficial talent scouts in the country are Walter Winchell and Irving Hoffman, Hollywood Reporter columnist, who have spotlighted such brilliants as Ann Sheridan, Orson Welles and Judy Garland. Winchell's Tips to Talent Scouts get instantaneous attention from movie executives.

Yet, as anyone can see, chasing about the country in this fashion won't produce much new talent, certainly not enough to meet Hollywood's present need. On the other hand, the old opportunities for next year's stars to show their wares are no longer available. Stock, summer or winter, offers newcomers few possibilities. Vaudeville, despite a halfhearted revival, remains mostly a vague memory. Burlesque, which produced most of America's funnymen, is booming—but the accent is on gams instead of gags.

Broadway is tough, for the simple reason that producers cannot risk using an unknown—except for George Abbott, who is famous for discoveries. What happened during tryouts for Billy Rose's production of Clash by Night is typical. A young girl named Kay Medford read the feminine lead—but sensationally. Odets, the author, tried to insist on her for the role. But Rose, looking at it from a cash-customer viewpoint, wanted a "name" in the part, and Tallulah Bankhead finally got the job.

The only channel with a continuous flow of new faces is the night-club field. Talent scouts cover them almost nightly, especially in New York, because the best talent from all over the country flows into them. Most professional talent scouts, pooh-poohing their own jobs, say the real scouts are night-club proprietors who search for newcomers, develop them, and bet their hard-earned bar receipts on them.

Of New York saloonkeepers, three are



Beautiful Phyllis Hill, praised for her dancing in Helen Goes to Troy, is tested with Randy Eckles by 20th-Fox. Test costs about $1,500

Kay Gu[illegible]er, right, our cover girl, was found in the Diamond Horseshoe chorus by 20th-Fox. Gene Kelly taught her dancing in their home town

Dario, who developed comedians Danny Kaye and Betty Hutton at the Martinique, thinks zany Betty Garrett is America's coming comedienne

Barney Josephson watches protégée Phyllis Stewart lose weight at Helena Rubinstein's preparatory to a test. Warner's have since signed her

While hopeful beauties line up, Monte Proser makes his final chorus selection. He claims movies take away girls faster than he finds them

Pictured here is three-year-old Josh White, Jr., singing spirituals with his father for Hollywood producer Hal Wallis at Café Society

Universal Scout Peter Martin records an interview with William Hare, soap-opera actor, to help West Coast decide whether to test him

Boris Kaplan and Paramount protégée Joan Caulfield of Kiss and Tell listen as Gail Russell tells how West Coast scouts tracked her down

watched like hawks because they have produced many of Hollywood's latest bright ideas. They are Dario Borzani of the Martinique, who specialized in developing comedians, Monte Proser who has made his Copacabana famous for beautiful girls, and Barney Josephson who put the dollar sign on Hazel Scott, Lena Horne, and that wonderful zany, Zero Mostel. They risk their business every time they put in new acts, yet must take the gamble because recognized acts cost too much.

When they do get a winner, the ante is promptly boosted so high they have to throw in their hands.

Of the three, Dario probably does the most toward developing a performer, dressing him, smoothing his delivery and mannerisms, perfecting his material. He speaks with the authority of fifteen years of show business on the famous dance team of Dario and Diane. Three years ago, Dario met a skinny kid named Danny Kaye who had been wowing the borsch circuit. Good but not fully developed, Kaye had made a series of humorous shorts for Warner Brothers, all of which were bad. As a result, nearly everyone had the evil eye on him.

The first thing Dario did was to get him a suit that fitted. Then he went to work on his routines and material. Soon Danny Kaye was the biggest clown in town. Moss Hart came six times to see what he couldn't believe, then wrote him into Lady in the Dark. The following year Let's Face It was written especially for him. Then Sam Goldwyn grabbed him for Up in Arms. So now, of course, Dario can't afford him.

Dario also developed Danny Thomas and Jackie Miles, two new comedians. Miles, a dead-pan artist with a quick lip who was found in a Miami honky-tonk, has been signed by M-G-M, and Thomas is currently negotiating with several companies.

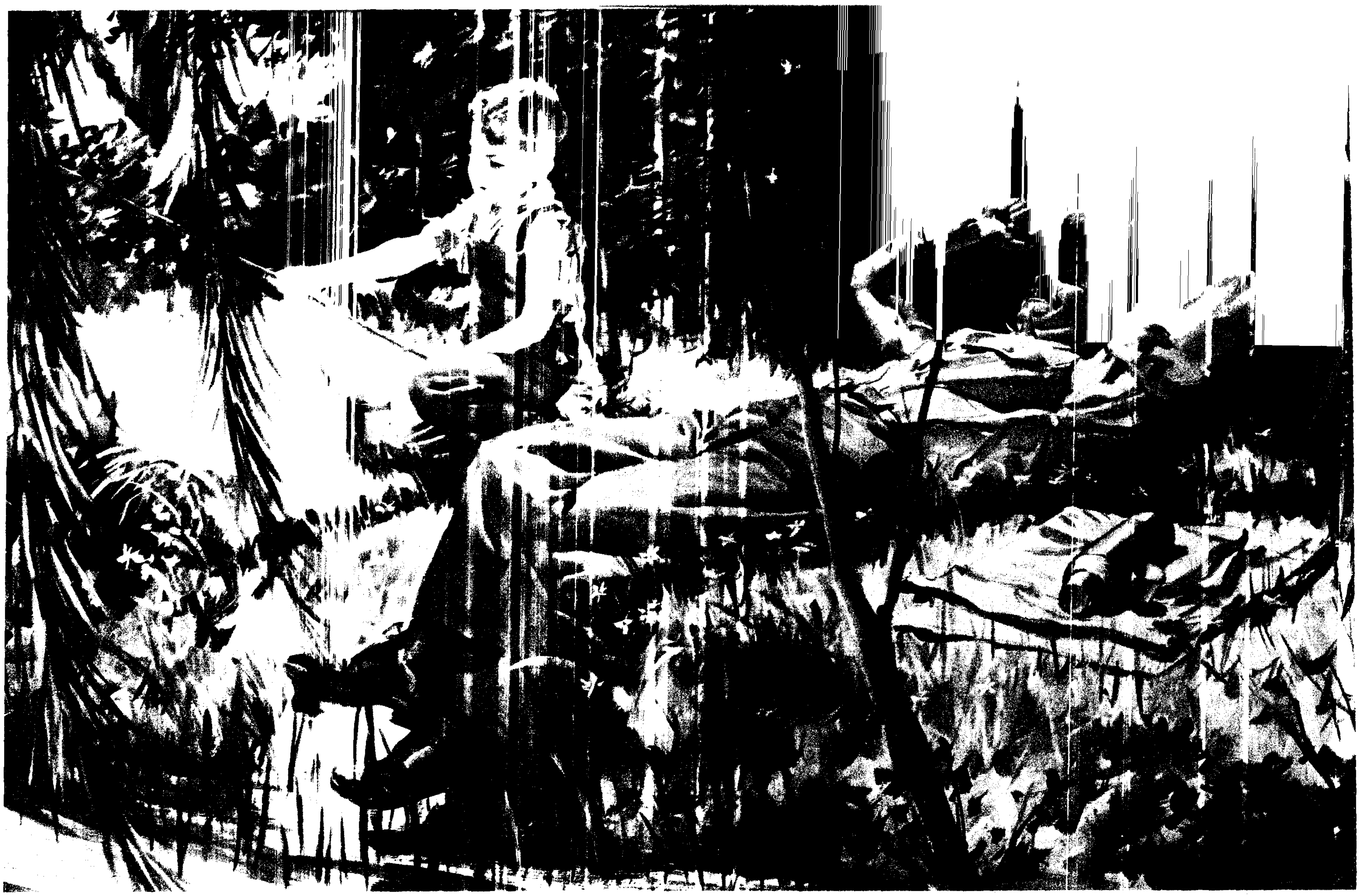
Miss Betty Hutton quit scat singing with Vincent Lopez to become a genuine performer under Dario's tutelage. But he won't take credit for her success: "All she needed was a little direction. She is all talent."

Two other singers developed by Dario have since gone to Hollywood: Carlos Ramirez, now with M-G-M, and Dick Haymes, 20th Century-Fox's entry in the Sinatra Handicap. The movie companies' faith in Dario's ability led one of them to approach him recently with a request to develop a singer they already had signed. He refused.

In contrast to Dario's backstage background, Barney Josephson has none. Until five years ago, he was a wholesale shoe buyer. Yet his first night club, Café Society, was so successful he soon opened an uptown branch and became the only double saloonkeeper in New York. He began discovering talent because he didn't have the moola to pay established performers. Using the club as a showcase, he displayed talent the same way he'd shown shoes, with the accent on taste—a thing unheard of in the trade.

Barney still has no formula. He makes no pretensions of being a second Ziegfeld, simply relies on his own taste in judging a performer. If he finds an act even basically good, he will back it with a mint of confidence and will hire the best coaches available. He will keep a performer in whom he has confidence for weeks, though he draws no applause. Nearly all of his famous protégés, including Hazel Scott, Lena Horne and Mostel were slow starters—usually a fatal fault in the bar-and-grill business.

He has broken nearly all the rules, developed a wealth of talent and made a bale of money. He has done more to dignify Negro talent than anyone except Paul Robeson. The movie companies have so much respect for his judgment that a report of a new find starts a wrangle of jockeying for position that makes the homestretch of the Derby look like an Alphonse and Gaston act. A few months ago, when he brought out a young girl singer, nearly all the companies rushed to sign her without hearing a note. Warners' fervently hoped she would be a flop, so they could sign her for a song. Which is one thing the movies have against Josephson. When he gets someone good, he hangs onto him, develops him into a personality they have to buy at a colossal figure, and thus completely upsets Hollywood's favorite game of discovering and signing people before they can command the big money. ★★★



pulled his old felt hat over his eyes. "Certainly is nice here," he said. Then he was asleep

THE BRIGHT LAND

BY WALTER HAVIGHURST

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

As the troop transports steam off from embarkation ports, every soldier must ask himself: "What am I fighting for?" In this story one soldier finds an answer in himself

AS THE big transport lifted in the long Atlantic swell, Pfc Graham stared back at the fading coast of America. Dusk was gathering across the water, and a cold wind flattened the signal flags on the masthead. Suddenly on the crowded deck, Dave Graham was all alone. His eyes clung to the low, dark line across the sunless water; he wanted to know something clear and sure about the land that he was leaving.

The double-page map in Murdock's Physical Geography came back before his eyes. There the country stretched, from ocean to ocean, and in the heart of it was the quiet, friendly earth of Illinois, with the county-seat town of Tecumseh not even showing. The continent was a double page in a high-school textbook, but Tecumseh was a town where he had played "Run, sheep, run" on summer nights, where he had scuffed the leaves of autumn on his way to school, where he had waked up with the winter moonlight falling through his window and heard the Prairie Flyer racing through. All at once his eighteen years of life gathered into a set of memories there in the heart of his country. . . .

The day that school was out for Davey Graham's first summer vacation his father telephoned Miss Engle at the Tecumseh Register. "I won't be in today, Mildred. Got a trip—a business trip." He winked down from the wall phone, and his mouth quirked with his one-sided smile. "Yes, Chicago— Well, up that way. Be back tonight, all right."

As he hung up, Davey's mother frowned from the kitchen door. "You needn't to have said—"

"Well, it is north, Agnes. Up that way." He turned to Davey. "Come on, Son. No newspaper business today. We've got business on the Sangamon. We're going fishing."

Davey couldn't believe it. "Really fishing, Dad?" On rainy Sunday afternoons they had fished from the big armchair by the fire.

"Sure. The real thing, this time. You get the spade and start digging by the rhubarb patch. There'll be some big worms there. And we'll need some lunch, Agnes."

Before Davey had turned up the first spadeful of black earth, his father came, stuffing the shirt inside his old khaki pants, with a scarecrow hat lopsided on his head.

"There, Son." He broke the earth open. "There's a juicy one. Run and ask your mother for a tomato can."

When they had the bait dug, his mother had the lunch ready. The frown was gone now, as she reached up to kiss one fisherman and down to kiss the other. "I suppose this is just a man's party—"

Davey's father hesitated. "It'd be swell to have you, Aggie—but it's rough in that bottom timber. I don't know—"

"Of course, Jim." She gave him a pat on the shoulder. "This is Guild day, anyway, and I'm to bring sandwiches. But don't be late to supper."

The bamboo pole was too long to get into the car, so they tied it to the side. It pointed out over the fender, quivering with eagerness. They turned down the shady tunnel of Front Street, under the arching maples. It was pure June, early and fresh—the deep shadows, the strong sunlight, the far blue sky.

AHEAD of them on the road, in the long morning shadow of the Farmers' Mutual Elevator, a cart rattled along behind a jogging horse. As they passed, Davey's father called, "Nice morning, John."

Old John, the Norwegian who lived in a shack at the edge of Little Grove, nodded his shaggy head. "Yust fine!" he cried.

Now they were between the open fields, with the young corn faintly checkering the black earth. Past Gus Schrader's big farm, where there was a strong stench from the pig lot, and then into the cool shadow of Little Grove. There, in the deserted picnic grounds, they left the car. His father carried the lunch and the bait can; Davey shouldered the fishing pole. Soon the woods thinned and, crossing a rough meadow, they plunged into the deep bottom timber. It was twilight there, silent, mysterious, with great pale trunks of sycamores slanting up toward the leafy dome.

"Where's the river, Dad?" Davey's voice was thin in the stillness.

"In a minute you'll see it, Son."

Through the green world fell a shaft of strong light, and they were on the river's bank. They followed it to a big willow that leaned over a bend of water.

"Here's the place," Dad said.

In the shade the river moved slowly; the water was dark and mysterious. When the line was in the water they sat there, eyes glued on the colored float. They were crammed full of peace and contentment.

After a while Dad put a fresh worm on the hook. "Fish aren't biting very fast," he said. "Maybe they'd like a grasshopper. See if you can find one."

Davey hadn't any trouble finding a grasshopper and, with that on the hook, Dad tried again. Finally the float began to bob.

"Here," he whispered, "help me, Son We'll get him together." There were four hands on the pole and four eyes fixed upon the nervous float. "Now!"

As the float jerked under, they pulled. Out came the line, with a squirming, shimmering something at its end.

Davey cried, "What is it, Dad? A trout?"

"Sunfish," his father said, and as he

(Continued on page 61)

Chicken-Wire Chemistry

BY J. D. RATCLIFF

DRAWING BY KENNETH W. THOMPSON

That's what the chemists call it when they work with natural gas, because of its bizarre molecular patterns. It's one of our most valuable natural resources. From it, we can make plastics, anesthetics, dyes and other products

IF YOU looked in a neighbor's cellar window and saw him stoking the furnace with perfume, alcohol, synthetic rubber and valuable drugs, the chances are you would call the paddy wagon. But if your neighbor is using natural gas as fuel, you wouldn't give the matter a second thought. Nevertheless, all these things and a great many more are being derived from natural gas.

Natural gas is a fabulous natural resource. It is the raw material for a postwar chemical industry which can dwarf the coal-tar industry we built a generation ago.

We all accept the idea of drugs, dyes, plastics derived from coal tar, but the idea of taking a colorless and sometimes nearly odorless gas issuing from the ground, and changing it into synthetic rubber, motor fuel, edible fats, fertilizer, explosives, anesthetics, flavoring, potable alcohol, and even perfume may be a little hard to take. Not for the chemist. He takes such magic in his stride.

It is his job to take atoms from a cheap and plentiful stuff and restring them to make valuable materials. If this isn't completely clear, visualize atoms as beads. Beads are strung in a variety of patterns, to make necklaces, bracelets, beaded bags. And so with atoms. It just happens that natural gas is a bountiful provider of desirable atoms.

To get some notion of the dazzling possibilities that await postwar development, note a statement of Doctor Gustav Egloff of Universal Oil Products: "If one starts with natural gas, all the known synthetic products that man has developed in organic chemistry can be derived—and there are over 500,000 different ones."

No geologist is sure of the source of natural gas. The best guess is that it derives from deposits of organic matter—plants, animals, fish—laid down a million years ago. Caught in geologic traps, gas sometimes reached tremendous pressures—up to 4,500 pounds per square inch. It is this gas pressure that forces oil to the surface; that makes gushers gush.

Man has known and used natural gas for 2,000 years. The ancient Chinese drilled wells, and used bamboo piping to carry gas to evaporators which reduced brine to salt. Street lighting, first large use for gas—both natural and manufactured—arrived little over 100 years ago.

Industrial uses followed. Vast quantities of gas supplied heat necessary in cement making and oil refining. It provided fuel for heating homes and making electricity. Ten per cent of the national supply was burned to produce carbon black. Carbon black is mixed with rubber to make tires; and to make paint, stove blacking and printing ink.

These uses were once accompanied by prodigious waste—half the gas we produced. After gas pushed oil to the surface of the ground, it was burned. Thousands of flares lighted the night sky of Pennsylvania, Oklahoma and Texas—to our everlasting shame before future generations. Gasoline was squeezed from natural gas; and the resultant dry gas was released into the atmosphere. Uncapped wells gushed billions of cubic feet of natural gas into the air before conservation practices put an end to such waste.

Such waste was permitted because chemists thought natural gas was so inert, so unreactive, that it couldn't be changed into other products. Then came a chemical revolution.

Components of Natural Gas

Natural gas isn't a homogeneous stuff. Some "natural gas" is nearly 100 per cent carbon dioxide. Instead of burning, this gas smothers flame. But, for the better part, natural gas consists of four inflammable hydrocarbon gases—gases consisting of hydrogen and carbon atoms. They are methane, ethane, propane, butane. Methane, the lightest, is the most common—making up about 90 per cent of all natural gas. This same gas is generated in marshes, sewers, human intestines.

Butane and propane are familiar as the bottled gas used in homes not served by pipe lines. They are also used as fuel for 25,000 trucks, tractors and busses in the United States.

In addition to these chief constituents, natural gas contains lesser amounts of other things: pentane, hexane, heptane, helium (for inflating dirigibles). It is the first four, however, that hold such dazzling possibilities for chemical industry.

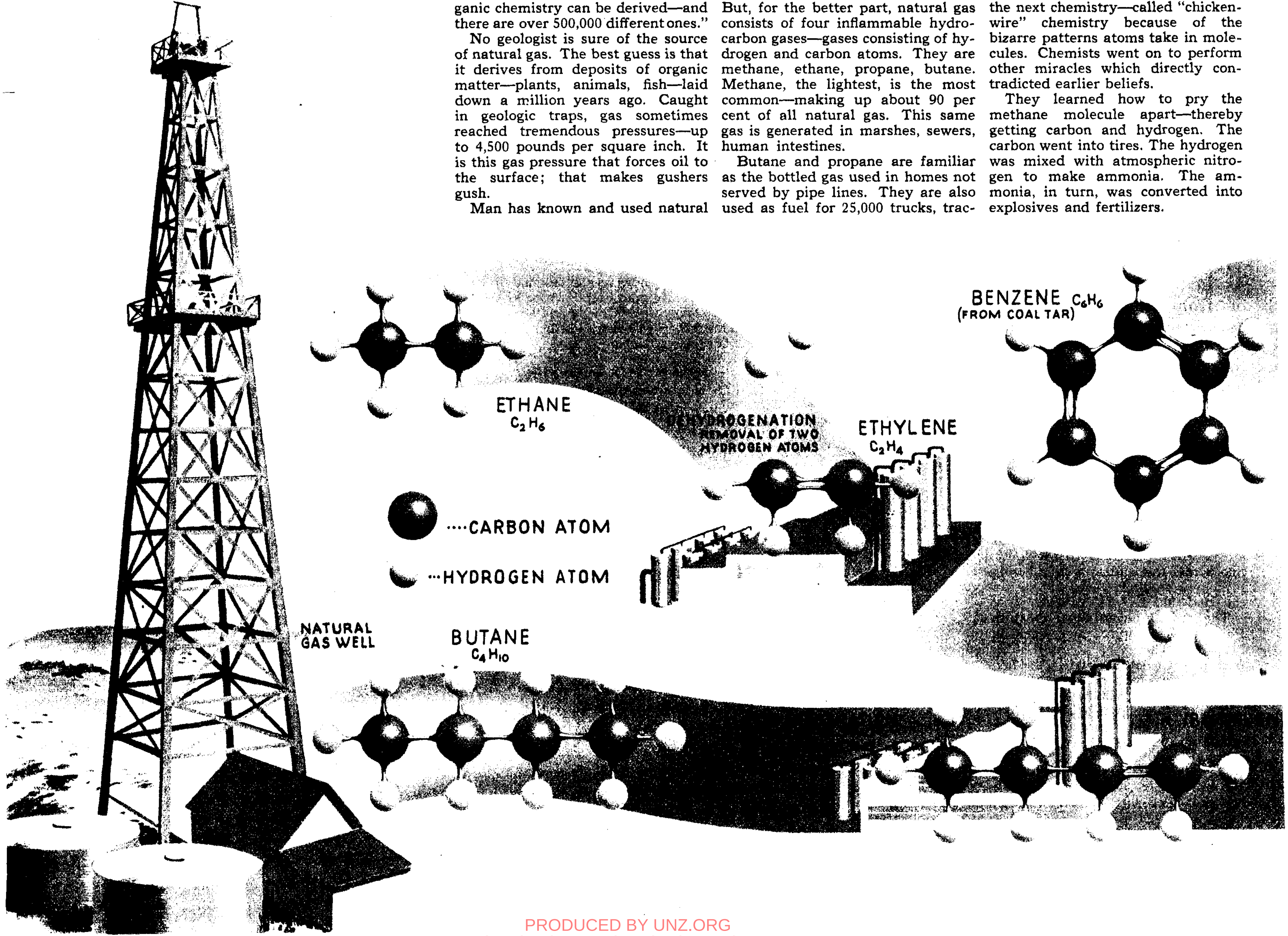
The idea of retailoring these gases into solid articles of commerce made no headway until the early twenties. The first break came by accident. A group of chemists working for one of the oil companies drew the problem of studying corrosion in natural gas pipe lines. They suspected that corrosion was caused by the interaction of gas and air.

To reproduce conditions artificially, they mixed gas and air, and put the mixture under heat and pressure to hasten any reaction that might take place.

They were totally unprepared for what happened—something which chemical texts said could never take place. When they opened the metal pressure chamber, they found condensed droplets of wood alcohol, formaldehyde and other chemicals. It was easy enough to guess what had happened. One atom of oxygen had combined with one molecule of methane to make wood alcohol; two atoms of oxygen with methane to make formaldehyde. Both these materials were needed in huge quantity: formaldehyde in making plastics of the Bakelite type; wood alcohol as a solvent for lacquers. The oil company promptly built a plant in Oklahoma to put the process to work.

This was a meager beginning for the next chemistry—called "chicken-wire" chemistry because of the bizarre patterns atoms take in molecules. Chemists went on to perform other miracles which directly contradicted earlier beliefs.

They learned how to pry the methane molecule apart—thereby getting carbon and hydrogen. The carbon went into tires. The hydrogen was mixed with atmospheric nitrogen to make ammonia. The ammonia, in turn, was converted into explosives and fertilizers.



Chemical architects redesigned the butane molecule to make butadiene, the basis for the better part of our synthetic rubber. They made plastics like vinylite; solvents for photo film; antiknock fluid for automobiles; Cellophane and a host of other things.

From the layman's point of view, one of the most startling developments came when chemists found how to start with two gases—oxygen, and the ethane component of natural gas—and end up with purer alcohol than was ever made by fermentation and distillation. They did other tricks with the ethane molecule. By chipping off two atoms of hydrogen, they produced ethylene. This gas is used to make thiakol and other synthetic rubbers. It stimulates growth of tomatoes and potatoes, and ripens citrus fruit.

The fascinating ethylene molecule —C_2H_4—made jobs for thousands of men at South Charleston, West Virginia, home of the vast Carbide & Carbon Chemicals Corporation plant. It is converted into ethylene glycol—better known as Prestone, the radiator antifreeze. It also goes to make diethylene glycol, used as a moistening agent for cigarette tobacco, as well as scores of industrial chemicals.

Giant networks of pipes feed natural gas into the plant. By fractional distillation, ethane and other wanted components are removed. The rest of the gas goes into pipe lines—to feed stoves and furnaces of near-by Charleston. Chemical wizardry extracts an incredible array of products from the gas while it is in the plant: ether in tank-car lots, base materials for plastics and rayon, lacquer solvents, refrigerants, insecticides, dyes.

Gas chemistry has moved so swiftly in the last few years that it has left chemists with many baffling headaches. To get a wanted substance, it is often necessary to produce staggering quantities of unwanted materials. Then the problem arises: What to do with the unwanted stuff?

One company was faced with this situation: Tens of thousands of gallons of unwanted ethylene dichloride accumulated. It filled every available storage tank, and no one knew what to do with it. Then the bottleneck broke. The chemical was found to be an excellent dry-cleaning fluid, and a powerful chemical weapon against the peach-tree borer. The material changed overnight from a headache to a valuable commodity.

It would be virtually impossible for us to wage winning war against the Axis without gas chemistry. This lusty new industry produces ammonia for explosives; butadiene for synthetic rubber; plastics for bomber noses; chemicals for the degaussing cables which thwart magnetic mines.

"Natural" gasoline, extracted from gas, is one of the chief blending agents for the 100-octane gasoline that gives our fliers such a tremendous edge over the enemy. Natural gas is providing a vast array of medicinals—one of the most interesting of which is cyclopropane, the new anesthetic which leaves none of ether's bad aftereffects.

Heat Treatment of Metals

Natural gas is being used in the metallurgical trades to provide "designed" atmospheres for heat treating. Heat-treat a piece of steel in the presence of air and it comes out of the furnace covered with scale. Heat-treat it in natural gas—which contains no oxygen—and it comes out shiny, ready for use.

To enumerate all the ways in which natural gas is entering the war effort would be a staggering chore. The point: It is everywhere. It is one of the biggest—perhaps *the* biggest edge we have over the enemy. Germany has to depend on coal for her chemicals. Natural gas is a cheap short cut for us.

The know-how which chemists have gained under stress of war will be invaluable when peace comes. Natural gas will be the basis for new industry, new jobs.

Gas chemistry is already playing an important role in civilian life. We sleep on bedsprings tempered with gas, wear rayon pajamas that trace to it. We brush our teeth with dentifrices containing gas chemicals, drink juice from oranges ripened with ethylene. And so it goes throughout the day.

Important though all these applications are, chemists believe that we have barely scratched the surface of gas chemistry. Natural gas is one of the most widely available of all natural resources—being found in 37 of the 48 states—and it is cheap. A 300-pound barrel of crude oil costs around $1.35. A comparable weight of natural gas at the well costs from ⅕ to ⅓ as much.

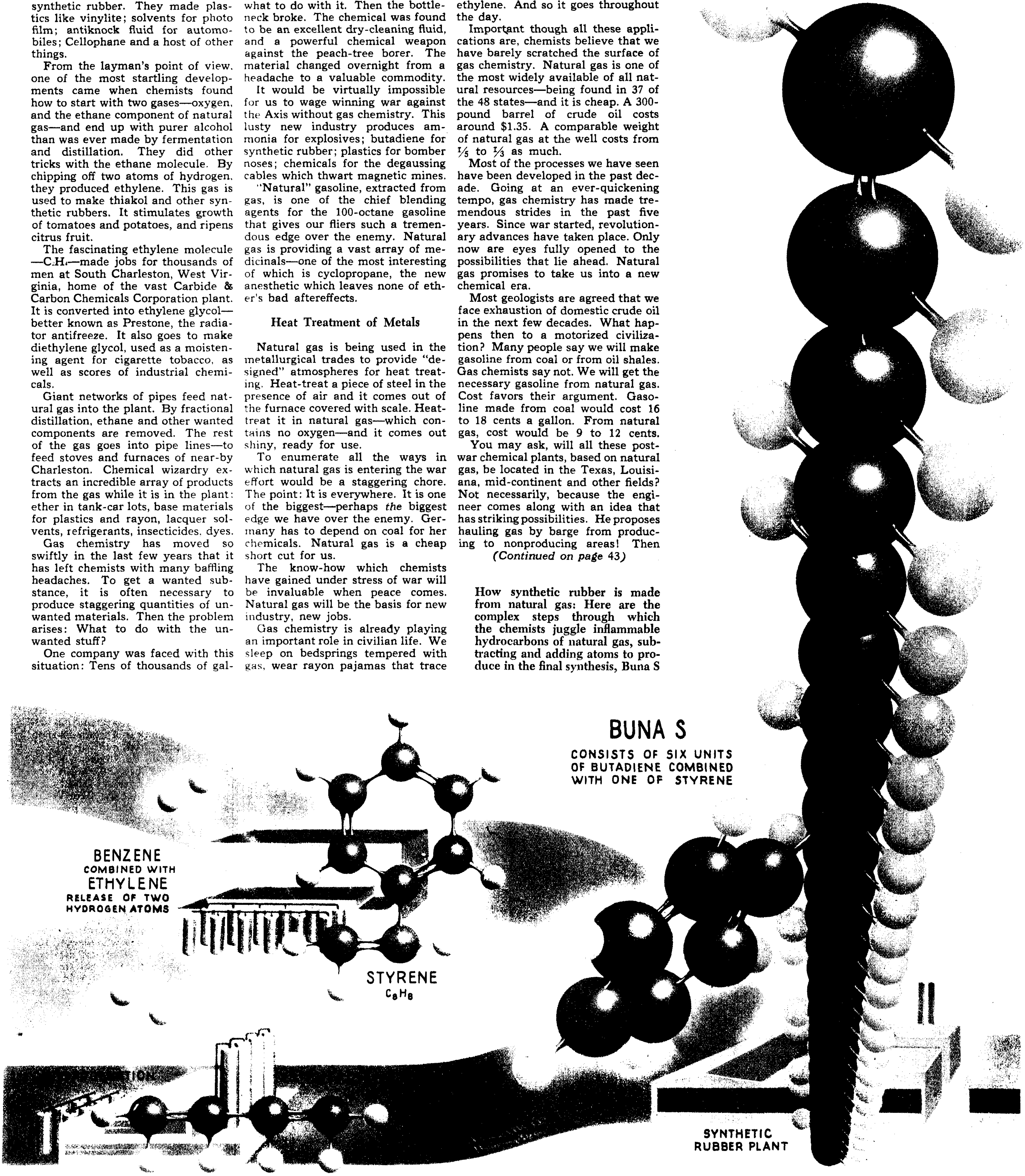
Most of the processes we have seen have been developed in the past decade. Going at an ever-quickening tempo, gas chemistry has made tremendous strides in the past five years. Since war started, revolutionary advances have taken place. Only now are eyes fully opened to the possibilities that lie ahead. Natural gas promises to take us into a new chemical era.

Most geologists are agreed that we face exhaustion of domestic crude oil in the next few decades. What happens then to a motorized civilization? Many people say we will make gasoline from coal or from oil shales. Gas chemists say not. We will get the necessary gasoline from natural gas. Cost favors their argument. Gasoline made from coal would cost 16 to 18 cents a gallon. From natural gas, cost would be 9 to 12 cents.

You may ask, will all these postwar chemical plants, based on natural gas, be located in the Texas, Louisiana, mid-continent and other fields? Not necessarily, because the engineer comes along with an idea that has striking possibilities. He proposes hauling gas by barge from producing to nonproducing areas! Then

(Continued on page 43)

How synthetic rubber is made from natural gas: Here are the complex steps through which the chemists juggle inflammable hydrocarbons of natural gas, subtracting and adding atoms to produce in the final synthesis, Buna S


BUNA S
CONSISTS OF SIX UNITS OF BUTADIENE COMBINED WITH ONE OF STYRENE
BENZENE
COMBINED WITH
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TION
SYNTHETIC RUBBER PLANT

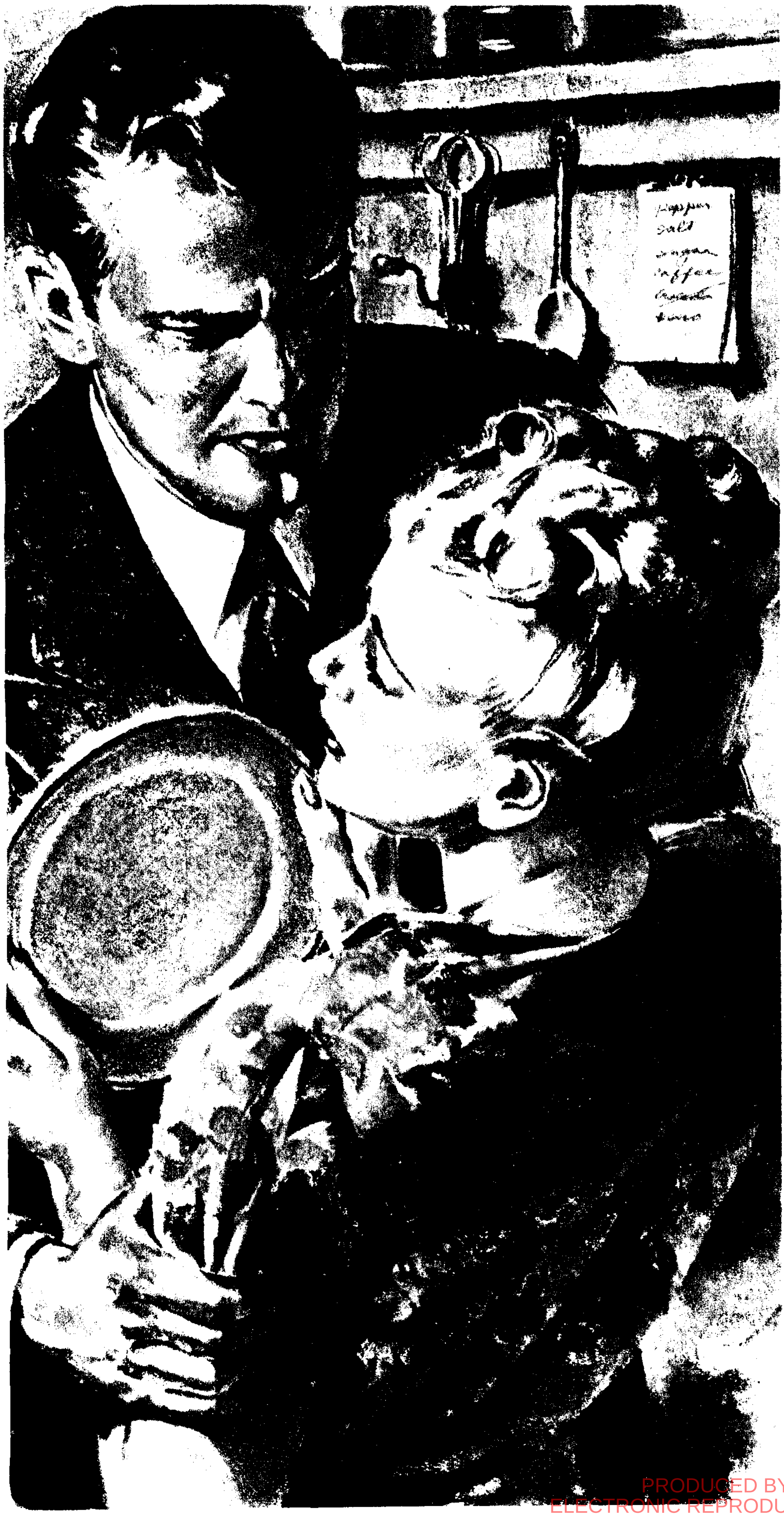
COURAGE ISN'T EVERYTHING

BY GEORGE HARMON COXE

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE

She didn't know he was coming back to her—and neither did he—but certain things brought them together, including a knowledge of what constitutes fear

Boyd took Claire in his hands, holding her. "You're afraid," he said. "For Verna?"



WHEN she had finished her song and the spotlight had gone out, Neil Boyd sent the waiter out with a message. Now he watched her come from the doorway beside the orchestra shell, smiling, nodding to some of the tables, a tall, ash-blond girl with a slimly sumptuous figure and a dark blue evening gown. He stood up as she approached, aware that she was hurrying now, that her smile was only for him.

"Neil," she said. "Why, how wonderful!"

"Hello, Claire," he said, and for a moment, holding the two hands she offered him and seeing again her smile and the sparkling warmth of her eyes, his chest was tight with emotion and his heart was hungry; then he remembered where they were and the moment passed, and he began to think again. He let go of her hands.

"But why didn't you let me know?" she said. "I had no idea you were comng."

"I wasn't sure myself. I got in last night."

They sat down and the five-piece colored combination stomped into Margie. Some of the Club Eden's patrons began moving toward the two-by-four dance floor, and business picked up at the bar. Neil Boyd looked back at the girl. She was still smiling, leaning toward him across the table, but concern and something else he could not diagnose tempered the warmth of her eyes and altered her voice.

"You're not in uniform," she said. "Does that mean—"

"The Navy decided they could get along without me," he said, and though he tried to speak without resentment, there was an intensity to his words that made her regard him curiously.

"I'm sorry. It must have been bad if—"

"I'm all right now."

He sipped his ale and asked if she'd have something. She said no and he glanced again about the narrow smoke-filled room, the doubt he had felt when they told him she was working here all gone now, and in its place, dismay and disappointment and a mounting bitterness that was difficult to control.

For she was not the girl he remembered. It was not just the make-up which gave her a polished luster he did not know, nor that she was singing in this trap, nor even that she was working again for Sam Verna; rather it was a combination of the three. Suddenly he was glad he had not let her know he was coming.

"I got in last night," he said. "I would have stopped over to your place this afternoon, only I didn't think you'd be home." He waited until she looked at him. He said, evenly, "I thought you were working in a defense plant."

Color whipped to her cheeks, and her gaze was suddenly stricken. She started to speak, checked herself, and then the pain in her eyes clouded and grew remote. He glanced up to find Sam Verna at his elbow.

Verna smiled, a slim, dinner-jacketed man with a boutonniere and sleek black hair. "Hello, Boyd," he said. "I hear for you the war is over."

Neil Boyd examined him silently.

Presently Verna's smile died out around the eyes. "For a guy who was reported missing and then wounded," he said lazily, "you look okay. Doesn't he, Claire? . . . When does it get to be Detective Boyd again?"

"As of today," Neil told him.

Verna said he was glad to hear it. He leaned down and covered one of Claire Marden's hands with his own. "If Mr. Boyd will excuse you," he said, "there are some people I'd like to have you meet."

He picked up the hand and smiled at her, and Claire Marden rose. Neil Boyd stood up, feeling the stiffness in his face, unable to smile. Her gaze touched his and slid past, revealing nothing. Her voice was low, controlled: "If you should want to stop by, Neil, the afternoon is a good time."

"Maybe tomorrow," Boyd said. "Late."

He watched her sit down at a table where four men and two women waited. After that, he tried not to look at her. He found his ale flat, like his hopes, but he did not order another. He sat staring straight ahead—a dark, solidly built man, with steady eyes dully brooding. After a while, he paid his check and went out. His coupé was parked down the street, and he climbed in and slammed the door.

He did not start the car but lighted a cigarette, and gradually the tension left him. His bitterness moderated and became less astringent. When he asked himself what, after all, he had expected, he had to admit he did not know.

He had seen her twice—three times if you counted the time in the station house—two years ago; there had been eight letters that he had answered. Yet for all of that, there had been a definite picture in his mind while he had been away, a picture that warmed him strangely and filled him with a happy excitement each time he thought of her, like having some delicacy upon a shelf, untasted but of proved quality; of knowingly saving it for some future time and enjoying fully the anticipation of the final tasting.

She was twenty-three when he first saw her, and that night, as on this one, she had been singing for Sam Verna—not at the Club Eden, but at another, shabbier place farther downtown, with a stairway out back that led to rooms above where certain favored patrons were permitted to try their luck at roulette and blackjack. Claire Marden was in the middle of a song when they raided the place, but it was not until afterward that Boyd had a chance to study her.

What he saw then was good. Even with her evening gown and make-up and everything about her looking out of place against the musty atmosphere of the precinct house, he liked her. It was not just that she was pretty. The way she carried herself, the way she spoke and the things she said impressed him. There was no coarseness in her, none of the scornful defiance he had expected from one who sang in Sam Verna's place. Instead, there was a quiet courage in her manner that seemed untouched by what had happened, a certain dignity that stirred him deeply and left him strangely moved.

HIS excuse, when he stopped at her apartment the next evening, was that he had to check up on some things. He learned that she was an orphan, that she had worked as a clerk in a woman's shop until her mother died and that later, through a friend, she had found a job as a hat-check girl because she could make more money and because the work seemed less drab and lonely. Sam Verna had seen her there and one evening, stopping in early when the place was empty and Claire was singing the chorus of a song the piano player had written and wanted to try out, he had been impressed and offered her a job.

Boyd was never sure how he got started on his lecture. It might have been because he knew what it was to be alone; perhaps it was simply that he liked this girl and was afraid of what might happen to anyone who worked too long for Sam Verna. Whatever the reason, he found himself telling her she was making a mistake. He had, he said, seen a lot of Sam Vernas in his business. He had seen a lot of girls who once sang for Verna and others like him.

"What does it get you?" he asked. "In a trap like that? Fifty bucks a week—if you're lucky."

She watched him curiously, a half-smile on her mouth. "That's a good guess," she said.

"You could make that much doing war work, once you'd been trained. Suppose it is tougher than singing for Sam. It would be worth-while, wouldn't it? Doing what you could to help with the war, you could be proud."

He said other things, and though he had

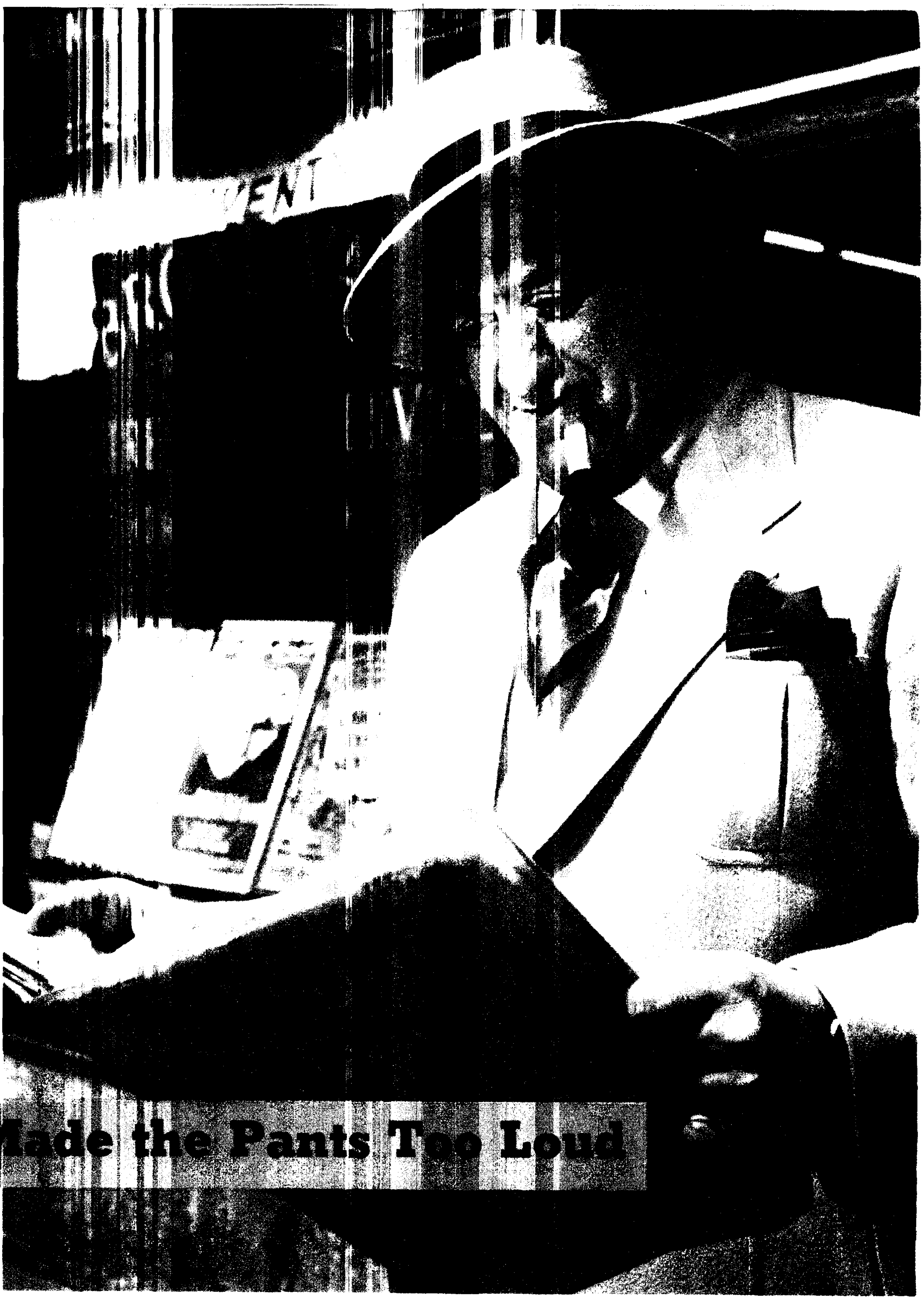
(*Continued on page* 49)

Sam, You Made the Pants Too Loud

No matter what you may think of his big white hat, canary-yellow sports jacket and plaid slacks, Broadway Sam is "a very couth guy that was born and brought up"

By Dan Parker

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S
BY JERRY COOKE



SOME celebrities will go to great lengths to deny their lofty status. Others will admit only reluctantly that they are of the elect. But Broadway Sam Roth will fight at the drop of a hint that his autograph isn't worth the paper it's written on.

Did someone ask, "Who the devil is Broadway Sam, anyway?" Someone begging for a bust on the beezer? One might just as well ask, "What is Broadway?" In fact, there's even some question of which came first, the street or the man

Members of the older generation insist that Sam was named for the street. Jealousy, perhaps. Anyone who has been around Times Square even since Father Duffy's statue was unveiled knows that "Broadway" derived its name from the dismounted cowboy of Dimout Gulch. And as for there being any doubt as to his status as a celebrity, well, Broadway Sam can get you two for Oklahoma! but on the aisle yet.

Sam Roth is probably the only character in the business who started out in life with the avowed purpose of becoming a celebrity. Now, after twenty years on Broadway as a ticket broker, he is as sure of his position as Churchill, if not Churchill Downs.

Thousands of visitors to New York have seen Sam Roth without knowing him. Thousands more know him without seeing him. Either way suits Sam, whose roaring raiment makes Joseph, the Biblical lad who invented sports jackets, an also ran in the Sartorial Stakes. Many visiting Rotarians, seeing "Broadway" swaggering down his street, a ten-gallon hat crowning his six feet four inches of solid manhood, and a gaudy silk kerchief tied around his neck to set off his flaming tweeds or flannels, have mistaken him for a big cowboy from the West. And he is from the West, too—the west forties. But the only rope this synthetic cowboy ever handles is the big cigar which always projects in a southwesterly direction from the left corner of his mouth.

Sam Roth was one of a brood of fourteen, reared in poverty on Sheriff Street in New York's ghetto, by an Austrian tailor. As a boy, he helped to support the thirteen other little Roths by juggling huge cakes of ice at the Fulton fish market and heavy sacks of mail at the central post office. That's what gave him the wonderful physique which, even after two decades of soft living, causes New Yorkers to turn as Broadway Sam struts by, toeing in to look bowlegged, and exclaim "Oh, boy! What a *built!*"

When Sam was sixteen, the late Charley Levy, a Broadway ticket broker, hired him as an errand boy. Down on the East Side, Sam had always dreamed of being a Broadway big shot. Now, when he found himself thrown into the dizzy theatrical whirl, the overgrown lad set out deliberately to outdo the motley crowd of exhibitionists and extroverts with whom he daily came in contact. His first step was to buy himself a carnation every day before going to work. For twenty years, come hailstones, holocausts or halitosis, Broadway Sam has faithfully lived up to his motto: "A carnation a day keeps oblivion away." Although Sam can now afford a gardenia or even an orchid, he prefers to remain the poor man's Grover Whalen by sticking to his humble carnation.

However, it wasn't the carnation alone that made Sam the great celebrity he now acknowledges himself to be. Thinking it over, he gives at least half the credit to the —shall we say radical?—clothes he wears. He goes in for such sartorial monstrosities as canary-yellow sports jackets, bookmakers' checks and plaids, bright-colored silk shirts bearing his monogram and coat of arms (a herring rampant), brilliant neckerchiefs, white felt hats with wide brims, and other creations that would give the spectrum itself grounds for an infringement suit.

"Why do you buy such bizarre clothes?" Sam was asked once.

"Don't make Broadway Sam look like a discouth fellow," he replied. "He don't buy his clothes in a bazaar. Broadway's clothes are all order-made by his private tailor, who never makes the pants too long for Sam."

One of Sam's idiosyncrasies is that he always refers to himself in the third person, as if he were someone else. As a matter of fact, he is—a creature of his own imagination.

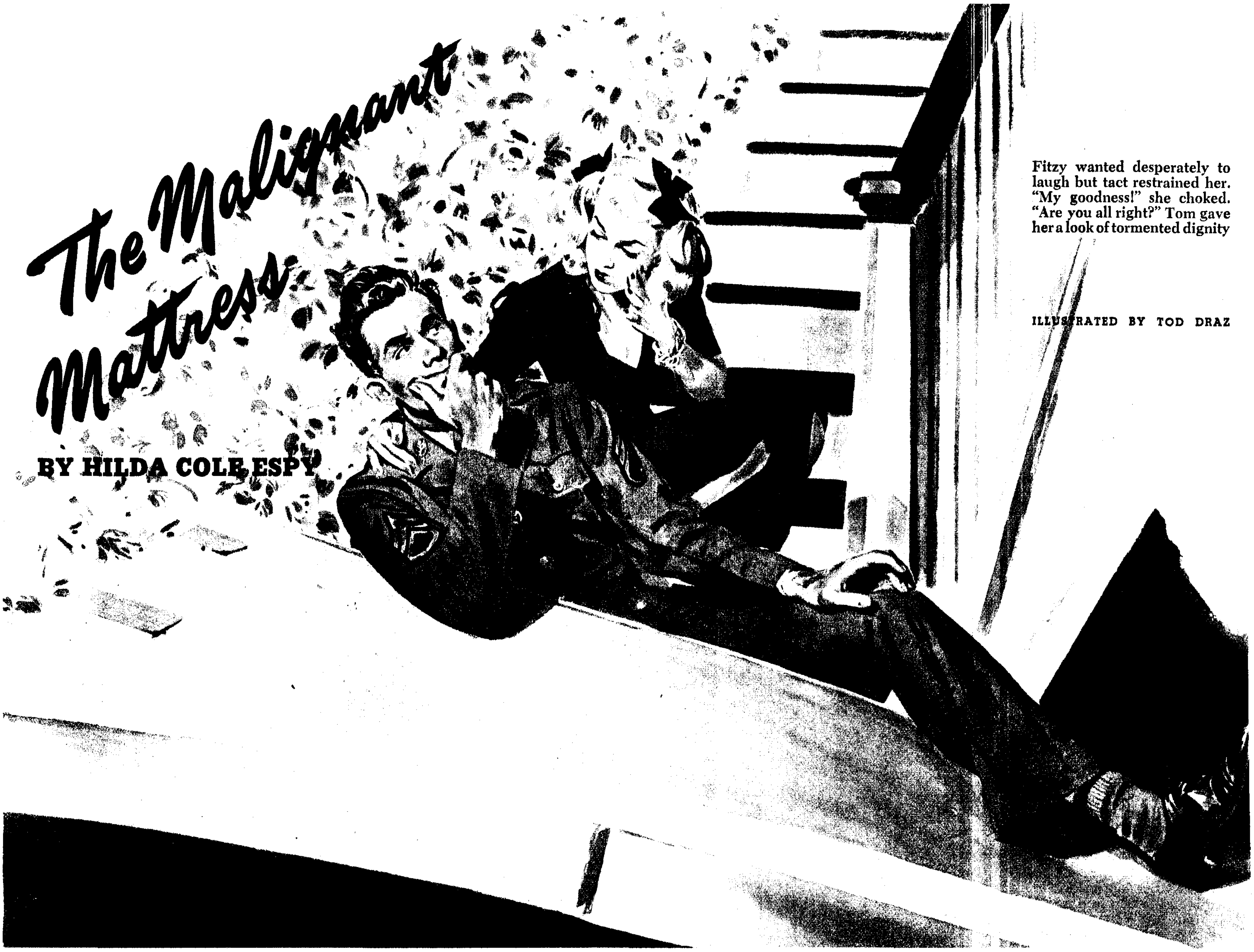
There were thousands of Sams on Broadway when Broadway Sam arrived on the Gulch, and there were even scores of Sam Roths, but only one of them, our shy hero (he's shy some of his hair), was connected with the Broadway Ticket Agency. Naturally the gangling lad with the "poissonality plus" immediately became known as Broadway Sam. That's the way with Broadway the street—I mean, original.

Although Sam's clothes speak loudly, he is inarticulate. When he calls up a newspaper to give a story about his latest contribution to charity—of which he is strongly in favor—he is likely to get the predicate before the subject, if indeed he

(Continued on page 76)

The Malignant Mattress

BY HILDA COLE ESPY



Fitzy wanted desperately to laugh but tact restrained her. "My goodness!" she choked. "Are you all right?" Tom gave her a look of tormented dignity

ILLUSTRATED BY TOD DRAZ

Stories have been written about ladies attacked by megrims, by Nazis, by dragons even—but this is probably the first about a lady who was attacked by a mattress. And a persistent mattress it was, too

FITZY watched Josephine's mattress as if it were a trussed corpse falling out of a closet. Slowly its binding cords broke and it pitched forward, seeming for a moment to spring at Fitzy. Then it sprawled on the floor of her one-room apartment.

Fitzy screamed and jumped, backing into a small tableful of plants which tipped, then crashed. So she screamed again. Then she did a kind of stamping jig on the floor and howled like a dog at a 'possum hunt. She was a little girl, about five feet tall, wearing a housecoat with great big daisies on it and a pair of horn-rimmed glasses which also seemed big on so small a person. Her eyes and her fists were both clenched shut and she was howling and jigging up and down when the doorbell rang.

The rapidity with which Fitzy seized control would have astonished a Yogi. For an instant she stopped breathing altogether. Then she stepped forward, breathing evenly, and opened the apartment door.

It serves me right, Fitzy thought as she looked up at the tall, solemn Air Corps boy who stood in her doorway. She should have known the indulgent good angel of the Fitzpatricks would send her a man in this extremity. Instead of trusting to luck she had gotten all riled up and now here he was and here she was, a perfect sight, with her eyes damp and her hands pushing her hair back.

"Hello," said Fitzy.

"Hello," said two voices. And then she realized that he wasn't alone. He was practically as tall as a church steeple and his little comrade was on another level, so Fitzy had taken no notice of her until now. She was a lovely little blonde with taffy hair and the complexion of a three-year-old child and a superior little smile which seemed to say, "Roses are red, violets are blue, and I am about six times cuter than you."

"My name is Tom Scott," the Air Corps man was saying. "Becky Scott's brother."

"Well, for goodness' sakes!" exclaimed Fitzy. Now she was wondering how she could get out of inviting them into her ravaged living room.

He grinned. "I told Becky I'd look you up." He made an awkward gesture. "This is Miss Barker."

"How do you do, Miss Barker?" Fitzy sized her up as a deb—as an anything-but-poor little rich girl. "Won't you come in and have a beer—or at least a cigarette?" She stepped aside to let them in. "My—my apartment is a little upset.

"Well, we'll just stay a few seconds." Tom masterfully swung Miss Barker through the door ahead of him. "Thought you might like to know the latest about Becky. She's expecting a baby."

"No! It seems just like yesterday we were holding up our end of the daisy chain and making plans for our futures—"

Fitzy's voice trailed off as she watched Miss Barker picking her way through the debris like a fastidious pussycat. She chose a little Victorian chair and proceeded to sit for her portrait in it.

"Say," Tom Scott frowned, noticing the mattress. "What happened?"

He had a simple, but somehow world-shaking voice.

"I have an old school friend, Josephine," Fitzy replied starkly. "Your sister, Becky, would know her. Well, when Josephine broke up her home here to be an Army wife, she parked furniture with all her friends. I got her mattress."

TOM SCOTT glanced at Fitzy's hand, reaching out for the cigarette box. She knew that he had seen it tremble. Tom understood that tremble. He came from the same sort of large family she did, where mother occasionally "got upset" and sisters frequently wept. Since she was trying to sound smartly humorous, the fact that he understood her perfectly was galling.

"Now Josephine is settled," Fitzy went on, catching her breath, "and so she wants her mattress again. So I was trying to roll it and tie it and tag it for traveling. Then the strings broke and it sprang at me."

Tom was shaking his head in male amusement. She had forgotten that men often saw something funny in situations which would seem to her to be all pathos and a yard wide. But then she had practically forgotten what men were like since all of her beaux got into uniform.

"My goodness—why didn't you get a man to help you?" Miss Barker asked.

"You haven't noticed a scarcity of men?" Fitzy countered testily.

Miss Barker skipped that, as any superior little beauty would, and Fitzy watched Tom sail his cap across the room into her one easy chair. He unbuttoned his tunic, grinning.

"Watch me," he said.

Watching him gave Fitzy a faint, dreamy feeling as if someone were stroking her forehead. He rolled up the mattress as if it were icebox cake, then turned his broad shoulders toward her.

"Got any cord?"

"What? Oh!" Fitzy started. "Just what snapped off before, I have."

"Well, let's have the pieces."

Fitzy found them on the floor and handed them to him sheepishly. "I'll tie this thing in the strategic places," he grunted, manfully suppressing the writhing mattress, "then I'll go out and rustle up some strong cord."

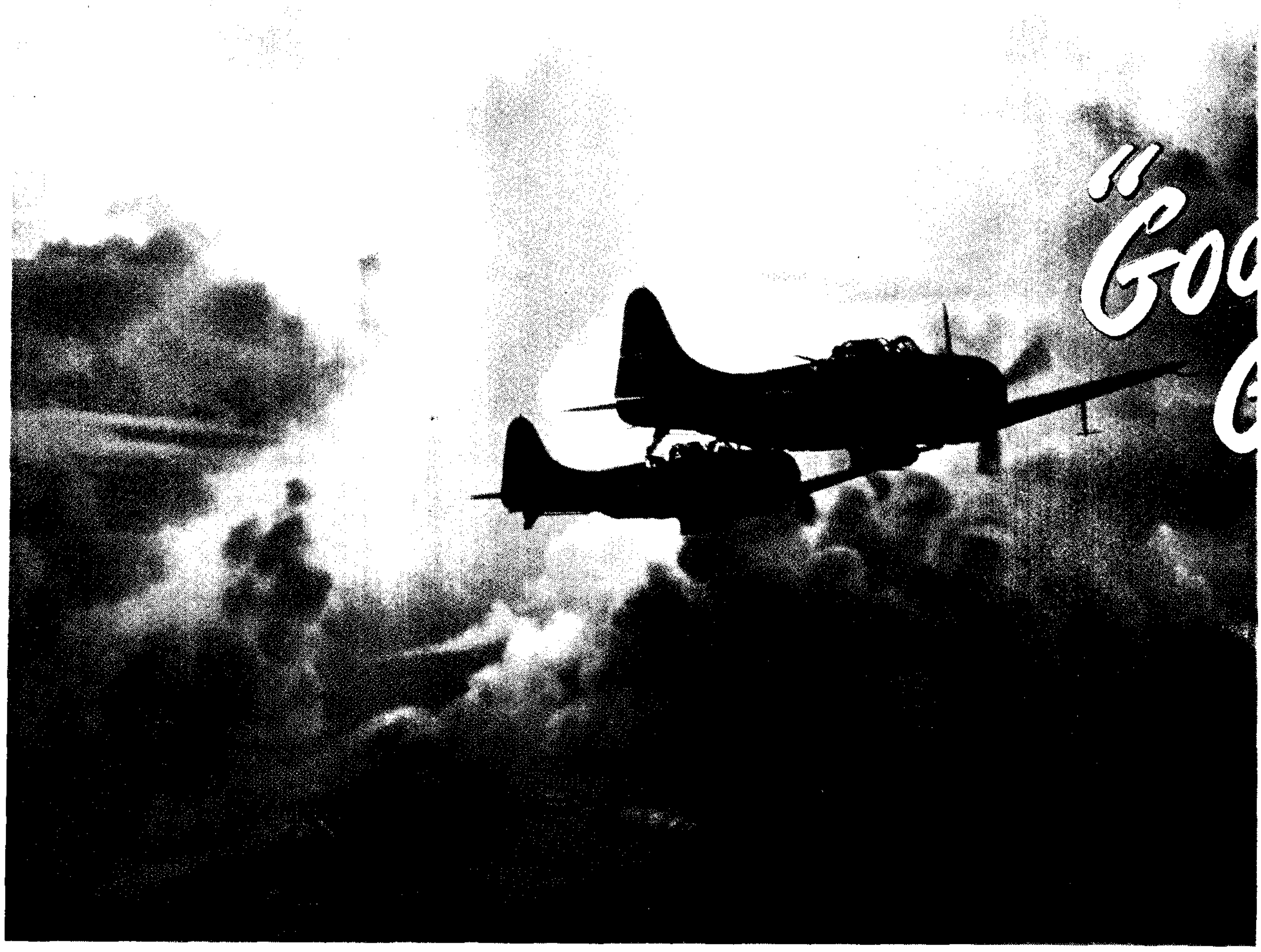
"Tom," Miss Barker said. Fitzy realized, jumpily, that she had practically forgotten her. "I'm afraid we'll have to be getting along. It's after eight."

"Is it?" Tom straightened and looked apologetic. "Gee, I'm sorry to have to leave this thing like this—but Imogene's aunt went to a lot of trouble to wangle tickets for that musical show Oklahoma!"

"Why, of course," Fitzy said. "You've been very nice."

"Of course it's temporarily okay." Tom spoke worriedly, slipping on his tunic. "But, if I were you, I'd run out and get some more cord and reinforce it."

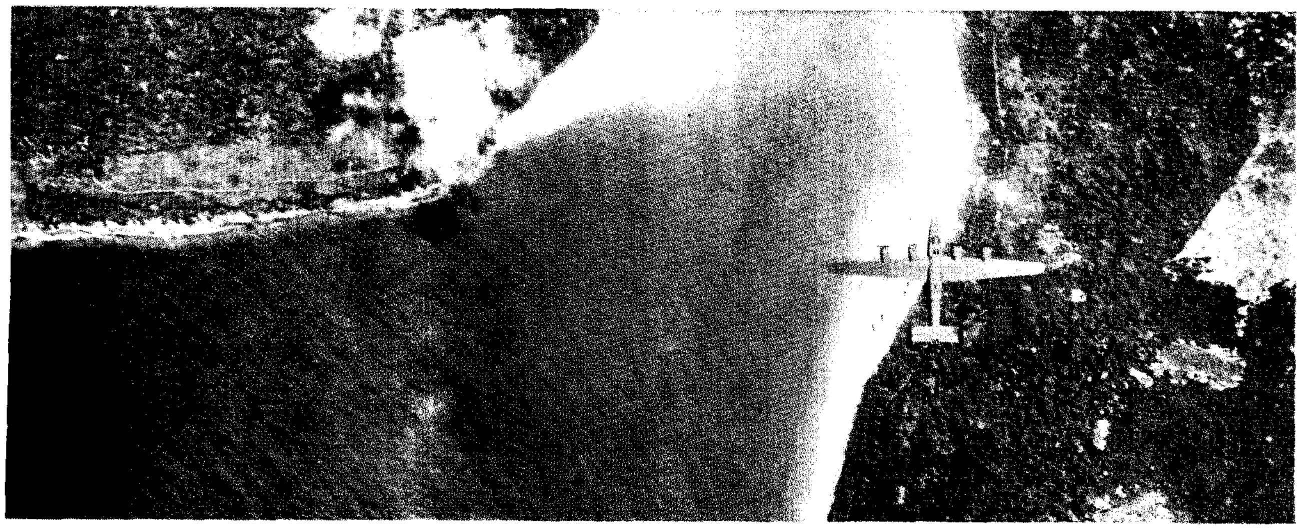
(Continued on page 54)



"Goodbye Guesswork"

Before our fighting men close with the enemy, aerial photographs help point the way—where to shell . . . to bomb . . . to land . . . and advance. This picture is from a series made while bombing the Japs on Wake Island.

As shown in the more detailed illustrations below, made near Buka and Munda Airfields, colors themselves are so important that much photographic reconnaissance is in full color—using Kodacolor Aero Reversal Film, with which these pictures were made.



You're 4 miles up [illegible]e, shooting straight down through a telephoto lens at an Army bomber as it lays its eggs near [illegible]ka Airfield, north of Bougainville. Notice the details—even the bombs in the air below the [illegible]ving—in this Kodacolor Aero vertical. Official U. S. Navy Photographs

The Navy reports that capture of the Munda Airfield was facilitated by information gained from photographs filmed on Kodacolor Aero; and that increasing quantities will be needed as our amphibious operations expand toward Japan. This vertical of white shoals and green islands near Munda Airfield shows how Kodacolor Aero Film penetrates below the surface, "charting" unknown waters preliminary to landing operations.

Kodak's new color aerial film answers a lot of military questions

Because of its pioneer research in color photography—research that had produced Kodachrome Film, and had Kodacolor Roll Film well under way—Kodak was "ready to go" when asked by the armed forces, before the war, for a new aerial film

. . . a *full-color* aerial film which could be processed in the field

. . . would have haze-penetrating contrast

. . . and with speed and sensitivity enough for use in modern military airplanes.

Kodak met these specifications—and more—with Kodacolor Aero Reversal Film. It is entirely new; the fastest color film by far; rapidly processed in the field.

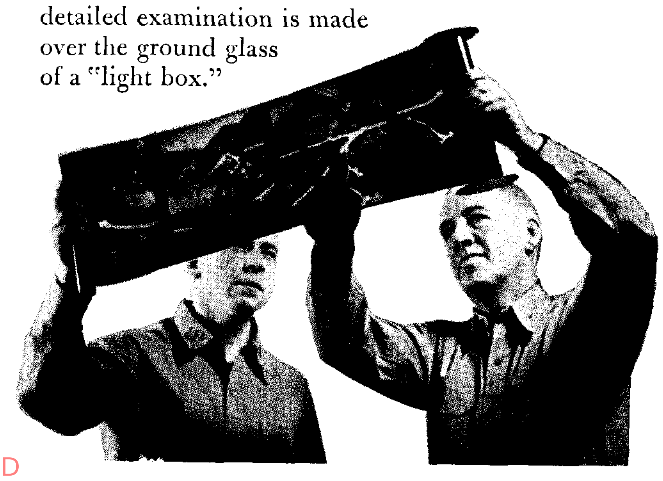
The Kodacolor Aero shots shown here only suggest its military importance . . .

Just as earlier research contributed to Kodacolor Aero Reversal, the additional knowledge gained, in turn, helped to perfect Kodacolor Roll Film—for full-color snapshots with ordinary cameras. You may occasionally get a roll—though it's still scarce—and see what these color accomplishments mean to you.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

REMEMBER THE U. S. S. NEW ORLEANS?—how, in action off Guadalcanal, the explosion from a Jap torpedo sheared off her whole bow—and with 178 men dead or dying, flames shooting above her foremast, and water 4½ feet over her main deck, she was yet kept afloat by the almost superhuman efforts of her officers and crew . . . saved to fight another day?—A stern example for us at home. BUY MORE WAR BONDS.

Officers checking "The Lay of the Land," as shown on Kodacolor Aero Reversal Film. More detailed examination is made over the ground glass of a "light box."



Serving human progress through Photography

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Lucky Strike
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L.S./M.F.T.
LUCKY STRIKE
CIGARETTES

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Change of Heart

BY FAITH BALDWIN

The Story: The strain between **CAROL HILLARY'S** parents—**ADAM**, a successful novelist, and **HELEN**, a glamorous correspondent—is not lessened when **HELEN** returns from the Pacific war theater accompanied by a young flier, **MAJOR MILES DUNCAN**, with whom she is writing a book. **CAROL** is engaged to **DUDLEY LENNOX**, owner of the magazine for which she works, but after meeting **MILES** she realizes that she has fallen in love with him. She feels certain that **HELEN** is only using **MILES** to satisfy her own vanity and sense of power, and she decides to win him for herself if she can. She breaks her engagement to **LENNOX**, then goes alone to the **HILLARY** summer cottage on Long Island. There **MILES** visits her, and she tells him frankly that she loves him. He asks her to marry him.

ILLUSTRATED
BY RONALD McLEOD

IV

THAT was a very wonderful day. Sun and sand, talk and silences. Adam's trunks were a little precarious but Carol found two very precious, formidable safety pins. She found, also, a forgotten bottle of sun-tan oil with which she anointed Miles' back. He had gained weight during his leave but he was still too thin, she thought, stroking the oil on gently, marking the fine, smooth skin, the good muscles, the too-prominent ribs.

They swam, and dried in the sun. They lay on an old blanket and ate sandwiches and drank iced tea. And, after that, while they were talking Miles fell asleep. Carol sat beside him a long time, shielding his face from the sun, watching it, so vulnerable in sleep and heartbreakingly young . . .

When he woke he would not believe that he had slept. They went in for another swim and then up to the shed and, between them, carried the light boat to the bank, pushed and pulled it down, hauled it to the water's edge and launched it. It leaked, but not very much. Miles went and got the oars and they rowed out on the bright, quiet breast of the water and sat there looking at the bank and the pines and the brown, weathered house. He said, after a moment, "I wish we could come here after we are married. . . . We could, perhaps."

She said, "I haven't changed my mind."

"Exasperating," he said. "I hope the boat leaks furiously and that we sink. I won't lift a hand to save you, darling."

She said, serenely, "I swim fairly well."

"Don't I know it," he said gloomily. "No dice—and I'm cold. Let's get back. Wonder if we could catch some fish. . . Got any bait?"

"Worms," she answered, "if you want to dig 'em . . . and there are old sweaters of Father's around somewhere . . ."

He said, "Well, let's get going. Fish for supper."

That was how Dudley Lennox found them, an hour later, just at sunset, Miles digging worms with a trowel, and cursing happily when he unearthed one, while Carol, sitting on a log beside him, looked over the fishing tackle.

When Dudley drove in, Carol's accustomed ear recognized the familiar stutter of the Griffin car. She grinned at Miles. "When you didn't show up last night," she said, "Mr. G. could no longer contain himself. He's probably brought me fresh supplies."

He had also brought her ex-fiancé.

Dudley hopped briskly out of the car. He said cordially, "Hello, you two. . . . You look very domestic. I come, bearing messages and stuff."

"And at a very opportune time," added Carol brightly.

Mr. Griffin looked a little dazed. He said, "I brought you some things, Carol. . . . Thought you might run out. with company."

Dudley walked over to the log and looked down at Carol. Miles, looking rather absurd with a large earthworm in his hand, had risen. And Dudley asked, pleasantly, "Do you think you could give me supper, Carol? I've arranged for Mr. Griffin to come back and take me to the evening train."

"Oh, must you?" asked Carol. "Miles is driving back in the morning. You can get a train from the field."

Dudley shook his head. He said, "Too sorry, but I have to be in the office tomorrow and then take the noon train to Washington." He watched Mr. Griffin carrying the packages into the house. He added, "Sure you don't mind my staying for supper?"

"We'd love it," said Miles with such idiotic exaggeration that Carol began to laugh, helplessly. She fell off the log, and Dudley picked her up and put her on her feet. Mr. Griffin emerged from the house and regarded the group with consternation. He didn't know what it was all about and he hoped Carol wouldn't give him fits for bringing Lennox out. But he couldn't refuse. He'd walked into the store, bold as brass, and said, "I have an important message for Miss Hillary. I understand she's at her place near here. Could you possibly drive me out?"

It was all too much for poor Mr. G. . . . former fiancé turning up, cool as cucumbers, to say nothing of fighter pilots who dropped in to spend the night. Minnie would be out of her romantic mind with curiosity. He wished he hadn't told her that the young man would be coming back to spend the night with them. She'd put on the best bolster covers and the embroidered pillow slips for the spare room.

He said, "Well, I'll go along now, Carol. Be back for you, Mr. Lennox, in time for the train."

THE car rattled off. A slight constraint fell and the sunset wind was chilly. Carol said, after a moment, "We were going fishing."

"So I deduced. Don't let me interrupt you."

"You are, and have," she said, with anger. Then she laughed. She said, "This is a silly situation. Miles, release that worm. You look absurd. Let's all go into the house."

When they went in Dudley looked around him. He said, "I like this place. . . . Does it have a bar?"

"Nope," said Carol, "it's as dry as a PX. Soft drinks only. What's the message, Dudley?"

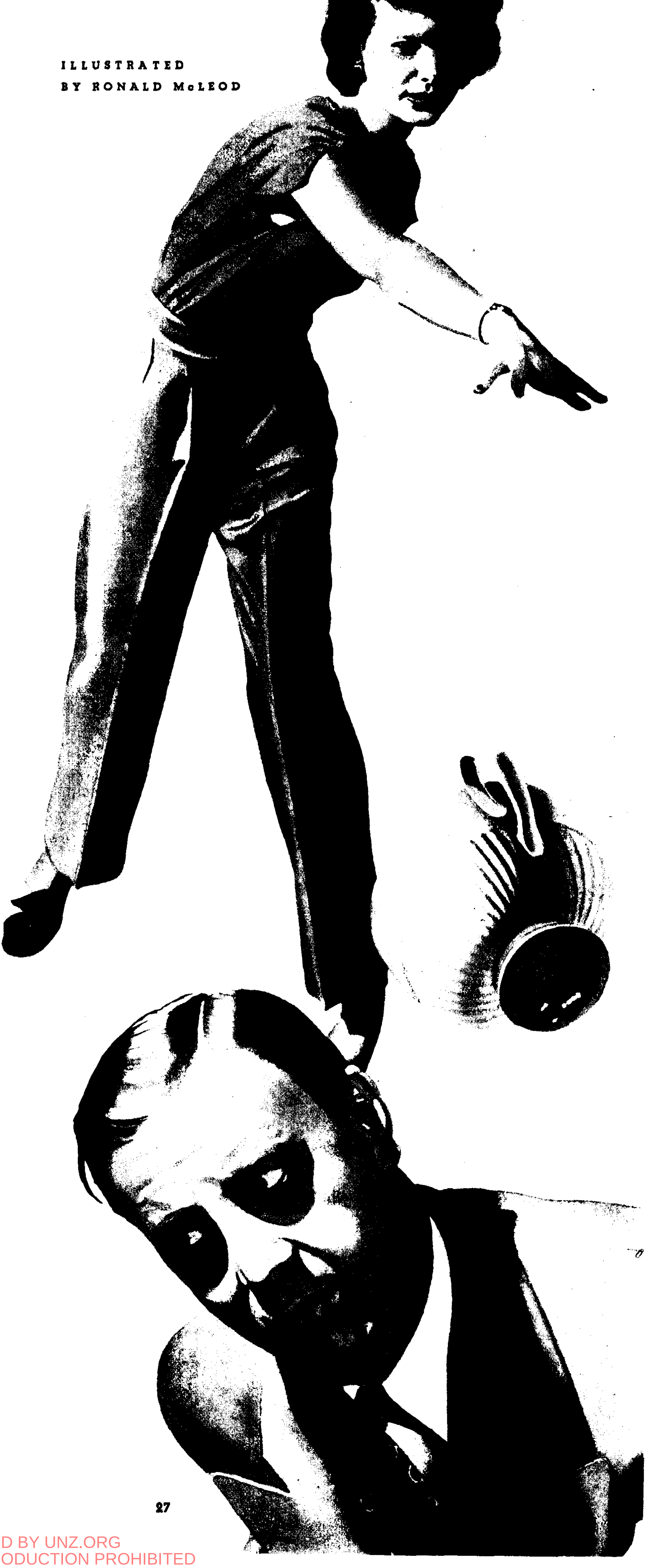
"It's from your mother," he said.

"Sit down," said Carol, "and shoot."

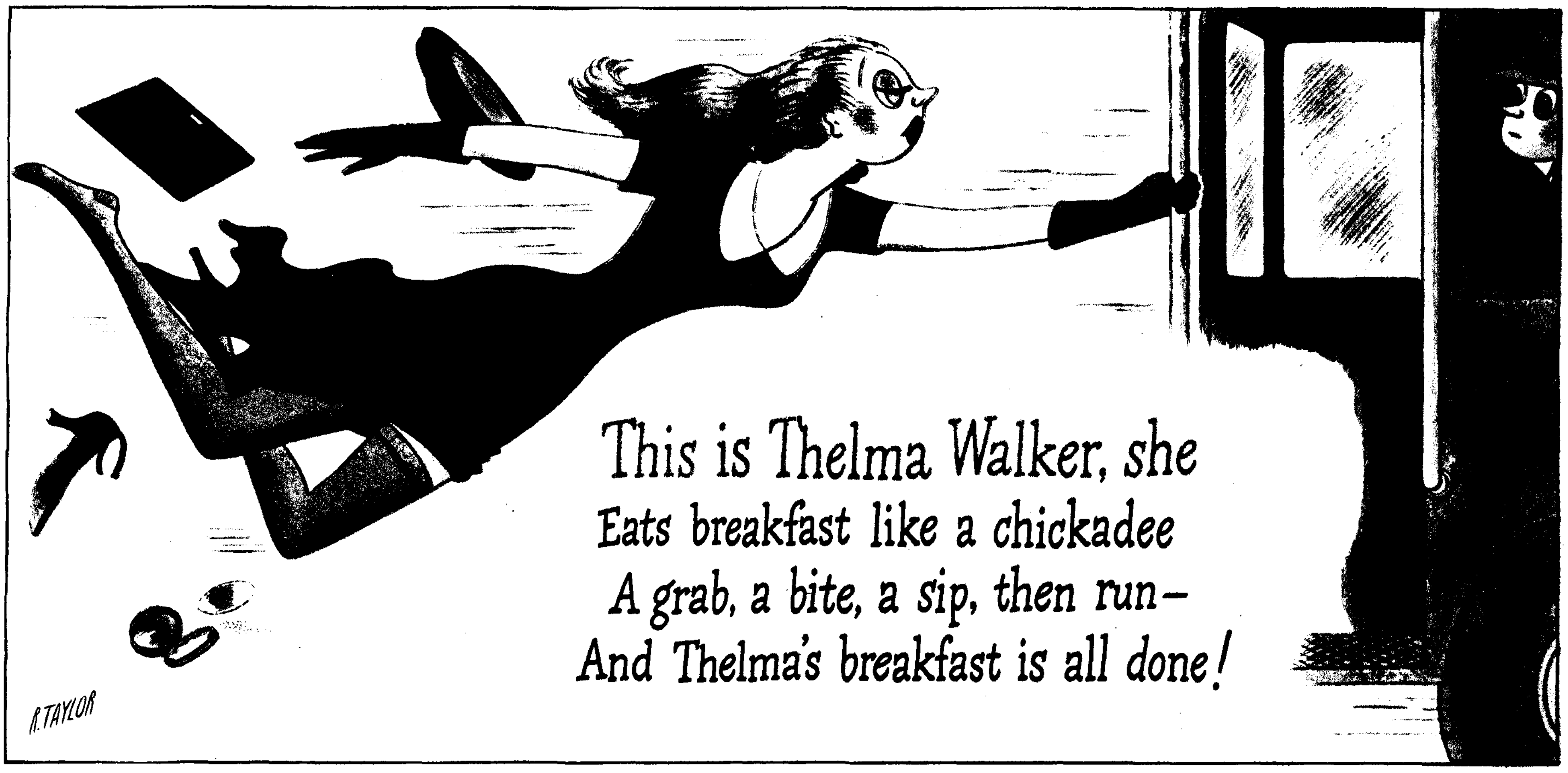
He looked a little as if he'd like to, literally, and Miles grinned. But he wasn't particularly enjoying the situation. The average man is conventional at heart . . . except when he can get away with unconventionality.

Dudley said, sitting down, "It's a longish story. I ran into your mother in Washington. . . . She was doing a lecture, and we had supper together afterward."

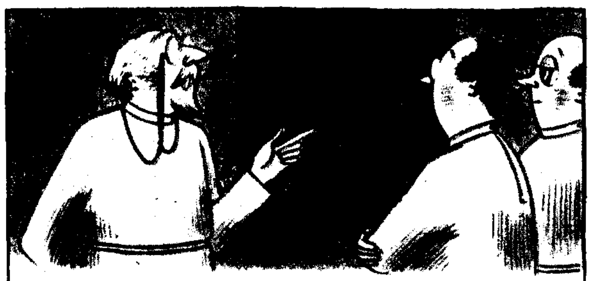
"How nice," said Carol, politely. She



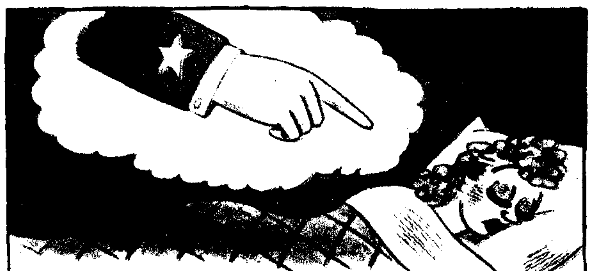
Carol's hand closed over the cup she was putting away. She lifted her hand. The cup sailed over Dudley's head as he ducked, and crashed against the wall



This is Thelma Walker, she
Eats breakfast like a chickadee
A grab, a bite, a sip, then run–
And Thelma's breakfast is all done!



Now doctors and dietitians say
One fourth our nourishment each day
Should be eaten at the breakfast table
To keep us fresh and fit and able.



Hark, Thelma Walker, please take heed,
It's whole-grain nourishment you need–
The kind to which Uncle Sam alludes
When he mentions Basic 7 Foods!

Wake up, girl, for goodness' sakes,
Start off your day with Grape-Nuts Flakes
They're whole-grain, wholesome, eating fun
Chock-full of Vitamin B_1!

Grape-Nuts Flakes
A NOURISHING WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL FOOD
ECONOMY SIZE!

Try just one bowl, lean back and savor
That "hurry-let's-have-seconds" flavor!
A-a-h, nut-brown flakes in milk or cream
Heaped high with fruit—is this a dream?

If so, dream on, don't hesitate–
A better dream you never ate!

LISTEN TO THOSE WHO KNOW!

Government authorities say: Most of us don't eat an adequate breakfast.

Doctors and dietitians say: All of us should get at least ¼ of our daily nourishment at breakfast.

Nutritionists say: An adequate breakfast includes *both* fruit *and* a cereal with whole-grain nourishment.

We say: All General Foods cereals provide whole-grain nourishment.

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A GENERAL FOODS CEREAL

Eat a good breakfast—do a better job!

could imagine that supper, she thought with some bitterness.

Dudley said, "I told her that I was, upon returning home, going down to Southampton." He smiled at Carol. "Do you remember our story on ex-Senator Sniffen?" he asked, and when she nodded, he added, "Well, he wants to sue."

"Good Lord," said Carol. "I didn't know."

"You've been out of touch," he said mildly. He glanced at Miles. "I went down, spent the night at his place and persuaded him to reconsider. Not that we mind suits, we usually win 'em," he added casually, "but in this case there were several factors involved, most of them political . . . and tied up with the coming elections. We needn't go into that. The point is, that I told Helen that I'd be on the Island and she suggested that I drop by.

"I got a lift this far. I'm to tell you that she's coming down for the week end. Her present trip ends in Philadelphia on Thursday and she'll be down Friday. She wants you to get some local domestic help . . . she's bringing one of her secretaries, I think . . . and expects to finish the book. . . . In passing, I may say I've had a stroke of luck. I saw the manuscript and persuaded her to let us have it. She had, you know, refused several magazine offers. But if it is in our hands by next week we can rush it through and she won't lose any time, nor, I may add, ruefully, any money."

"That's fine," said Carol.

Miles said, "If you'll excuse me I think I'll put on some clothes. This sweater has been attacked by moths with bazookas."

HE DISAPPEARED, and Dudley looked at Carol. He said, "You appear more at ease than the boy friend."

"Naturally," she said serenely, "as he is more conventional than I."

He said thoughtfully, "I told your mother I thought you were in love with him. She is appalled."

"That's interesting," said Carol, "and how did you arrive at that conclusion?"

"Well," he answered, "you told me there was someone else. I was very stupid about it. Then I thought things over, put two and two together . . ." He looked at her. He asked, "Just where do you expect this sort of—interlude will get you?"

"I haven't looked ahead," Carol answered, "and wherever it does is not your business."

"Roger," he agreed. "Now that you speak the language of the Air Forces. Still you can't expect me not to feel concerned."

He looked more than concerned; he looked savagely angry. Yet he kept his voice down, occasionally he smiled. Carol didn't like his smile or anything about him. She said, "If you intend to tell my family that Miles and I spent last night here—"

He asked, nastily, "Wouldn't you consider it my duty?"

"Oh, sure," said Carol, "also your good deed for the day. But don't struggle with your conscience as I have every intention of telling them myself—and had before you arrived in the picture."

He said:

"Funny thing. I thought he might be here. I called him at the field, from Southampton. I'd been talking to the office and word had come through that Lieutenant Colonel Renshaw is missing. I knew he was a friend of Duncan's, and I thought I'd tell him before it was released for publication. At the field they told me he was away for a couple of days. I called the house to make sure you were in the country and spoke to Aunt Agatha. When the senator's friends dropped me in the village at Mr. Griffin's, I asked him—one of my hunches," he added modestly, "if you had guests. He said, yes, one. But even so," he added, "I was somewhat astonished when we drove in."

Miles spoke from the doorway. He said, "Very naturally." He looked at Carol. He stood very straight and tall, back in uniform. He added, "I believe the phrase is, 'We want you to be the first to know . . .' "

"Miles," said Carol, "please . . ."

"Well," said Miles, irritatingly, "it's too bad, old man, but the best man won and all that. Carol and I are going to be married. And now would you rather congratulate us and stay to supper, or shall I knock you down and sit on you till Mr. Griffin calls for the remains?"

Carol said sharply, "Miles, don't be an utter idiot."

He lounged into the room. He said, "Perhaps I'm just a country boy. But there is something in Mr. Lennox's tone that I didn't like . . . much."

Dudley said:

"This isn't a theater of war, Major, and there is no need for heroics. You can't expect me to be particularly happy over your announcement. You see, for some time I have believed that Carol would marry me. And I still believe it."

Carol said, a little wildly, "I haven't said I'm going to marry anyone!"

Dudley raised his eyebrows. He asked, "Aren't you being a little previous, Duncan?"

"Hell no!" said Miles.

Carol got to her feet. She said, resignedly, "Well, fight it out, you two. I'm going to start supper and I hope every mouthful chokes you both."

She went into the kitchen very rapidly and slammed the door. She stood there a moment, thinking. She was furious with Dudley Lennox; she was furious with Miles. If he thought he had to—if he thought *that*, he could go fly a kite and she would die an old maid. She felt the tears slide down her cheeks and she brushed them away angrily.

In the living room Miles stood by the fireplace. He said, "I asked Carol to marry me last night."

"And?" asked Lennox quietly.

"And," said Miles, "she answered that we would wait for a time . . . until my next orders, for instance . . . and then talk it over."

"She's never," murmured Lennox, "been very sure of herself. I asked her for six straight months before she said yes. And *that* didn't stick; I suppose she thinks she's in love with you."

"Evidently," said Miles.

"She thought," said Dudley, "that she was in love with me." He got up from the chair in which he had sat unstirring for the last few minutes. He said, "I admire you, Duncan, and I envy you. I admire your crazy courage and I envy you your opportunity to display it. I envy you your youth—I don't especially like you, any more than you like me, but I respect you. And, as far as Carol is concerned, you have my blessing, for as long as it lasts. . . . For, I think she'll get over you and come back to me. If I didn't believe that, I'd *let* you knock me down. You can, you know. You're considerably taller, you have a longer reach and you're in better condition. But I'd take my chances on surviving. However, I see no special need for dramatics at the moment. Because whether you marry or not . . . I'm still in the running."

Miles was white. He said, "That's fine."

Lennox smiled. He said, "Don't distress yourself, Major. And I don't know how much you overheard of my conversation with Carol. I don't think you heard that your friend Lieutenant Colonel Renshaw is missing."

Miles took a step forward and sat down abruptly. He said, "Pete . . . Pete . . . missing . . . ?"

"Yes," said Dudley. "It hasn't been made public as yet. His family has just been notified. I remembered that, in the various interviews you gave after your return, his name was frequently mentioned . . . as one of your close friends."

"My closest," said Miles dully. "He was due for a leave, pretty soon. His wife lives in Great Neck. I've seen her since my return." He put his hand over his face, his gesture uncertain. When he took it away again his face was suffused with blood.

Lennox rose. He said, "I'm sorry, Duncan."

"*You're* sorry!" said Miles. . . . "Well, thanks for telling me." He got up and went into the kitchen. He said, "Carol—?"

SHE turned and looked at him and went swiftly into his arms. She didn't care that Dudley had followed, that he stood there at the open door and saw.

"What is it, darling?" she asked.

"It's Pete," he told her. "Pete Renshaw . . . Lennox says he's missing. I've got to see his wife. She hasn't anybody here in the East . . . she came East with the kid, thinking he'd be here on leave soon . . . she's been living in South Dakota. . . ."

She said, practically, "Of course you must go, Miles. But you can wait long enough to have something to eat. I'll get supper ready at once.". . .

They ate in the kitchen. Carol made strong coffee, a salad, sliced the ham and fried potatoes. She said, once, "It isn't a varied diet," and Dudley said, "I never believed in vitamins, anyway." There was little general conversation. Miles ate sparingly and with an effort but drank several cups of coffee. Toward the end of the meal he set down his cup, looked at Carol, and spoke to her as if they were alone. He said:

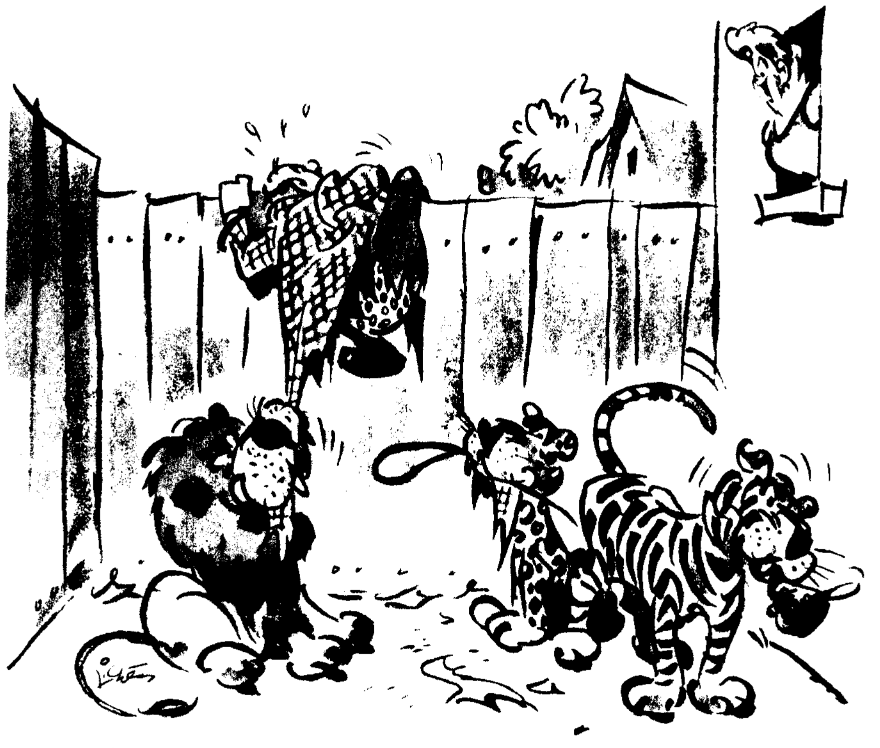
"I'm sorry you didn't know Pete. He was one of the best. He was a big guy. . . . We used to kid him because his hair curled and he looked like one of these movie heroes. He got married before he went overseas. . . . He's never seen his kid. I looked up his wife when I first came to New York and she's been over to the field. Her name's Ruth. She's about your size, Carol, and cute."

He was silent. Dudley looked at Carol but she was sitting quietly at the table, watching Miles. He saw the intensity, the gravity, the concentration of her regard, and for the first time felt actual fear lest he had, in truth, lost her.

Miles said, conversationally, as if he and Carol had been arguing, "You see how it is, darling? Pete always talked about what he and Ruth would do when he got back. He had the kid entered at his old prep school. He said, 'We'll make a football player of him.' "

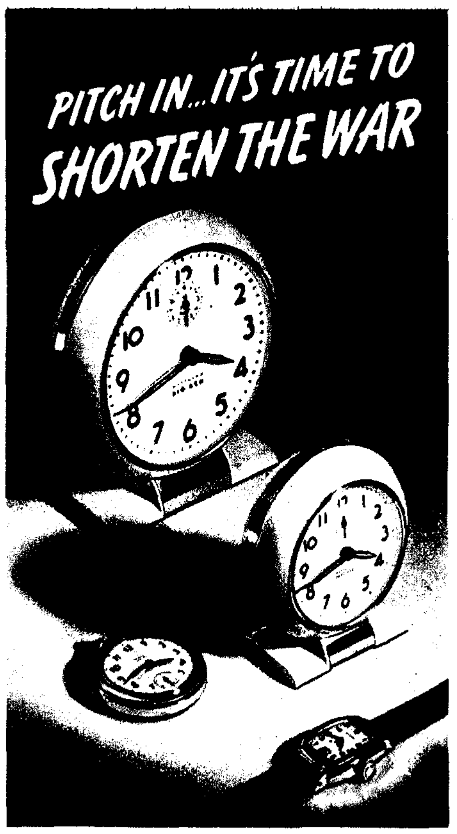
Carol said, "Missing isn't dead. But if he is, they were married. And she has the baby."

He looked at her. Dudley Lennox felt an enormous, unusual embarrassment. He had no right to be here. It was indecent. He



"Leon, when are you going to stop fooling and get that act ready for a tryout?"

COLLIER'S GEORGE LICHTY



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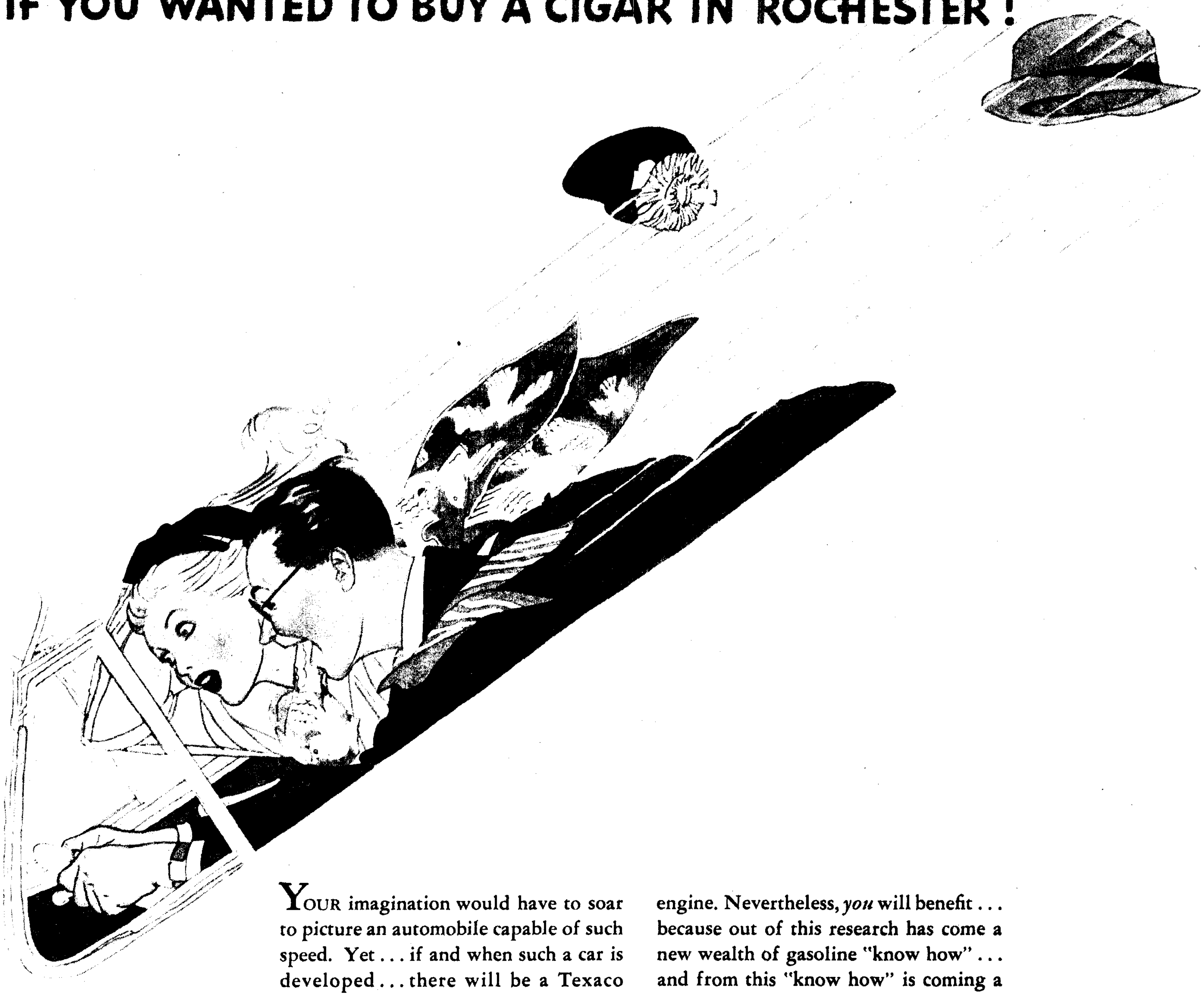

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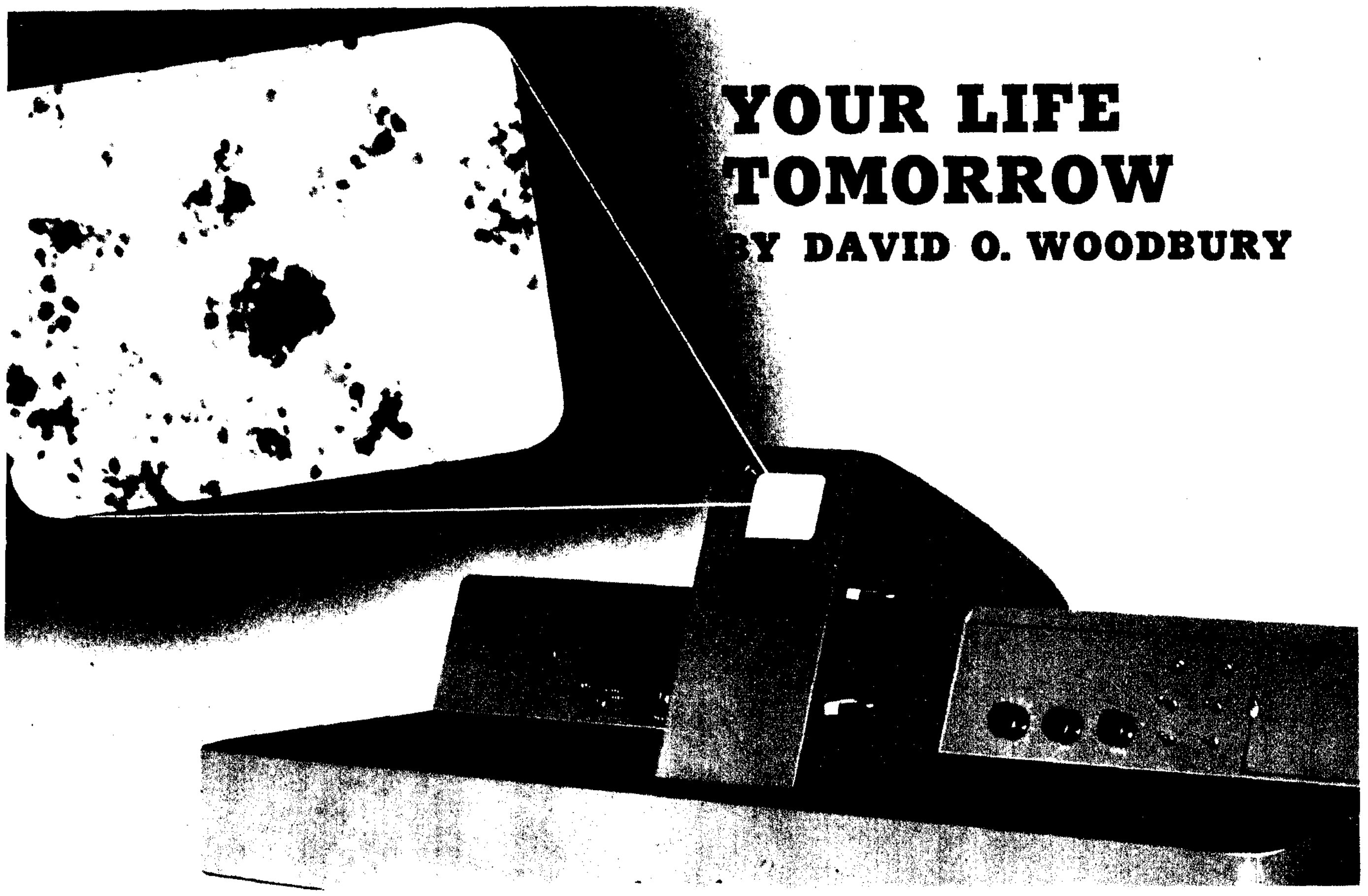
YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY



KENNETH W. THOMPSON

Infinitesimal New Worlds Conquered

The electron microscope, yesterday so omplicated and costly that only a few ex-erts could profitably use it, is soon to be-ome a standard tool of research, available ɔ every hospital and college laboratory. 'ortable and no more mysterious than an rdinary optical microscope, the new ma-hine can be run by any intelligent person fter a few hours' practice.

Magnifications of 5,000 diameters are rou-ine and, with a simple photographic at-achment, "blow-ups" of nearly 200,000 imes can be made, clearly showing details lown to a quarter-millionth of an inch. The molecules themselves can even be made 'isible in some cases.

As a portable, routine laboratory instru-nent the "electron mike" will bring incalcu-able new power to future medical and ndustrial research, enabling scientists to get heir first real view of microbes, metallic :rystals and chemical arrangements. Most pectacular may be the advances in bac-eriology. Already, common germs like taphylococcus and syphilis, viruses of in-luenza and other diseases, and parasites causing malaria have been enlarged from nvisibility to snakelike enemies several nches long. So fine is the detail that even the hairlike antennae by which they move around can be seen. The action of penicil-in in killing germs has been photographed; totally unknown structures of such bacilli as the tuberculosis germ have been identified. Yet the search has only begun. A vast world of invisible events waits to be explored, with the secret of life itself as a final prize.

In manufacturing, the electron mike will have great importance as a control device to assure uniform quality in such products as steel and alloys designed for exacting strength requirements. The instrument will analyze the minute structure of textile fibers, the action of dyes, the arrangement of the fat molecules in milk. It will be of service in the refining of petroleum and the processing of metallic ores.

Flying electron rays, bent by magnetic "lenses" to form images very much as in the light microscope, cast shadows of the object upon a fluorescent screen or photographic plate. Reason why the electron mike is so much more powerful is that the electron itself, being much smaller than a light wave, can cast a far more accurate and detailed shadow, searching out tiny curves and variations that even the shortest wave lengths of light would miss.

The Alchemy of Wood

The magic of modern science has given us many an alloy and plastic with properties nature herself could not provide unaided. But wood, cheapest and commonest of all building materials, has steadily defied improvement. Now, suddenly, is announced a far-reaching new alchemy equal to anything in metallurgy or chemistry—the "transmutation" of wood into a material free of almost every limitation formerly known. By impregnation with a common chemical, methylolurea, softwoods like pine and spruce become as hard and durable as oak, while the rarer hardwoods can be made as tough and dense as ebony. The treated woods will not soak up moisture; neither warp, swell nor shrink in any weather; cannot check or crack; are fire and vermin proof and will not rot.

The transmutation of wood is a triumph of a group of industrial chemists, completing researches begun by the U. S. Forest Products Laboratory. Raw lumber is first subjected to a mild vacuum in a container, then heated with steam, while the methylolurea solution is forced into the grain under pressure. A rock-hard resinous binder is thus formed by reaction with the wood acids, welding the fibers permanently into an impervious mass. Man can now accomplish in a few hours a hardening process that takes nature many years.

Furniture made of the new woods will remain unaffected in any climate in the world. Doors, windows and bureau drawers will retain exact fits and never need to be trimmed or eased. Veneers will never curl or peel. Softwoods with specially beautiful grains, once treated, can be used for floors and trim without fear of marring. And much building that requires expensive hardwoods for strength and durability will be possible with the cheapest and most plentiful softwoods. Many objects now made of metal can be turned out more cheaply with transmuted wood. By adding dyes to the treating solution, any wood can be colored throughout, then finished without stain or varnish to give a new kind of beauty. ★★★

---

could rise and go quietly away and they would not know it. Yet he could not move. He was as if paralyzed. He had to hear and see this for himself.

Miles asked, "You think that would be compensation? Well, you didn't know Pete nor how they felt about each other.

She said, "I know how I feel about you. Of course, it isn't compensation. But it's something."

He said, as if he hadn't heard:

"I used to watch Pete in the Ready Room. . . . He'd sit and listen, his hands back of his head and a goofy grin on his face. . . . The rest of us would sweat under the collar and spit cotton, but not Pete. He was nuts about flying. He was the best damn' flier I ever knew. He used to sing . . . a lot. Drove us crazy. He had a good voice. He'd sing—you know how it goes"—he hummed it, spoke the words: "'Old pilots never fly, they only draw their pay . . .'" His voice broke, he stood up and shoved back his chair. "Guess I'd better go," he said.

Carol said, "Let's put your things together."

They walked out of the kitchen. Dudley sat still, lit a cigarette. He thought: If it's like that . . . His strong jaw was set, hard. He thought: If they aren't married before he leaves, there's a chance. He thought of Helen. She was an ally. Adam, he told himself, wouldn't be.

Carol watched Miles fling his few belongings into the little bag. She said, "Here are your brushes," and held them out to him. He took them, put them in. Then he took her by the shoulders. He said, "This isn't the way we meant things to be."

"No."

"Are you staying on here?"

She said, "For a few days. Mother's coming . . . she expects me to stay."

He said, "I'll write. . . . Can you get to Griffin's and call me at the field . . . ?"

"I'll call."

"You'll come up to town?" he asked.

"As soon as I can. . . . Miles?"

"Yes?"

She said, "How much of what you said to Dudley was cover-up for the situation?"

He smiled for the first time since he had learned about Renshaw. He said, "None. He didn't have a shotgun, did he?"

She said quietly, "You must be sure . . ."

He said, as if he hadn't heard her, "There's always the chance that he bailed out. But the worst of it is hoping . . . and keeping on hoping. But what else can I tell her to do?"

"Nothing," she said thickly, "nothing."

"Well," he said, "I'd better get under way." He put his arm around her, kissed her hard and quickly. He said, "If you want me to take Lennox along . . . ?"

"No. Mr. Griffin will be up presently," she said. She tried to laugh, failed. "Dudley can help wash the dishes. Don't worry."

He said, "Well, I'd rather be alone . . ."

He walked out ahead of her, his bag in his hand, his cap on the side of his head. Dudley was waiting in the living room.

He asked, as they entered, "Sure you don't want me along, Duncan? I can drive; I know the way."

"Thanks," said Miles. "I'll manage."

At the car he bent to kiss Carol. He said, "I'll see you later," and climbed in. The engine started, the car went off down the road, swaying and jouncing. They stood and watched it in the darkness, until they no longer saw the taillight.

Carol said, "I have to wash up . . ."

They went back to the kitchen and Dudley watched her moving about, running hot water in the sink, washing the dishes and glasses,

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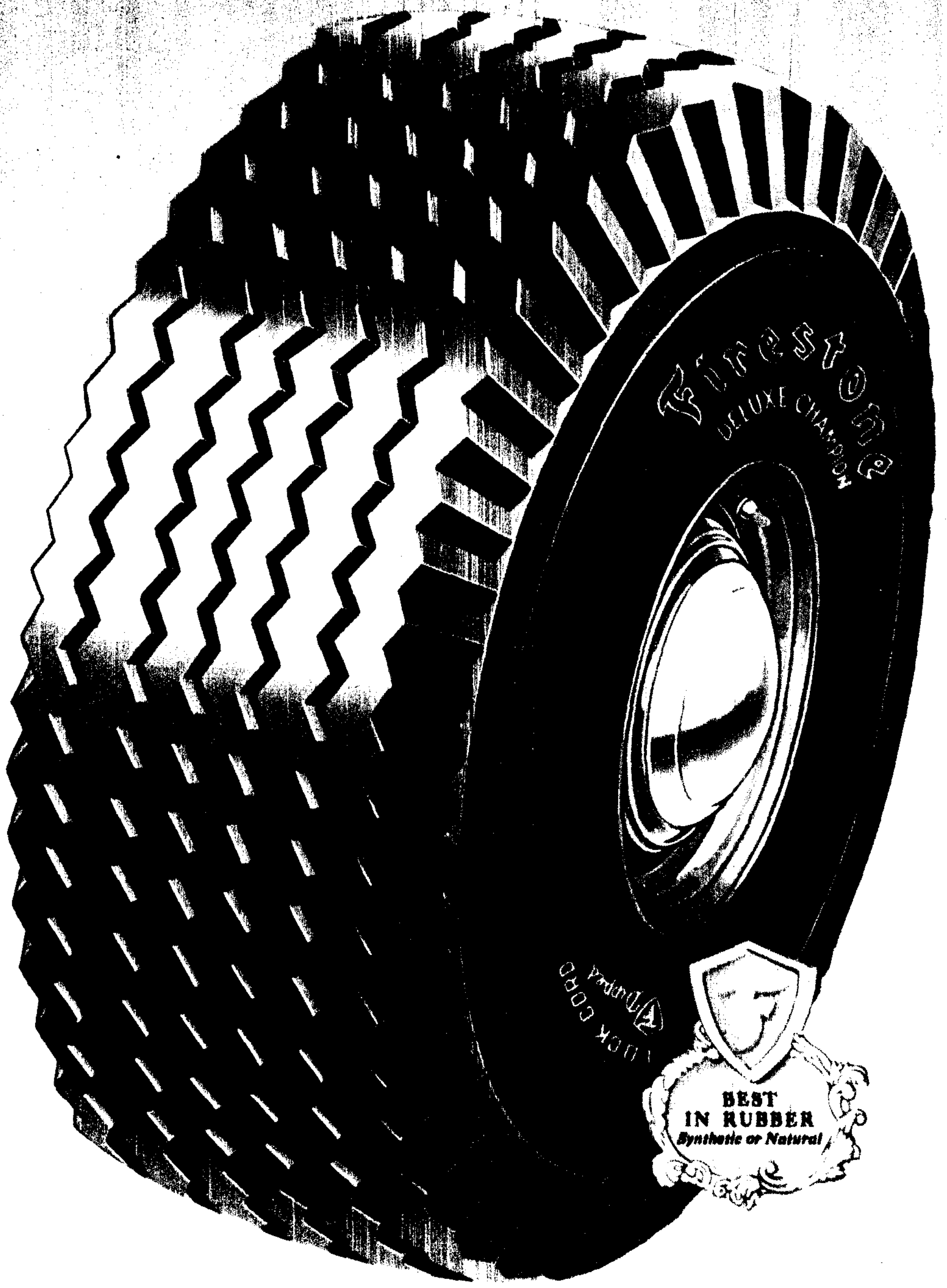

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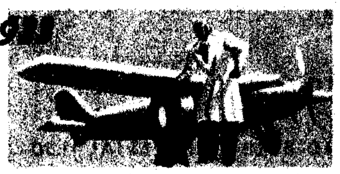
PIONEERS AND PACEMAKERS IN SYNTHETIC RUBBER

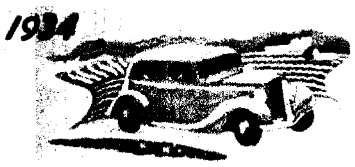
1933



FIRST Synthetic Rubber Airplane Tires

Firestone began experimenting with synthetic rubber more than 20 years ago and in 1933, built the first synthetic airplane tires for our armed forces.

1934



FIRST Synthetic Rubber Passenger Car Tires

Firestone developed new methods of processing synthetic rubber into finished products and in 1934, first made synthetic into passenger car tires.

1940

FIRST Factory Production of Synthetic Rubber Tires

In 1940, Firestone built synthetic rubber passenger car tires in its factory at the New York World's Fair. Many of these tires are still in service.

1942

FIRST Synthetic Rubber from Government-Owned Plant

In 1942, Firestone became the first company to produce, in a Government-owned plant, the type of synthetic rubber used for making passenger car tires.

1943

FIRST Synthetic Rubber from Grain Alcohol

In 1943, Firestone became the first company to produce, in a Government-owned plant, synthetic rubber for tires using butadiene made from alcohol.

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scraping pans. . . . He sat and smoked and made no move to help her. Let her do it herself and forget that he was there, if she wished.

He said, after a while, "Sorry I had to break in like this."

She said, "You're not sorry, really."

"I suppose not. *Are* you going to marry him?"

"Yes . . ."

"When?"

She moved her shoulders impatiently. "How do I know?" she said.

He said, "You won't listen but you're making a mistake. He's just a kid. You're much more mature. His maturity has been forced upon him by the conditions of war and combat. Like most youngsters in his situation he's grown up too fast in one way; in another it's arrested development. . . . It won't be flags flying and medals. The flags will be furled, the medals will rattle around in a tin box. You have to think of that, and of adjustments, when he comes back. Hard adjustments. We are beginning to see them already. These kids miss the excitement and the total abnormality of their lives. They won't be able to settle down. What has he to offer you as a civilian?"

She said, "We love each other."

"Is that enough?"

"It's enough for me." She looked at him, her eyes dark with anger. She said, "Okay . . . granted I treated you badly, granted I'm a heel—wouldn't I have been more of a heel if I'd gone through with it knowing I didn't love you? Granted the whole business, still, what right have you to interfere?"

He said, "I love you, Carol, and a damn sight more adequately than a youngster in hero's livery who comes back from God knows where, drooling over the first good-looking white woman he's seen in months and when that's no dice—because your mother has plenty of hard, common sense—switching his affections to her daughter—"

Carol's hand closed over the cup she was putting away. She lifted her hand. The cup sailed over his head as he ducked, and crashed against the wall. The act of small violence released the tension in her and she began to cry, hard, wrenching sobs. . . . She said, incoherently as he rose and came toward her: "Don't . . . don't *touch* me . . ."

She ran out of the kitchen, and he heard a door slam. After a moment he lighted a cigarette and stood at the door waiting for Griffin. He thought: I hope he remembered I left my bag in his store; he thought, I wish he'd hurry.

After what seemed a long time he heard the car rattling along the road. He went through the living room to the bedrooms and knocked on the first closed door. He said, "I'm going now, Carol."

She did not answer but he could hear her moving about the room.

He went out and called Griffin. He said, "I'm ready."

ON FRIDAY Mr. Griffin met the train and brought Helen Hillary and the efficient Miss Goddard to the cottage. Helen in a black linen suit, with a blouse the color of young leaves looked, he told her, as well as he'd ever seen her. She said that he did, too, and how was Minnie and had he heard from the boy? They talked of weather, of war and then of Carol. Helen said, "I thought she'd walk down to meet us."

He hadn't seen her, said Griffin, since yesterday. Jessie was up to the cottage and everything was in order.

She asked carelessly, "Was Mr. Lennox here?"

"Yep," said Griffin, "he come by car, and then I took him out and called for him that evening."

He volunteered no further information. Helen, with a mental shrug, called Miss Goddard's attention to the beauties of nature along the way.

They found Jessie in the kitchen, getting their late luncheon ready. Carol, she reported, was out fishing. Helen standing on the porch could see her, halfway across the bay, anchored, a small, lonely figure in the rowboat.

Miss Goddard unpacked. She set up her typewriter and put out her notebooks, and the manuscript. She had the tools of her trade assembled in the living room when Helen decided that they could work better on the porch. Miss Goddard reassembled. Helen came out of her bedroom, which Carol had vacated and Jessie remade, and wandered through the house. It was, she thought, a charming place. Her first enthusiasm for it had, of course, passed but she still liked it.

Pausing in the room which had been Miles', she went to the window and looked out. She noticed a moment later a cigarette burn on the sill, and frowned. This was the room Adam often occupied. It was like him to leave burning cigarettes around. A crooked rag rug annoyed her and she stooped to straighten it. From beneath it she picked up a paper match cover . . . and looked at the printing on it idly . . . Officers' Club . . .

She stood with it in her hand. Carol could have dropped it. But to the best of Helen's knowledge Miles had not been in town since he had been ordered to the Long Island field. Nor did she believe that Carol knew any other officer stationed there.

Still, she might have obtained it anywhere. Helen thought, at the home of a friend, for instance.

She put the matches in her pocket, went out and down to the beach. Carol was rowing in, and Helen waved to her. She sat down on a log and watched the boat grow larger, and the figure in it. Carol beached the boat, drew it up, and Helen rose and came to meet her. She said, smiling, "How brown you've grown in a few days."

"Brown," agreed Carol, "and freckled." She was, her mother saw, noticeably thinner.

Helen said, "Washington was as usual . . . I suppose Dudley told you he saw me there? Mr. Griffin said that he'd stopped in."

"Yes," said Carol, "he was here for a little while."

Her mother said, "My trip was quite successful. . . . I expect to go to the Coast later in the summer. Did Dudley tell you Foresight is taking the book? A shortened version, of course?"

"Yes," Carol said.

Her mother looked at her, as they went up the steps and on the porch. She commented, "You aren't very communicative." She put her hand in her pocket. "I found this in your father's room. . . . I'm rather curious about it."

Carol looked at the matches. She said, "Miles must have dropped them."

"When was he here?" asked Helen.

CAROL sat down on the long divan heaped with faded cushions and took a cigarette from her pocket. She used Miles' matches to light it, and kept them in her hand. She said, "The other day. He came unexpectedly, in a car he'd borrowed. Mr. Griffin directed him. He stayed here that night and the next day. He was to remain another night but Dudley came. . . . He told Miles that a friend of his, a man named Renshaw, is missing. . . ."

"It's in the morning papers," said Helen evenly.

"It hadn't been released then," said Carol. "Miles went on to Great Neck to see Mrs. Renshaw. Dudley left on the train."

Her mother asked, "Was it quite wise of you to encourage gossip?"

She felt that she could not trust her voice, yet she managed to speak normally.

Carol looked at her, directly. She said, "I doubt if the Griffins gossip, but it doesn't matter whether they do or not. I expect you think that, if you hadn't found the matches—"

"Well?"

"I would have told you," said Carol. "Miles and I are going to be married. He asked me, the night he came. He wishes to be married as soon as possible. But I thought it best to wait a little—"

Helen said, with her most refrigerated inflection, "Which shows a little intelligence."

Carol said quickly:

"Miles believes that his next orders will take him south, or west, as an instructor, and he may be there some time before returning to combat. In that case, we could be married before he leaves, or I could follow him out and marry him there."

"You are aware that I entirely disapprove . . . ?"

"Of course," said Carol. She rose. "Sorry, but I'd better go wash up now. And also I must deliver the fish to Jessie—I left them on the steps," she said.

SHE went out, and Helen stood looking over the water. She thought: I'll see Dudley as soon as I return to town. Yet how could Lennox help her? There must be some way. . . . Adam was out of the question. Miles himself?

Miles. It couldn't all be lost—the adoration and the wonder. He would listen to her—she would make him listen.

She told herself, looking with unseeing eyes at the blue water and the wooded land beyond, that she would *not* have this for Carol . . . the risk and uncertainty, the almost inevitable sorrow . . . or, at the least, disillusionment. What did Carol or any of them know about this boy . . . save that he was charming and a hero? Carol was both stupid and stubborn. She would exchange security, and an ordered life for insecurity and disor-

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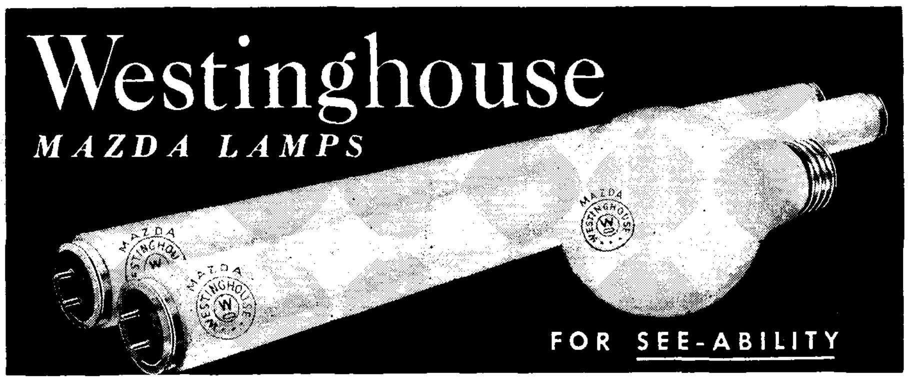

FOR SEE-ABILITY

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der. Dudley could give her everything; Miles, nothing which endured.

She must talk to Miles and convince him.

Helen worked over the week end; she worked most of each day and half of each night. Miss Goddard looked as if she had been drawn through a keyhole. . . . Helen, as if she had slept happily and awakened, refreshed, on the other side of it. Carol walked to the village every evening and telephoned Miles. Her mother did not ask her where she was going or what she intended to do. She did not mention Miles again except to ask, "Are you announcing this—engagement?" and Carol answered, "No, I don't think it's necessary. There have been too many announcements already."

Miles had written her. He had spent the night at Mrs. Renshaw's and then returned to camp. He said, "I can't write you about it. It hit her where she lives. She was glad to see me. You see, no one here knows Pete. Talking to someone who does made a difference."

WHEN Helen and Miss Goddard left, Carol went with them. In town she would feel closer to Miles, and he could get in to see her occasionally. She had her work at the hospital and she wished to talk to her father and Agatha.

She spoke to Adam first, invading his workroom on the evening she returned, shortly before dinner. She sat opposite him, at his big desk. Miss Perdon departed. The room was quiet and warm with the sultry dregs of day. She told him about Miles, quietly, frankly.

He said, "If that's what you want, I'm for it. He's a good kid. He hasn't found himself yet, but he will. It will have to be the hard way . . . for all men like Miles."

She said, "Mother is definitely against it."

"She would be," said Adam. "But this is something which basically concerns only you and Miles. You'll have to make your own decisions and your own mistakes. You can take what comes, Carol. You're strong enough. You can stand on your own feet."

He rose, smiled at her, came around and put his hand on her shoulder. He said, "I remember our conversation not so long ago—at Henri's place, wasn't it? You asked me if just physical attraction were enough."

She said, "It isn't *just*—"

"So, you've found that out? Good."

She had found it out the first night at the cottage. She had rediscovered it the next night, listening to Miles talk about Pete Renshaw, wishing to take his hurt and shock and make it her own, feeling the immense compassion of a mother, the tenderness of a lover, knowing that when he looked at her and she at him, there was no desire only an unspoken sharing . . . knowing that he could not so look, nor so speak, if he did not love her . . . understanding that this heavy longing for identification with the beloved was, in its essence, of the spirit . . . the longing which expresses itself in touch and rapture, in physical union . . . the universal longing which, as a strong tree, is rooted in earth and from earth derives its nourishment, but reaches its aspiring arms upward, toward heaven.

She put her hand over her father's. "I've found out . . ." she said.

Later, she told Agatha. Agatha listened and said, after a while, "It won't be easy Carol."

"I know that," Carol told her.

Agatha said, "I liked that boy from the moment I set eyes on him. But . . . not that you'll listen to me—you mustn't risk your future, rushing blindly into a war marriage."

"It isn't blindly."

"That's as may be," Agatha said. "Your mother hasn't been herself since you returned. You've told her?"

"Yes. She's much opposed to the idea."

Agatha said:

"I dare say." She looked around her room, in which they were sitting after their strained and silent family dinner. The champagne Adam produced had gone flat in the glasses. Miles hadn't been able to come up from the field. It had been, all in all, a rather dreadful little dinner. "But," ended Agatha, "it is, after all, your business."

Two allies. Well, that was something. Not that it would matter if every hand in the house and in the world beyond were against them, thought Carol, going to her own room to write to Miles.

On an impulse, the next day, she went around to see Jenny Davis and found her having a noon breakfast in bed. It was not a matinee day and Jenny could indulge herself.

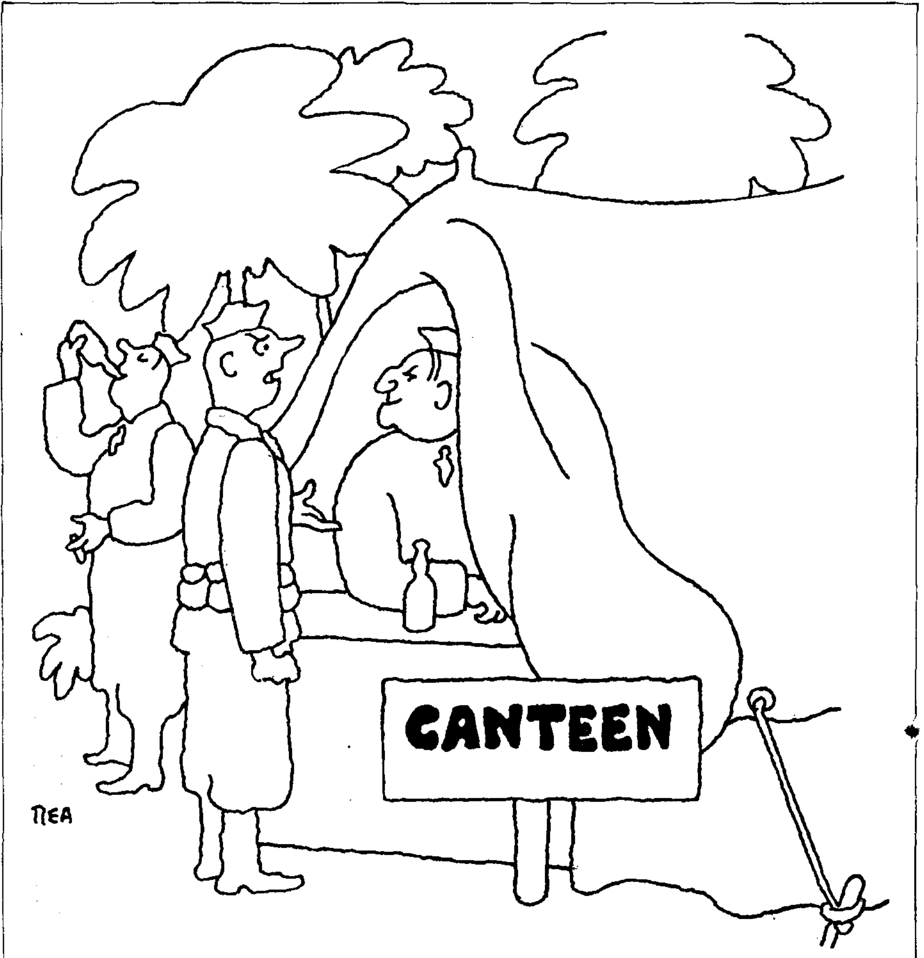
"Lunch?" asked Jenny. "Golly, I'm glad to see you, Carol. What's new?"

"No lunch," said Carol. "I've had mine." She plucked a bit of celery from the tray, nibbled it reflectively, and asked, "Were you surprised when I broke my engagement to Dudley?"

"Not especially."

"Would you be, if I told you I were going to marry Miles Duncan?"

Jenny's eyes widened, and she moved suddenly to embrace Carol with the result that the tray all but slid to the floor. Carol retrieved bread and celery, radishes and raw



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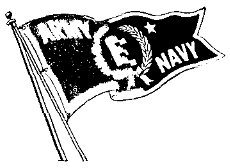

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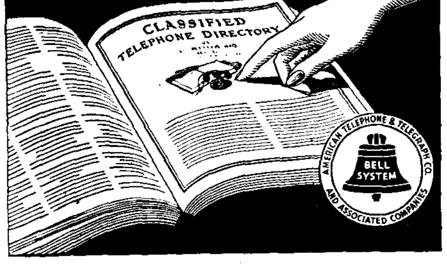

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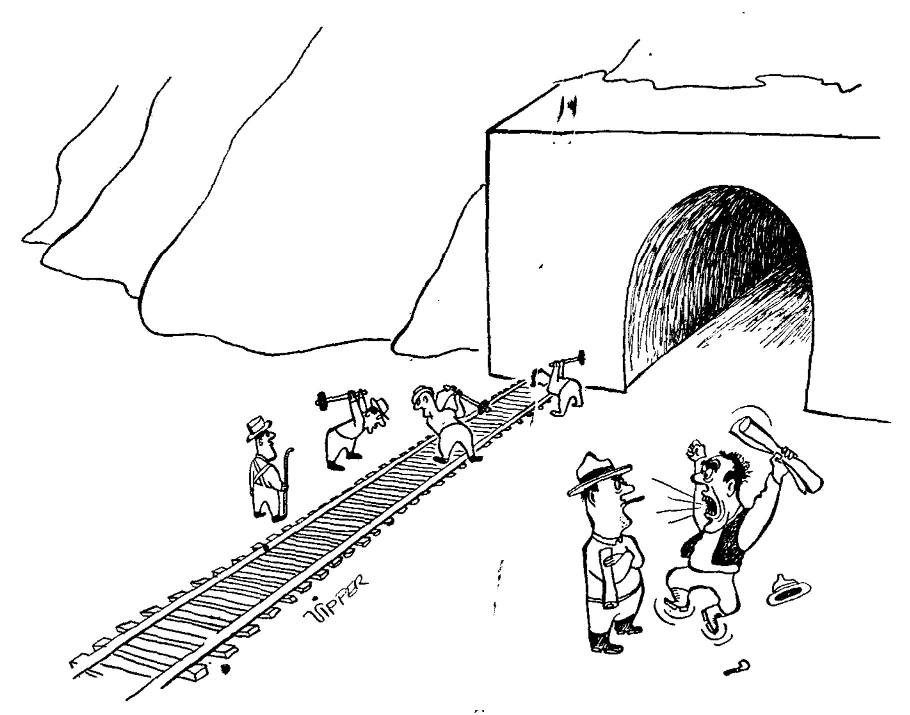


COLLIER'S "I won't move my tunnel—I just won't!" VIRGIL PARTCH

carrots from the beautiful bedspread. "Hey," she said, "take it easy."

Jenny's eyes filled with her facile but genuine tears. She said, "I had a hunch the night I joined you at Henri's and saw you dancing together."

"So did I," Carol said.

"When will you be married? . . . Can I give you a party?"

Carol said, "We've had enough parties and we don't know when." She thought, I'm sure . . . but I have to know that he is. . . . She added, "We aren't announcing it. I haven't told anyone except the family and you. Miles hasn't any family to tell." She added, "Dudley knows, too."

"I hope he took it badly," said Jenny. She asked, "What does your father think?"

"He's for it."

Jenny hesitated. . . .

"Helen . . . ?" she asked.

Carol shook her head. "She doesn't like it," she said.

Jenny said softly, "I'm sorry, for your sake." She leaned forward again and took Carol's hand. She said, "Hold on to happiness, Carol. It's so hard to find and so difficult to keep—"

HELEN'S manuscript was in at the Foresight office. She took it there herself, to the mild astonishment of her agent. She put it on Dudley's desk. "I'm as good as my word," she said.

"Better." He smiled. "The check goes forward to Hanson's office today."

She said impatiently, "I don't care about that. I don't care about anything but Carol and this—this recent stupidity."

"How do you suppose I feel?" He leaned back and looked at her. "Have you seen him?" he asked.

"Last night. I was at the dinner for the Chinese generals. When I came home, he was leaving . . . I had no opportunity to talk with him. He and Adam, Carol and Aunt Agatha had had a cozy family dinner."

He asked, "How do they feel about it?"

"Wonderful," said Helen. "I could murder them." She looked at Dudley. She said, "I apologize for my child. . . . She's treated you outrageously."

"Young love," he said, and smiled. He added, "I suppose Adam is delighted. He never liked me."

"He's like a shot in the arm to Carol," said Helen. "He backs her up at every opportunity. If he weren't in the picture . . ."

They looked at each other. Dudley grinned. He said, "I think you've got something there. . . . Possibly it could be arranged."

Helen rose. She smiled, brilliantly. She said, "That's all I want to know." . . .

On the following morning, Adam Hillary sat where Helen had sat and looked across the same desk at Dudley Lennox. Dudley had been talking for some time. Now he was concluding and Adam was listening quietly. Only his eyes and his gesture as he relit his cold pipe betrayed his excitement.

"And so," said Dudley, "as we are transferring Owens from the Pacific theater to the London office and pulling Davis out of London and bringing him back home—he hasn't been well, he rates a rest—there's a place for you, Hillary, if you care to take it."

Adam said, "I thought you suspected me of senility."

Dudley shrugged. He said, "I've changed my mind. Look at Parsons," he added, naming a veteran Chicago newspaperman. "He's pushing sixty and doing a better job than most of the younger men, and stands up under it, too. Things are getting hotter. Everyone is looking toward invasion. But the Pacific remains the canker spot. If you want this, you can have it."

"When do I go?"

Dudley said, "There'll be the usual red tape—clearances, inoculations, all that. But we'll get things under way, today. In fact, I've laid a few lines already—just in case." He hesitated. "You're sure you want this?" he asked.

"Damn' sure."

Dudley said, "Okay, it's in the bag." He looked at Adam and smiled. He said, "I'm feeling rather magnanimous. You've never liked me and I think you encouraged Carol in her—shall we call it, break for freedom?"

Adam said, "That's quite right. I didn't think you'd make a go of it."

"And you think she will with Duncan?"

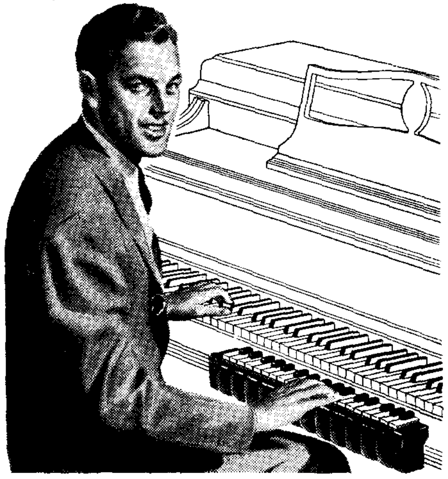
Adam said, "I hope so, but I don't know. How the heck does anyone know?"

Dudley said, carefully, "I should remind you that you're leaving her in something of a spot. When I talked to Helen, recently, she was exceedingly upset by the proposed alliance."

Adam said, "Carol's not in any spot. She's free, white and over twenty-one. She can do as she pleases. As a matter of fact, it won't hurt her if I clear out. She'll learn to stand alone. As, for the most part, she's been compelled to do." He added, "And another thing, I want this job for a number of reasons. I want to take a look at things for myself, and also to find a clearer personal perspective. There's a conclusion, or two, I think I might arrive at, if I get away from here—from everybody."

"If you have time," said Dudley, "to arrive at any conclusions."

MILES came up from the field. He was tired; the last few days had been crowded. He hadn't seen Carol in nearly a week, and summer was thick and dusty on the city streets. He rode with the taxi top open and tried to find some decent air to breathe. He hadn't been able to get Renshaw out of his mind. He dreamed about him. He dreamed of Renshaw's wife sitting, that night, in the small living room of the rented house, her face like nothing on earth, her distended eyes dry. She had gone from the room once and brought the sleeping baby in; she had put the child in Miles' arms and said, "Pete never saw him. He looks like Pete, doesn't he? Do you suppose I'm imagining it? Do



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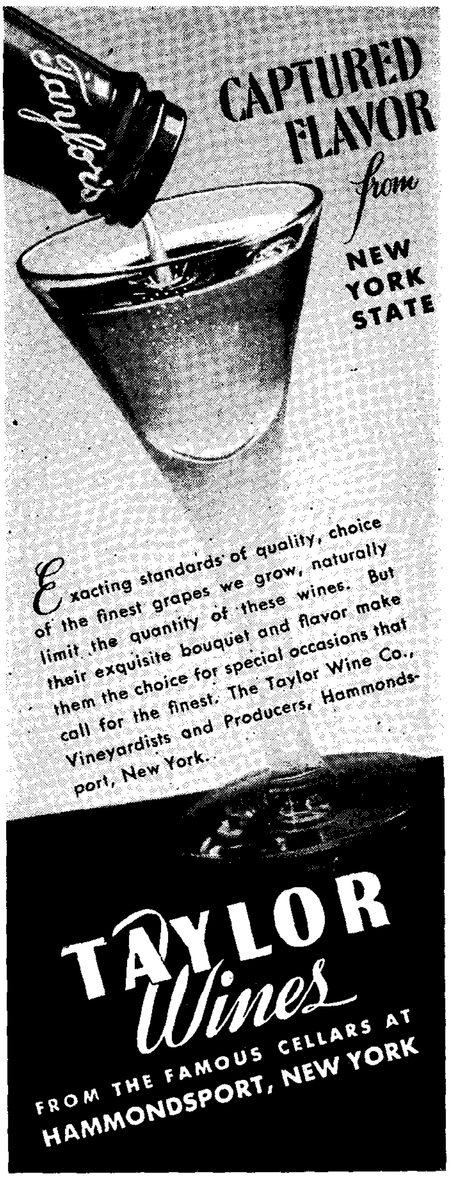

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you suppose he'll grow up, still looking like him?"

The cab stopped at the Hillary house; he went up the steps and Ole let him in. Ole said, "Mrs. Hillary is in the drawing room, Major."

Miles went in. Helen was sitting there, alone. It was not quite dark. The room was filled with a rosy, dusty light. She rose and gave him both her hands. She said, smiling, "You'll have to bear with me for a little while, Miles. Carol had to go out. . . .

Very fortuitously, she thought. She went on, and motioned to him to sit opposite her. "An unfortunate thing happened, today. One of the girls in her office, to whom she had become attached, has had word that her husband was killed on a training flight. She tried to kill herself. Dreadful," said Helen, "and so unnecessary, poor child. . . . Carol is still on vacation, but the girl's sister phoned to her. . . . She thought Carol might have some influence. So Carol went over to Brooklyn. She wasn't taken to the hospital. She didn't know much about drugs, and she took too much. It just made her ill."

Miles said, "That's a heck of a thing for Carol to have to go through."

"Yes," said Helen. She added, "Has Carol told you about her father?"

"That he's going overseas for Foresight? Sure," said Miles, "she told me."

Helen said:

"Curious how so much has happened in a short time . . . our meeting for instance . . ." She paused, gave him time to remember, and was gratified to see him redden, slightly. "And then, coming home . . . Carol's engagement to Dudley and after that"—she moved her shoulders a little—"her engagement to you."

He said, soberly:

"I hope you understand." He looked at her and smiled. And she thought with a sudden, savage anger, Why did Carol have to do this? . . . I have so little! I ask so little . . . There are a thousand bright young men in the world. She could meet and love any one of them.

She had kept the fiction carefully uppermost in her mind—the fiction that her opposition to this marriage was for Carol's sake. But she was perfectly aware that it was fiction. She was equally conscious that her dominating emotion was envy—not because of Miles, himself, but because of all he stood for: youth, ardor, happiness. These things she envied her daughter with a despair and savagery which she had not felt in many years. She had not wanted Miles as her lover, nor as her friend, nor yet, as she had often said, to take the place of the son she had never wished or had. She had wanted him as a symbol, as a sign. As reassurance . . . the reassurance that she was still desirable, still lovely, still able to stir the strong, blind emotions. With the boy himself she was not concerned; he was nothing to her as a person, and had never been.

She asked gently, "Do you love Carol?"

"Yes," he said, and his face lighted. "I love her more than I thought I'd ever love anyone. It—keeps growing. I—" he leaned forward, disarmed, sure of her concern, her generosity and her affection for them both. He said, "Persuade her to marry me, Helen, at once."

She touched his hand with her own and leaned back in her chair. She said, "There's no one I'd rather see her marry . . . if the circumstances were different. You know that. You know how fond I am of you . . . but . . . Carol's happiness comes first. Somehow, I can't believe this is for her happiness. She hasn't the remotest idea of what it may mean. . . . It's—oh, you *must* see this, Miles—glamor, war, all the rest of it. I can't bear to have her made unhappy," she told him, her voice darkly lovely with sorrow and apprehension. "Yet I have nothing to say, she is of age, she can do as she pleases, and as I have told you, she listens to her father rather than to me. I haven't drawn an easy breath since I first suspected how things were.

"Miles, you must make her listen to you . . . you must convince her you wish to wait until after the war. For her sake. If you love her you will do this, that is, if you love her unselfishly. I know her better than you. She couldn't take it, she is neither mature nor strong enough. And there is no one who can persuade her except you. Believe me," she said earnestly, "if you marry now, and if something happens—and it does happen," she reminded him—"even in a routine flight—"

He said, "She's willing to take that chance."

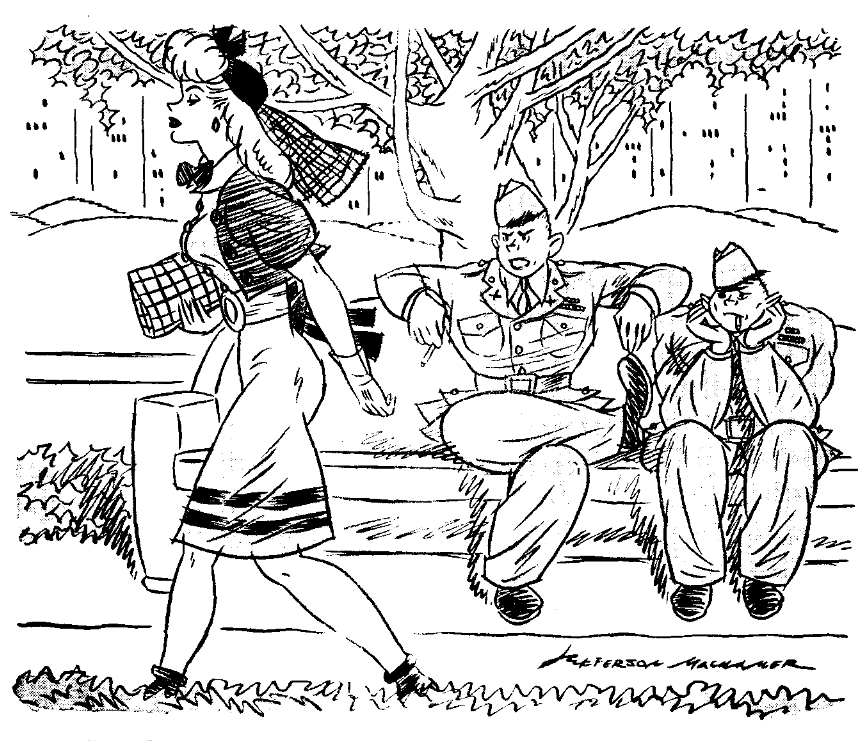
"Are you?" asked Helen. She looked at him and played an ace. She said, "I understand that you were very close to the flier who was just recently reported missing. Carol told me that you went at once to see his wife. . . . Can you think of Carol in her place?"

His face changed and hardened. He said, "I have thought of her."

"Yet you can risk putting her through that?" asked Helen. She paused a moment. There was one card more. She asked, quietly, her face grave and concerned, "Or is it because of your—unexpected visit to the cottage, Miles, that you feel you and Carol must undertake a hasty and immediate marriage?"

HELEN waited, watching Miles, for the angry denial. To her complete astonishment it did not come quite soon enough. There was a perceptible hiatus between her question and his answer. He said, his face suffused with hot, sudden blood, "What a damnable thing to ask! Of course not—"

She was not persuaded. She had asked the question as an adept player plays a card. Her reasoning, like herself, was devious. She had thought, if anything will convince



"You know, I'm beginning to miss the simplicity of the sarong"

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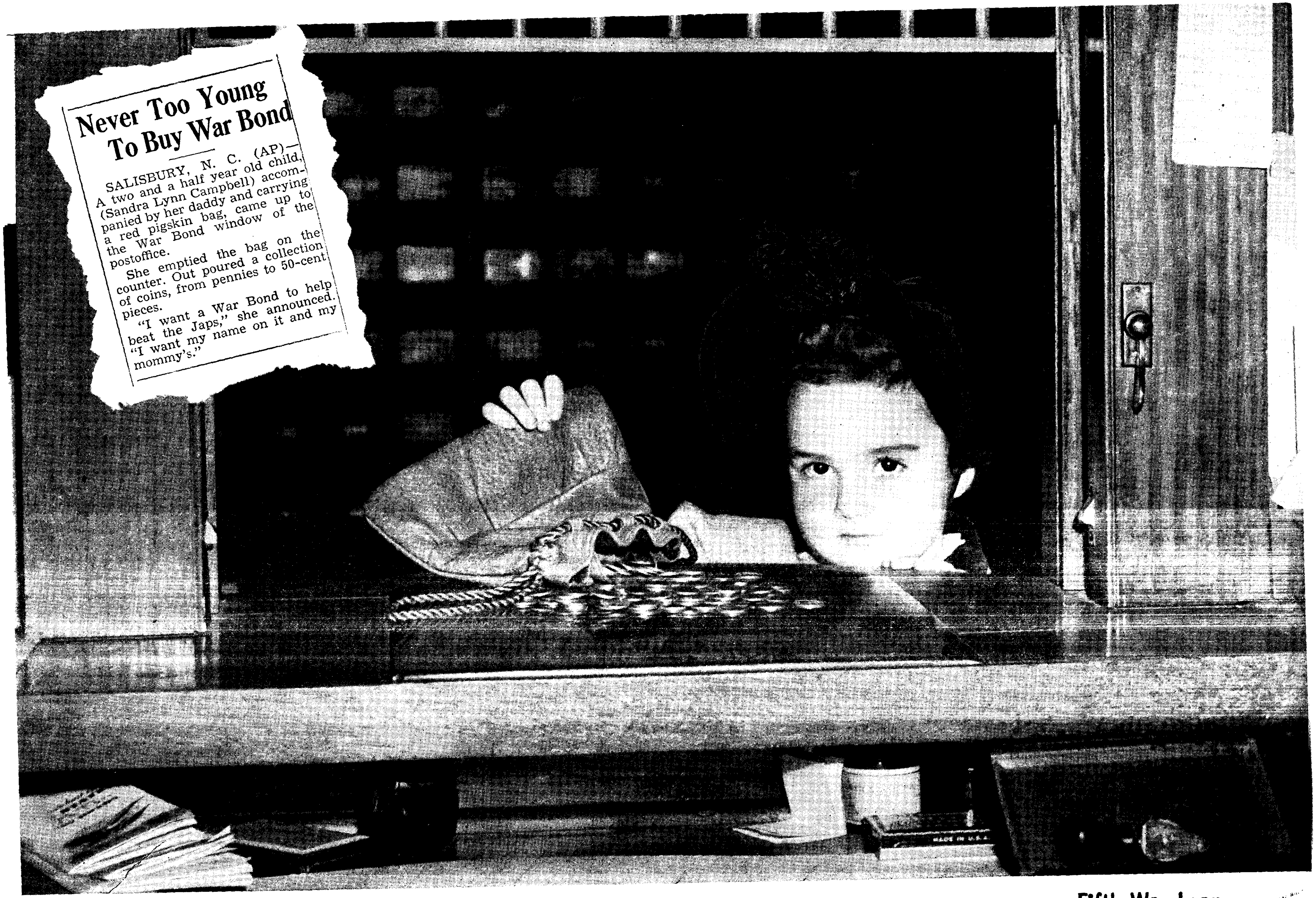

Never Too Young To Buy War Bond

SALISBURY, N. C. (AP)—A two and a half year old child, (Sandra Lynn Campbell) accompanied by her daddy and carrying a red pigskin bag, came up to the War Bond window of the postoffice.

She emptied the bag on the counter. Out poured a collection of coins, from pennies to 50-cent pieces.

"I want a War Bond to help beat the Japs," she announced. "I want my name on it and my mommy's."

LITTLE SANDRA LYNN *has joined the fight... have YOU?*

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him of the folly of a hasty marriage it's the implication that I—or anyone else—might believe it necessary . . . or, at least, indicated. She had not for a moment believed that Miles and Carol, playing at love in a cottage, had been anything but idiotic and innocent. If the question had been put to her she would have repudiated it, with laughter. How absurd, she knew Carol too well!

Did she? What woman knows her own daughter? She thought, *but it isn't possible!* Yet anything was possible, she reminded herself. Carol was Adam's child. She did not remind herself, as well, Carol is *my* child.

Her question had been a matter of technique. But now, she stared at Miles with horror and a curious pervasive hatred, which had nothing to do with morals, or maternal anxiety.

She said, coldly, "You do not convince me!"

Miles' color was normal again. He ran his hand over his head in a restless, abstracted gesture, and his carefully brushed hair stood, literally, on end. He looked very young and troubled.

It had been a damnable thing to ask, because it might have been true. He had remembered, between question and answer, the firelight in the cottage, and another urgent question. "Carol?" he had asked, and she had said, regarding him with her luminous eyes, her mouth vulnerable from kissing, "No, darling—"

She had been wise for them both and it was remembering her wisdom which had retarded his answer, which had brought the blood to his face and accelerated his pulse.

He said, desperately, "You must believe me, Helen."

"Why?" she inquired. "On what basis? I don't know you very well, Miles. I don't know what you were before you put on a uniform, nor whether a uniform has released your inhibitions. Nor, in fact, whether or not you had any to release."

He said, after a moment, "Very well. So you don't know me. But you do know Carol."

"As to that," she answered, "I cannot say I thought I did—"

She permitted her voice to trail off, as if it had been wounded, as if it bled.

He asked, harshly, "Do you intend to cross-examine Carol?"

"What would you do," she inquired, "if you were in my place?"

He didn't know. He was not Carol's mother.

She said, thoughtfully, before he could reply, "Or if you were Adam?"

He found himself shouting, careless whether Ole were within hearing, or Agatha or even Adam himself.

"You are going to suggest—?"

She interrupted swiftly, and said smoothly, "He's her father, after all."

Sure. Put yourself in Adam's place. But you couldn't. There was nothing paternal about your feeling for Carol Hillary. But if you and Carol were twenty odd years older, if you and Carol had a daughter . . . ?

He said, "There is no reason why we should hasten our marriage." He said it flatly, without inflection.

Helen said presently, "In that case, there is no reason, either, why you should not convince Carol that it would be wiser to wait until after the war."

"All right," Miles said. They had made a bargain, and he knew it. She had said tacitly, Call off this absurd idea of marrying at once and I'll say nothing either to Carol or her father.

Helen smiled brilliantly. She reached out her hand and pulled the bell cord by the fireplace. She said, gently, "I think Ole must have cocktails ready. Agatha should be down by now, and Carol will surely be coming in soon. I don't know about Adam, of course. He seems to be tearing all over town trying to expedite his departure. So silly of him," she added, shrugging, "at his age. . . ."

OLE appeared before there was any need for comment. The Martinis came with him, and Miles drank two, in rapid succession, and with concentration of purpose. If ever a man needed a drink . . .

He could not remain angry with Helen Hillary. He was forced to take her at her face value, and her face was precious and treasurable. Not so long ago he had been in love with her, after a fashion. Oh, not in love, but near enough. She had given him gifts which he had forgotten existed—laughter, beauty, and that quality with a jaded name, glamor. She had given him gentleness, wit, and, he believed, understanding. He could not so quickly and readily reverse his conception of her.

Returned to a more normal mode of living, a way of life which did not include death at any moment and from any quarter, the clear outline of her magic had dimmed, and the remembered excitement she had aroused in him had become embarrassed, had made him feel that he had been momentarily adolescent. She was not for him; and he had known it before he fell in love with Carol. Falling in love with Carol had been a completely absorbing experience . . . all emotion narrowed down to a fine, burning point, fiercely concentrated and yet so encompassing that there was no room for anything else.

There was, moreover, no way in which he could know that Helen was not exactly as she seemed at this moment, precisely as she deliberately presented herself to him—a comprehensibly anxious mother, concerned only with the welfare, present and future, of her child.

A woman has, let us say, eight intimates . . . a husband, a lover, an enemy, a child, friends . . . and each of them sees her as a totally or almost dissimilar person. Therefore, she is eight women. Also, she is a ninth woman, the woman she herself sees . . . and knows, in part, or whole. Miles saw Helen

HOW WOULD YOU PRONOUNCE IT?—No. 12

Each sentence below contains four words commonly mispronounced. Read aloud, then check with list on page 50.

1. **He often used his presentation in society to exploit the Mardi Gras.**
2. **We passed through the conservatory redolent of fragrant thyme, thence to the patio to view the sunset on the western horizon.**
3. **As a talisman of good luck, a fleur-de-lis was painted on the fuselage of the aeroplane.**
4. **The handsome intern was adept in administering digitalis intravenously.**
5. **He gathered around him the literati, the intelligentsia, the cognoscenti and the illuminati of his kingdom.**
6. **We ordered porgy sauté garnished with lyonnaise potatoes and croutons.**
7. **The Senegalese of Senegal must not be confused with the Singhalese of Ceylon.**
8. **The refugee from the pogrom was rescued by a Capuchin monk who nursed him through an attack of poliomyelitis.**
9. **The samples of gold which the putative assayer essayed to assay were found to be spurious.**
10. **Piled high in the cerulean blue, the cirrus and cumulus clouds seemed to be supported by the stratus clouds along the horizon.**

(Words having more than one pronunciation are checked with seven leading dictionaries for the most generally accepted usage.)

Charles H. Hall

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His two initials on smart tie chain with collar bar; set, $2.

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Hillary through his own eyes. He had had no knowledge of her as a jealous, an envious woman, a woman who considered herself frustrated, or wronged, or slighted. He had no yardstick by which to measure her save that of his personal experience of her.

He set down his glass. He said, "Helen, if you would listen to me—"

"Oh hush," she said and smiled for the first time. "We will say no more about it." She put her hand on his arm, decided that was a mistake, and withdrew it, but not too hastily.

They heard Agatha on the stairs. Her entrance was a diversion which both welcomed. She came in and greeted them, asked anxiously, "Has Carol returned yet?" and shook her head when they said, no, she had not. She took her tomato juice from the tray Ole offered and said, "She'll be terribly upset, poor child."

The conversation became general. Miles nursed his third cocktail and tried not to think . . . what would he say to her, how account for his reversal of opinion? Hell, he didn't know. He kept listening for her, with his heart, and when, finally, the door opened *and she came in, his heart turned over.*

She looked as if she had been witnessing an execution. She was very pale, her linen suit was crumpled, the broad-brimmed hat she carried in her hand as crushed as if she had sat on it. She tossed it, and her handbag, to a chair, and Miles saw that the shadows under her eyes were *dark and the eyes* themselves faintly reddened. She had forgotten to replenish her lipstick, a smudge of dust was on one cheek. She looked plainer than he had ever seen her and he had never loved her as much.

Her tired regard surveyed them. She said, "Hello, everybody," and her small face was briefly illuminated as she looked at Miles. He had risen, and now took her hands in his, and was kissing her before them all, not caring. He said, "You poor kid."

Carol sat down, in the nearest chair. She said, "I could do with a drink . . . if there's time. I'll have to wash up—"

"Of course, there's time," said Helen, promptly, and Ole, looking as concerned as his features permitted, passed the cocktail tray. Carol's hand shook slightly as she lifted the glass to her lips. And Helen said sympathetically, "It was pretty bad, wasn't it?"

"It was horrible," said Carol briefly. She looked at Miles and smiled, "Have you been waiting long, darling?" she asked, quite as if they were alone.

He was sanity, in a world which was insane. She thought, if she lived for a thousand years, she would not forget that crazy, paper-white girl in the narrow bed, in the hot, smothering room. "Why wouldn't they let me die?" she had kept asking. "There isn't any use going on. Not for me, there isn't . . ."

A hasty marriage; a few weeks of happiness. Over now. She had told Carol about it this afternoon. Long incoherent sentences; silences; tears. But the picture emerged, clear.

Just another girl with a job which paid thirty a week, living with her sister and brother-in-law and their two noisy kids in a flat too small for them. Never caring much about working, because she wanted, most of all, her own man and her own home. A place of her own, in which she was free to sing and laugh, to breathe and love. Marking time until then; doing her job as well as she could but not making it a goal. Carol, listening, had thought that, after all, the authentically ambitious woman is a sport of nature. This girl was almost any girl. Circumstances alter environment, heredity . . . but basically most girls are alike . . . they are marking time.

This one was twenty. She had worked since she left school, at seventeen. Then she had met the boy she'd married. They'd had *a week end for a honeymoon* and they'd lived in his parents' old brownstone house until it was time for him to go. . . . When he was through with his primary and basic training and shifted to an advanced school, she'd expected to join him. A cadet wife, like so many others. She'd find a place to live, *wherever he was, and she'd work in a store* or some place until he graduated. After that, they could be together again for a little while.

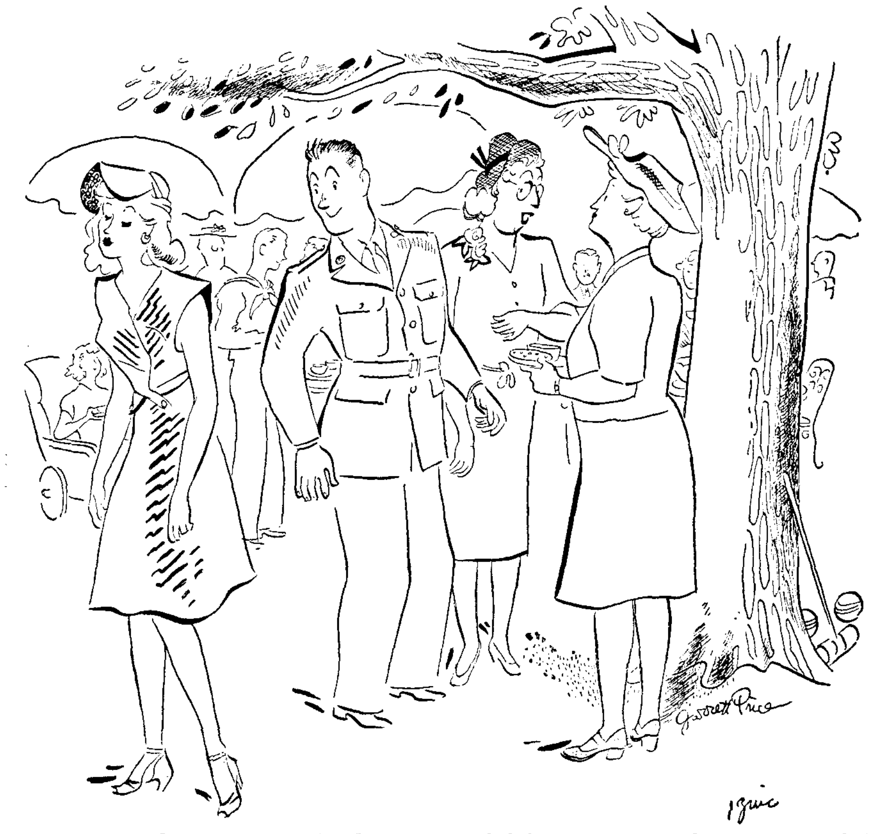
But he had not finished his basic. Instead, his basic had finished him. Still she had tried to join him. God knows she had tried.

CAROL put out her hand to Miles. She thought, I'll tell him, tonight. We can be married as soon as we have had the tests taken and can get the license.

She set down her glass and rose. "I'll be gone only a minute," she said.

During that minute, Adam came in. He looked heat-wilted but he was very happy. Things had gone well, all day. He had seen Dudley, he reported, stretching his long legs, and accepting a drink, and everything was in order. It wouldn't be long now. He raised his glass to Miles. He said, "Two heroes in the family, perhaps," and then glanced at Helen with mock apology. "I was forgetting," he said courteously, "two heroes and one heroine."

But such luck as hers never ran his way. He wouldn't be torpedoed or if he were he'd never live to lecture about it. Any plane in which he flew would carry him safely to his destination. The bombs would not fall



"Private Humbert was in Iceland, where he didn't see a tree for fourteen months"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE

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A Busman's Holiday

The Busman, so the story goes, is the fellow who usually goes for a bus ride on his day off. Fortunately for America's hard working war plants, shipyards and military bases, this story today holds more truth than fiction.

In 1940, before the war, coach lines carried around four billion passengers. War workers and military travelers swelled this figure to the staggering total of nine billion in 1943. This means that, on the average, each of America's 73,310 coaches is carrying more than 122,000 passengers per year . . . more than 330 per day. This remarkable record was accomplished with the addition of very little new equipment.

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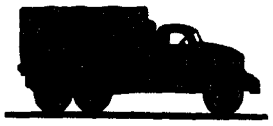

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It's stating facts—that Quaker State is refined from Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil; that it has won for itself, by its performance over the years, a reputation second to none in the field.

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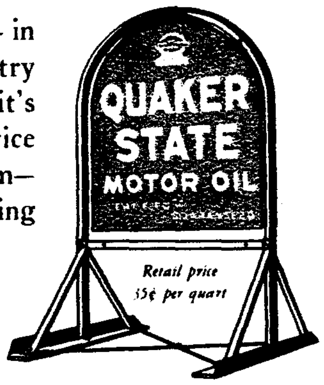


COMING IN TWO WEEKS

a new serial by

Mignon G. Eberhart

the tense and moving story of a woman who fled from terror and found peril in pursuit.

WINGS OF FEAR

too near nor the shells. His personal adventures had ended with the last war, he thought, the cocktail glass smooth and round in his hand. . . . Since then, or, since Europe after the war, perhaps, his adventures had all been vicarious and well compensated. He looked at Helen. What a fool she must think him, giving up the book, giving up the comfort he had become accustomed to, giving up ease and flattery. . . .

And what else?

This was not his house, although he underwrote half of the expenses. This was not his wife and had not been for many years. And although this was his daughter coming back into the room, her little face clean, and her lipstick valiant, she did not belong to him. She belonged to herself, and, if to anyone else, to the boy sitting there silent, abstracted, frowning a little, his hair badly in need of brushing and his uniform looking a little weary around the edges.

Which was as it should be.

But there was one person who belonged to him, as much as any adult can belong to another. She had said so this afternoon, when they had made their plans. Adam looked at Carol and was grateful to her. For there was no longer the slightest need of pretense. Carol had her own life to live and his would not concern her. As for Helen's old threat, "If you insist upon a divorce I'll name Jenny Davis!" that no longer mattered. Jenny was not now concerned with a career. At the close of the play she would tour the camps and when the need for camp entertainment was over, she would retire from the stage. She had said today, "And I don't care what she does or says, Adam. . . ."

Before he left he would tell Helen of that.

Ole announced dinner. Carol put her hand on Miles' arm. She said, wanly, "I never felt less like eating but I suppose we have to make the gesture."

AFTER dinner, Agatha went to her room, Adam to his study and Helen upstairs to make some calls on her private wire. She reached Dudley Lennox at his home and talked to him for some time. When she was finished she replaced the telephone gently in its cradle. She called Cresson, to brush her hair, cream her face, and run, after a time, an expertly temperatured tub. After that she would read in bed.

Carol and Miles were alone in the living room. She sat beside him on the great couch patterned with spring blossoms and impossible birds and leaned her head against his shoulder. She said, "I'm so tired."

"I'll go soon," he told her, gently.

"No, stay, Miles. I've changed my mind . . . let's be married as soon as possible. Perhaps it could be arranged before Father goes overseas? . . ."

Did it always happen this way . . . the saying of the right words at the wrong time? He cleared his throat, and Carol drew away a little and looked at him. She asked, quickly, "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," he said. "Nothing. Only—"

"Only what?" she repeated, a little sharply. "Don't you want it—I thought—you said . . ."

He said instantly, "More than anything in the world. But I've been thinking. Ever since I was at the cottage, Carol. You were right, darling. It's best to wait."

She misinterpreted that, because she wished to, because it was imperative that she read a meaning into his words which would not possibly disturb her. She said, "Miles, your orders have come through!"

"No, dear," he said, "they haven't, yet."

"But you think . . . you've heard something?"

He shook his head, but she went on, as if speaking made it so, "You think they'll come too soon for arrangements here. All right, I can follow you and we can be married there, wherever it is. . . . Is that what you mean?"

He put his arm about her and held her. He said, "Carol, it isn't fair to you. Ever since I knew about Pete . . . well, it's made me look at things differently. I can't put you through it. And I suppose," he added, "I've no right to ask you to wait. But I am going to ask you . . ."

"To wait?" she said incredulously. "You mean, until after the war?"

"That's it," he said.

She was silent a moment. Then she said, "But I don't understand . . ."

He said, "I'll try to explain. Down there—at the cottage, everything seemed pretty clear cut and simple. Almost as if there were no war. We were in love, the thing to do was to get married. Then . . . Oh, good Lord," he said, "I sat up all night that night talking to Pete's wife. . . . And today, you—well, you saw what can happen."

She said scornfully, "Do you think that would change me? Do you think I'd be afraid? I would be, yes, every minute of the day, for you. But not for myself because we would have had something, Miles—we would have belonged."

He said, "Darling . . . it was you who wanted to wait. Remember?"

"Just so that you'd be *sure* . . ." She broke off, drew away from him. She said, "That's it. You aren't sure. You never have been, except for that—that evening, in the cottage. So, it was just one of those things. . . ."

"Carol—"

But she would not let him draw her close again. She repeated, "That's it. Well, thanks for letting me down gently." She got to her feet. She said, "Okay, Miles . . ."

He rose and stood looking down at her. He wanted to shake her until her teeth rattled. He did not touch her. He said, "You're making a mistake."

"You mean, I almost made a mistake. You almost made one, too," she said with bitterness, "but you woke up in time. Your leave's over, you're back at work, and you'll be going away soon. No entanglements, no complications, you've decided. That's best, isn't it?" Her voice rose a little. She said, "Down there at the cottage—you wanted to sleep with me, didn't you? And I wouldn't. Because I thought we had the rest of our lives, long or short. I thought, we'd be married. I thought, let's not risk spoiling it. So because I wouldn't sleep with you, you said, 'We'll be married at once.' But I was a dope. I wanted you to be very sure. I was sure enough, for myself. But I couldn't be for us both—"

"Shut up," he ordered. "You don't know what you are saying!" His face was white, and there was a whiter line around his mouth. He put out his hands and took her by the shoulders. Now he shook her hard. When he released her, she stumbled and would have fallen if he had not reached out to steady her. He said, "You're a little fool. I'm in love with you. I want to marry you."

She said, "All right then. We'll get the license, I'll have my blood test—"

He said, "No," heavily.

"It's either that," she said, "or goodby."

"Carol—"

But she had turned away, she was walking out of the room. He heard her heels sound on the polished floor of the hall. He went out and stood at the foot of the stairs. She was halfway up when she turned and looked down at him. She said, "Make up your mind."

She went on upstairs, steadily. On her mother's landing she paused and waited. She heard a door slam. The door slammed hard. There was no further sound.

CAROL went into her mother's room. Helen was in the tub. She called, "Is that you, Carol? Come in. . . ."

The bathroom was very large. There were mirrors and a black and white and green *decor*. It was very becoming. Helen lay back in the tub, her red-gold head against a rubber pillow. The tray in front of her held jars, bottles, a magazine. The water foamed with fragrance. You could see her slender body through it, as through a veil. It was as straight and fine as a child's, the skin rosy, the contours preserved.

Carol sat down on a low chair by the tub. Helen said, "Miles has gone?"

"Yes." She looked at her mother. She asked, "Did you talk to him before I came in?"

"Well, naturally," Helen answered, in mild astonishment, "he was here for a few minutes. . . . We didn't just sit and look at each other, darling!"

"Did you say anything about—our marriage?"

Helen picked up a sponge. She said, "Not very much. . . . He said something vague about postponing it until after the war. It seemed a sensible measure to me, and I agreed."

"You didn't, by any chance, suggest it?"

Helen shrugged and the scented foam rippled. "I?" she asked. "My dear child, why should I? Where would it get me? You are both of age, you can do as you please. I've told you I didn't approve. That's as far as I can go. If you and Miles want to be married, you can be, tomorrow or next day or whenever it is convenient. I can't stop you. It would hardly make sense for me to try. I did try, as far as you were concerned. I didn't, with Miles. Opposition usually urges young men on. Give me credit for knowing that much. The last thing I would do, in the circumstances, would be to try to persuade a soldier whose time is short that he should spend it in other ways than looking for a clergyman."

It was very convincing, all the more so because you would expect Helen's mind to work that way. Carol had seen it work that way a great many times. Besides, she thought Miles had been in the house only a few minutes before her arrival. Cocktails had been fetched at once, he was drinking his when she entered. There would not have been time for an important discussion.

She rose. She said, "Well, it's too bad you didn't try a little opposition—from my angle, that is."

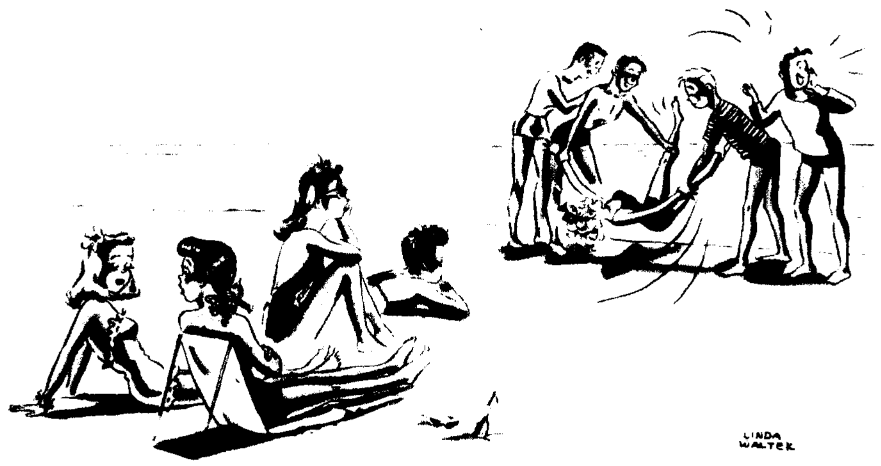
Helen asked, casually, "You've decided to wait for the duration?"

"He's decided," said Carol. "I haven't. I'm not going to wait. We just won't be married, that's all."

She went out of the room. Helen adjusted the pillow more comfortably under her head. She thought, well, that's that.

Miles would go away. Carol would eventually marry Dudley Lennox. Her life would follow a pleasant and ordered pattern, quilted with material prosperity. Dudley was a selfish man. He was not, Helen thought, especially fond of children. Carol was very young. Dudley would not make Helen Hillary a grandmother for some years, yet. Which, while a trivial consideration, was in the nature of a bonus.

(To be concluded next week)



COLLIER'S

"She simply will not learn that complete indifference is the only way to attract them"

LINDA WALTER

Chicken-Wire Chemistry

Continued from page 21

chemical plants could be located anywhere.

He would liquefy the gas at Gulf port fields, pump it into seagoing barges, and tow it up the coast to the industrial East. Since gas in the insulated barges wouldn't be under pressure, it would boil at a slow, steady rate. Gas that boiled off would furnish fuel for the tug that towed the barges. Delivered to industrial users, this gas would cost much less than manufactured gas.

If the idea seems bizarre, note one fact: Cleveland is already using such a system to solve a pipe-line problem. Gas is liquefied in summer and stored to meet peak winter demand. This engineering feat saved the city several million dollars that a new pipe line would have cost.

If we build a giant new chemical industry on natural gas, aren't we apt to exhaust our supply in short order? Not likely. We have a known reserve of about 100 trillion cubic feet and a likely reserve about as large. With current consumption running at 3 trillion cubic feet a year, this indicates a 66-year supply. In actual tonnage, we have considerably more natural gas than we have petroleum.

Chemistry would make only a tiny dent in this vast bubble. A single gusher well would provide all the wood alcohol we use, and wood alcohol is one of the most vital of all solvents. If all the butane currently available were converted into butadiene for synthetic rubber, we should have five times as much rubber as we are using at a wartime peak.

So there is little fear that an expanded chemical industry will quickly consume our precious reserve of gas. On the contrary, chemistry will show us how to derive the greatest benefit from a glamorous raw material.

THE END

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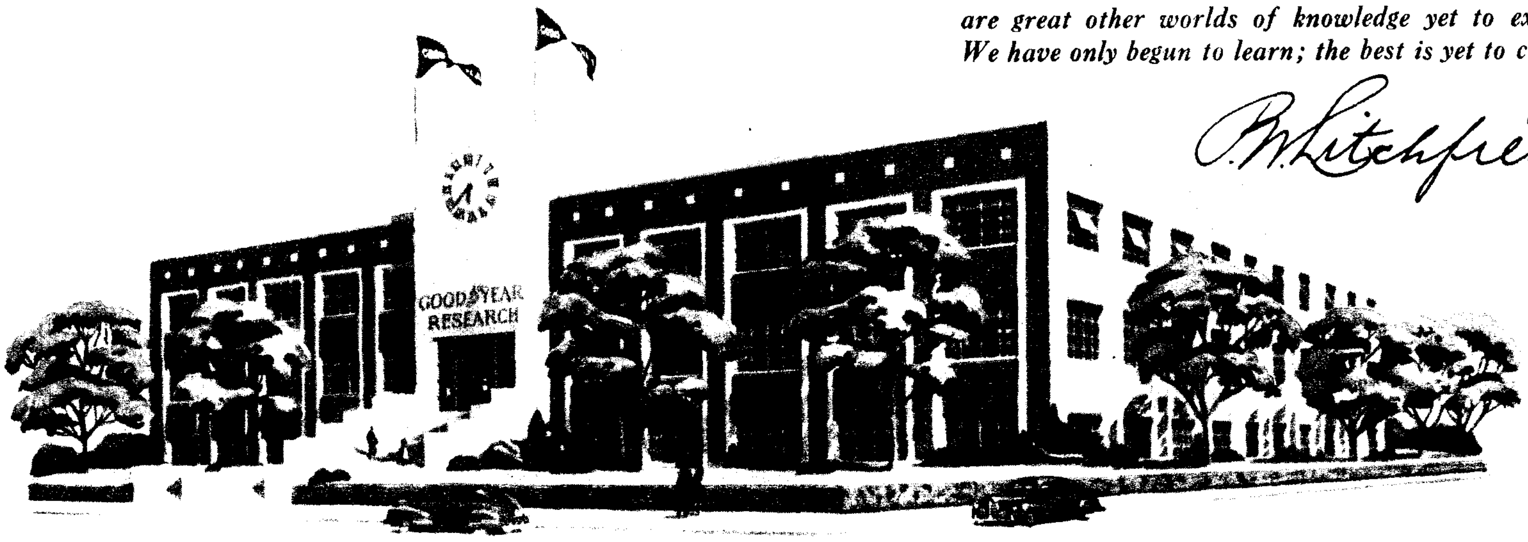
"The Goodyear Research Laboratory is dedicated to unlocking the vast storehouse of nature, to the enlargement of life thereby, and so to the service of man. We have come far in this world, far enough to know there are great other worlds of knowledge yet to explore. We have only begun to learn; the best is yet to come."

P. W. Litchfield



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And that is why, now that synthetic rubber tires for civilian use are being built in quantity, Goodyears are hailed as "the finest example of the art."

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At the gate I said to Ellen, "You're so foolish you're sweet. But maybe that's one of the reasons I love you —because I'm the same kind of fool"

FOR SOME WE LOVED

BY OWEN CAMERON

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

THERE are thousands of those little frame houses in Portuguese Valley, nailed together like boxes, without studding or bracing. This one was white, with a picket fence around it, and Ellen in the front yard. She was spading the garden. The baby boy, a brown goat and a red cat watched her, while a dozen hens squabbled over the worms she uncovered.

When I opened the gate, she turned, brushing the hair away from her eyes with the back of her hand. She cried my name and ran to meet me—she was always so quick. She hugged me and rubbed her palm on her overalls, and we gravely shook hands. My mouth hurt from grinning. It was better than coming home had ever been.

"I brought some beer," I said.

Her hair was tied at her neck with a bit of ribbon. You wondered why more women didn't wear their hair like that.

We went inside the house. She sat where she could watch the man-child.

"This is a nice place," I said.

"It's a wonderful place for waiting." She drank her beer like a little girl playing grownup, lifting the glass with both hands, staring at me over the rim. "I didn't write when I heard about Anne. I thought you'd come before this."

"It wasn't so bad," I said. But it had been pretty bad. My wife had died suddenly, and though our affection had been no more than dutiful, we had lived together comfortably. "What do you hear from your lord and master?"

"Bob is still in England." She looked out of the window. A little boy was on hands and knees. The goat had her head down, and the boy butted the goat.

We talked about small and unimportant things, and I looked at her—at the tiny cleft in her chin, at her light and lovely hair, at the Alice-in-Wonderland seriousness of her eyes. It was like coming out of a dark house where I had lain ill, to sit in the warm sunlight.

"Don't you think it is a lovely place to wait?" Ellen asked. "It's so quiet. We'll be just like this when he comes home."

"Ellen—don't build on it too much."

She smiled. "You'll see."

I went out to the tiny kitchen for another bottle of beer. She came with me. She patted my arm and said, "Poor Joe! I'm sorry—but I'm glad you came."

She looked up, small and solemn, and it was natural and easy to put my arms around her. I kissed her, a thing I had not done since her husband went off to war.

"Because it wouldn't be right," I said, finishing the thought aloud. "But you knew how I felt, Ellen. I never made any secret of it, did I? But because I never tried to hide it, because I talked about it and told them I was crazy about you, they thought it was a gag. Your Bob and my wife thought it was a joke, didn't they? But you knew it was no joke."

"You're such a decent guy, Joe. I always envied Anne."

"I always envied Bob. Maybe we should have traded."

"No," she said seriously. "That wasn't what I meant."

She moved. I let her go. I followed her into the front room. We stood at the window, looking out at the boy and the goat.

"That's me," I said. "Very decent, very honorable. Do you know that was the first time I ever kissed you, unless Bob or Anne was looking on? 'I could not love thee half so much . . .' That was me. I was married, you were married, and Bob was my partner. Stuffy, isn't it?"

"That's swell," Ellen said. "We're both swell."

"Wait," I said. "Here's the best part: Yesterday I was sorting through Anne's belongings, and I found some letters. Not very grammatical, but really hot. She had been in love with the man for a long time, and it was a very practical and passionate affair. Well, that paid me off!"

"Oh, Joe!"

"It's all right. And now we come to the moral."

"A moral?"

It was ridiculous that anyone so small and lovely should be so extremely serious, and I smiled. She did not.

"As applied to you. You shouldn't hide away out here. There is more to living than just sitting around waiting for a husband to come home."

She shook her head. "If I took a job I'd have to leave Bobby with a neighbor. I want to have him for myself. Growing up isn't easy. I want to help."

"I didn't mean that. I meant it's wrong, this business of waiting for Bob, like a hermit in a hole. Suppose— Well, it's war. Something could happen."

"He'll come back," she said quietly.

"All right, but he may be changed. He may be an entirely different man. Then what about these years? He might even find another girl."

"Oh, no. I know just how it will be, Joe. Because it isn't me—it's for him."

"The war is bound to change him. Does he write? What does he say?"

"He writes once a month. He hates to write. But what good are letters?"

"See—he may have changed already, and you wouldn't know. You can't live like this, like a nun. Don't you see, Ellen? You may be building on something that isn't there, that's rotten, and it may let you down and hurt you."

ELLEN rubbed her temple with the back of her hand. "Poor Joe. You got an awful bump, didn't you?"

"It woke me up. I came out to wake you up."

She shook her head. "I'm sorry about Anne. But it's not like that. I'm just waiting here. I'm something solid and secure for Bob to hold on to, no matter what happens. I send him pictures of little Bobby and the goat. I tell him all the little things we do. I don't tell him how lonely I am. But I tell him I'm waiting. And if I wait hard enough and want him hard enough, won't that pull him back? Don't you think it will?"

"Maybe it will, Ellen." It wasn't what I had planned to say.

I picked up my hat and said I had to leave. I told her I'd come back tomorrow. At the gate I said, "You're so foolish you're sweet. Maybe that's one of the reasons I love you—because I'm the same kind of fool."

"You're the wisest, decentest person I know," she said indignantly. She kissed me again, over the gate, and when she pulled away, she was blushing. "I won't tell Bob about that one," she said.

I knew, and she knew, that I would not come again. I was wise enough for that. I walked away from the only thing I ever had wanted very badly, and when I was out of sight, I stopped and took out of my pocket the letters I had found in Anne's room—letters that only a fool like Anne would have saved, and only a fool like Bob would have written.

And only a fool like me would have burned them.

COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

When is a man's life insurance "All Set"?

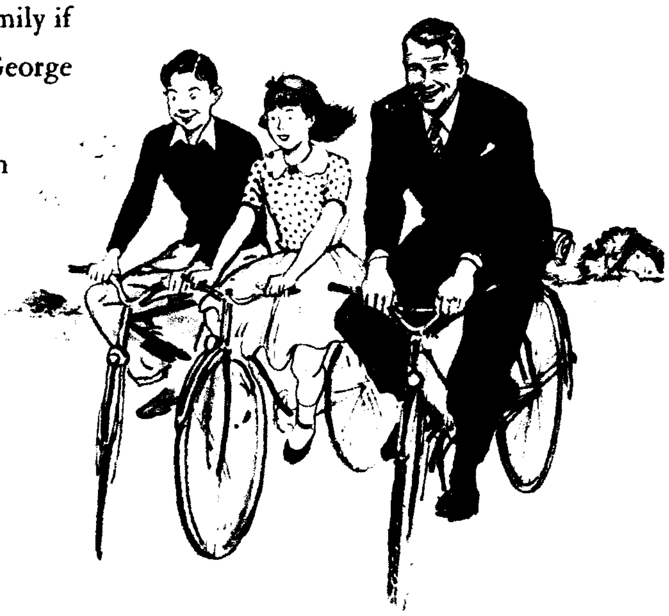
"MY BIRTHDAY has never meant much more than any other day to me. But this year, after the 'surprise' party my wife and the children always have for me, I found myself . . . well, 'taking stock,' I guess you'd call it.

"Looking back, I felt life had been pretty good to us; but I was a little surprised to realize how many times our circumstances had changed since Helen and I were married.

"I remember when we decided to buy this house. We were on top of the world. Then the year during the depression when we barely made ends meet; and the winter Helen's father died and we had to add her mother to our family of four. I couldn't help wondering what Helen would have done had anything happened to me.

"Looking ahead, I tried to picture my family if this should turn out to be my last birthday. George is just starting high school; Joan is in sixth grade. We're still paying off the mortgage. Without knowing a business or trade, how would Helen prepare herself to get along without my support and still hold her home together?

"Suddenly it struck me that I hadn't taken a good look at my life insurance for some time. I had considered it 'all set.' But was it? My responsibilities have grown. Times have changed. I decided to find out."



IT'S IMPORTANT to review life insurance regularly—even in the most stable of times. But never has the need been more urgent than it is now.

For not only must life insurance be kept current with the changes that normally arise in every family; but today it must also be planned to fit the circumstances imposed upon you by a changing world.

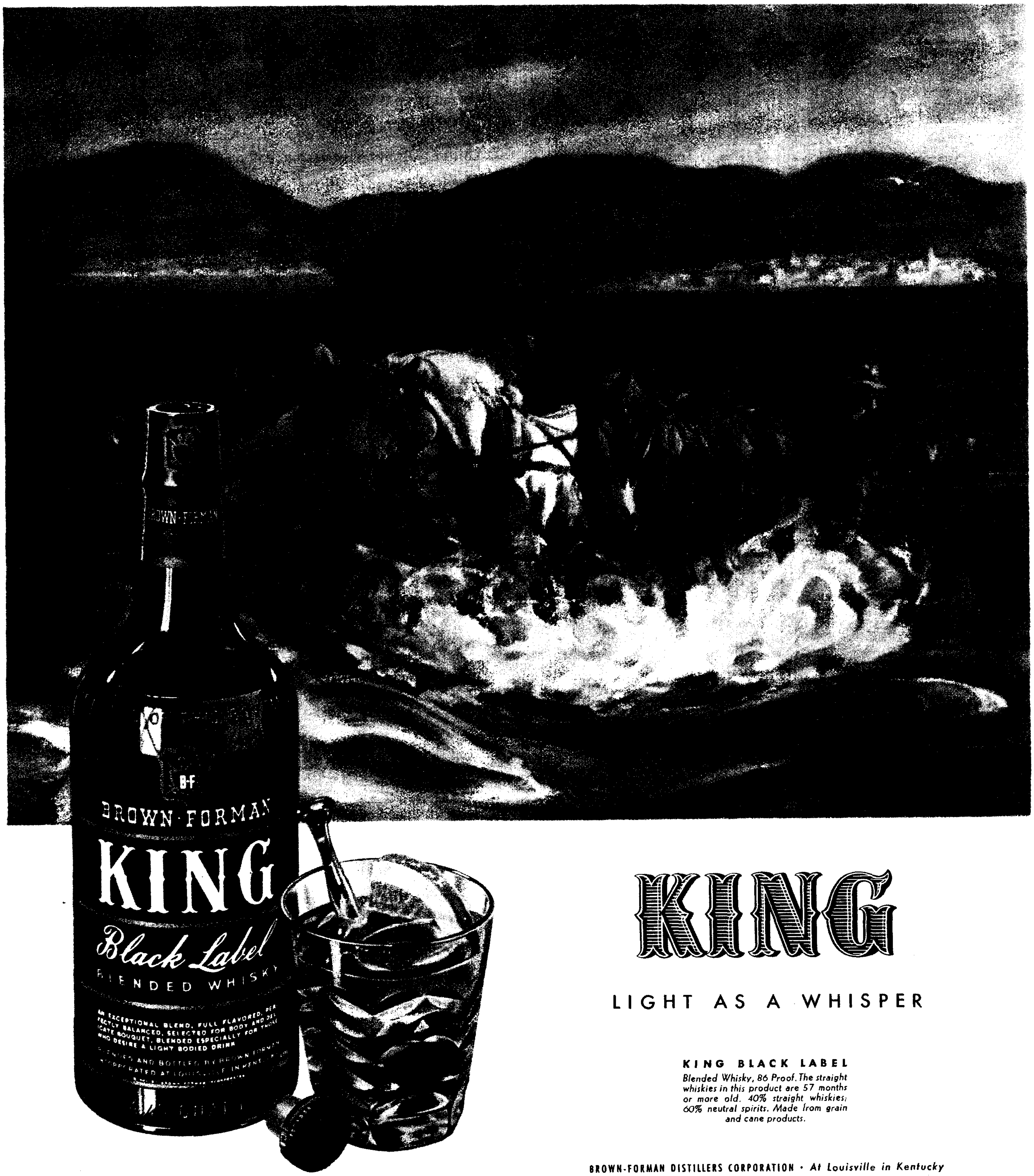
When you review your life insurance with a John Hancock agent, you get the benefit of his company's 80 years of experience—in peace and war, prosperity and depression—fitting life insurance to the needs of people in all income groups.

This experience covers the protection of the home and family; the education of children; safeguarding of War Bonds and other investments; retirement; in fact, every circumstance to which life insurance is applied.

Why not make sure your life insurance meets your current needs by getting the trained counsel of a John Hancock agent?

John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
GUY W. COX, President

BE RIGHT—DRINK LIGHT


B-F
BROWN-FORMAN
KING
Black Label
BLENDED WHISKY
AN EXCEPTIONAL BLEND, FULL FLAVORED, PERFECTLY BALANCED, SELECTED FOR BODY AND DELICATE BOUQUET, BLENDED ESPECIALLY FOR THOSE WHO DESIRE A LIGHT BODIED DRINK

KING

LIGHT AS A WHISPER

KING BLACK LABEL

Blended Whisky, 86 Proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 57 months or more old. 40% straight whiskies; 60% neutral spirits. Made from grain and cane products.

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION • *At Louisville in Kentucky*

Courage Isn't Everything

Continued from page 22

forgotten them now, he remembered how she looked in her tailored tweed suit and the yellow sweater underneath. He remembered the way the lamplight caught and held the soft fragrance of her ash-blond hair, too, but mostly he remembered her eyes. Greenish, they were, and large—growing bewildered and hurt as he spoke, but never evasive.

"I know," she said finally. "Don't think I haven't thought about it. But—oh, I don't know—maybe it's just being alone, or because it's hard to change when it's only for yourself."

"I'm alone, too," Boyd said. "It isn't harder. You don't have anyone depending on you and you can do what you like."

He was still on the subject when he left. He said you had to play it straight. You had to play it honest with yourself. You couldn't stick with a guy like Sam Verna and not get hurt. This time she was only a witness; next time it might be different.

The night following—his last as a civilian—he came back, still not knowing why, or if she'd let him in. He did not talk any more about what she should do, and she hadn't mentioned the subject. They went to the movies, and he told her he was going in the Navy the next day, and she had wished him luck. . . .

They came out of the Club Eden at five minutes after one, Claire Marden in a black evening wrap and Sam Verna in an oversized camel's-hair coat. Watching them get into a taxi, Neil Boyd stepped on the starter and, as the cab rolled, he followed, trailing it across town and northward to a remodeled brownstone house between two higher apartments. He did not realize that his hands were damply clamped about the steering wheel, or that he was holding his breath until he saw Verna say good night at the door and get back into the taxi. .

Captain Manson voiced his contempt of Claire's employer when Neil Boyd questioned him the next morning. "Gambling? Nah! None of that picayune stuff for Verna these days. You want a few pairs of nylons at six bucks a pair? Or maybe a case of bonded stuff for a C note? See Verna."

Boyd listened patiently to this and other facts. He ventured to ask if Verna came by the liquor legitimately, and what about the Club Eden?

"The Eden's okay. The Treasury boys found that out. No cut stuff or phony labels," Manson said sourly. "It's different since you've been away. Like the old days. Hijacking. Two truckloads from legitimate warehouses the past two months."

In any event, they would get Verna eventually. Verna would stub his toe. "Either that or some guy on a truck will blast him. Those truckers carry artillery these days. . . . Sure we'll get Verna. Wait'n' see."

The brownstone house had two apartments to a floor, and Claire Marden's was on the third floor, right. She wore a flowered house coat, and when Boyd saw her with her hair pinned high and no make-up but the light outline of lipstick on her mouth, a nerve tingled in his chest and a new tightness moved along the muscles of his throat.

Her smile was friendly, her greeting pleasant, and if there had been any doubt in her eyes, it vanished instantly when he gave her the package.

"For me?" she cried happily. "Why, Neil! How nice! May I open it now?"

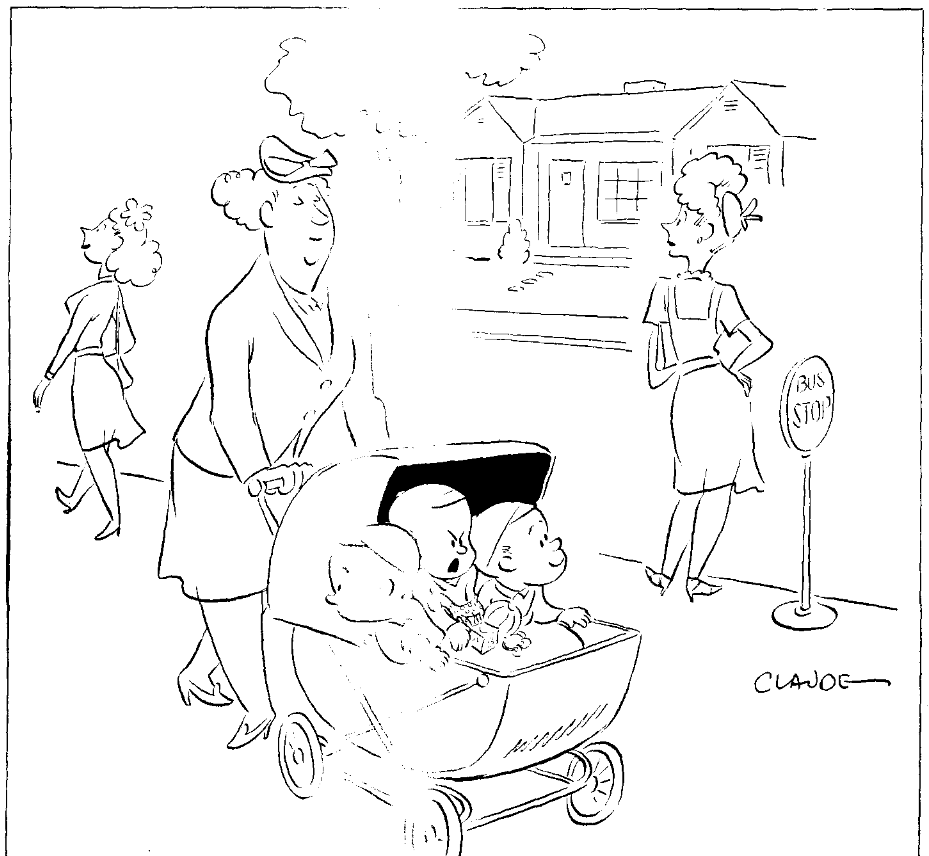
"Sure," he said and sat down. He fingered his hat, watching her, still thinking about last night and all mixed up inside. He heard her say he shouldn't have done it and then she had the package in her lap.

She looked down at it a moment before she started to open it, and seeing her now, as he had so often dreamed of seeing her, the soft line of her mouth and the rounded smoothness of her throat, a prickly warmth pulled through him and pounded at his shoulders and along his back. He forgot about last night and his bitterness that she should be singing for Sam Verna when she had told him she was working in a defense plant. For those few moments she was the girl he had hoped to come back to. It was all in his mind, since nothing had been said, yet she was home, the end of a journey, the culmination of an idea never realized but constantly anticipated.

THE letter that started the illusion came after he had finished boot camp and was at Little Creek learning to be a coxswain of an LCVP. The envelope bore a return address on the edge of the industrial district, and, inside, Claire Marden said she didn't know if Neil Boyd would be interested, but what had happened was all his fault and he would have to listen.

It was, she said, his advice that was causing all her trouble. He had said to play it honest and she had decided he might be right; now she was working at a machine eight hours a day, and her feet were spreading and her back was growing a hump and her fingernails were beyond repair. If he did not appreciate the things she was making, she would never speak to him again.

The story beneath the easy humor of her



COLLIER'S "Why do I always sit in the middle?" CLAUDE SMITH

Inside stuff on Lorre, Granville and Whiteman

PLEASANT PETER LORRE is by no means the forbidding person he portrays in his villainous cinema roles. Crack badminton and ping-pong player, Peter names Hungarian goulash his first culinary love and about Regents exclaims: "That crushproof box is like a custom-made cigarette case—keeps Regents in perfect smoking condition!"

BONITA WAS ALMOST born in the wings of the "Ziegfeld Follies," where her father was a comedy star. Once the movies' most famous "brat," Bonita at 21 is a pin-up pretty who yearns to play heavy dramatic roles. Her philosophy of life includes lots of sleep, lots of exercise, and *mild* cigarettes. "Regent," she says, "is wonderfully mild! Better-tasting, too, than any other cigarette."

PAUL, WHO MADE an honest woman out of jazz, got his early training in long-haired music. Now fondly known to the trade as "Pops," he diverts himself between engagements by raising cattle on his 700-acre New Jersey farm. The King of Jazz salutes Regent's King Size. "It means extra value," says Paul, "because it's over 20% longer."

REGENT CIGARETTES KING SIZE

ALL THREE AGREE that Regents are milder, better-tasting. Reason? Easy! It's Multiple Blending, that *exclusive* process that makes Regents *really* mild, ever so gentle to your throat! Next time, ask for Regents. *They cost no more than other leading brands.*

Quality tobaccos...Multiple Blended make **REGENT**

The milder, better-tasting cigarette!

For Clear-Eyed
MORNING FRESHNESS

Try This Tonight

IF YOU wake up tired and listless—if your freshness and "sparkle" are slipping away in the stress of these strenuous times—you should know this!

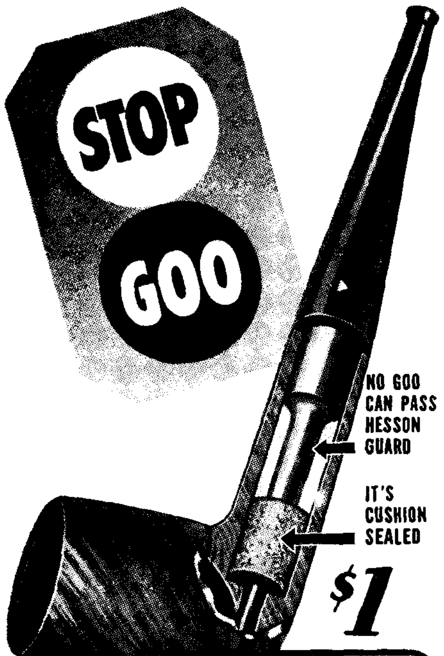
Thousands are drinking a cup of Ovaltine night and morning—for radiant morning freshness and vigorous days.

For Ovaltine is a scientific *food*-concentrate designed to do two important things.

First, taken warm at bedtime, it fosters sound sleep, without drugs. *Second*, it helps to build you up while you sleep. According to experts, two glasses daily, made with milk as directed, supply all the *extra* vitamins and minerals you need for utmost vitality—provided you just eat 3 average-good meals a day, including citrus fruit or tomatoes. In addition Ovaltine also provides the *basic* food elements absolutely necessary to rebuild muscle, nerve and body cells, and for vitality and endurance.

So why not turn to Ovaltine tonight, for better sleep and for morning freshness?

OVALTINE



HANDKERCHIEF TEST

PROVES VITAL ZONE SPOTLESS AND FREE FROM "GOO"—*no matter how often you smoke it!*

WDC

HESSON GUARD MILANO

lines made a fine warm glow inside him each time he read it. He answered her that night. He said he thought it was pretty wonderful and he hoped the hump on her back would not be permanent and if she had any other complaints to let him know.

The second letter caught up with him in Hawaii and there were others in the Southwest Pacific. The last one, before he was hurt, said her plant had received the Navy E, and he had bragged about her to his crew. . . .

He realized she had taken the perfume and the native silver bracelet from the package, that she had thanked him.

"You were reported missing," she said. "It was six weeks before the paper said you were wounded."

"We were making a diversionary landing," he said. "We got shot up a bit. We put some Marines ashore and were pulling out when a mortar shell got us." He did not speak of the things he remembered: the pain he had endured in the hospital, the hole in his chest now healed, the left arm that looked all right but would always be a little stiff. Perhaps because his mind was on these things now, the bitterness came back.

"I wanted to thank you for the letters," he said. "They helped, because it sort of tied up what I was doing with what I *thought* you were doing at home."

He saw the color touch her cheeks and ignored it. He said, "I used to get a kick *out of unloading supplies. I liked to think* maybe you'd helped make some of the stuff."

"I did do defense work," Claire said. "I—I got sick."

He found himself on his feet. Her eyes were on him, wide and tortured, and he tried to tell himself he had no right to judge her. She'd lacked the courage to stick it out, yes. But so what? That was her business, wasn't it? Then, no longer meaning to, he heard his voice again, hurting her and himself: "But not too sick to work nights instead of days."

She straightened, her face tightening and her mouth white. "If that's how you feel, why did you bother to come at all?" She gestured toward the perfume and bracelet. "Why bring me presents?"

"I bought them for someone I was proud of, because I thought you—" He stopped and tried again. "What difference does it make? Let's say I don't know what else to do with them now."

She did not answer, and he walked to the door, opened it and went out.

THAT should have ended it. But he could not control his thoughts, nor could he be sufficiently objective to rationalize his actions and his moods. The result was that three nights later, and in spite of his determination to stay away, he stopped into the Club Eden for a beer.

It was late. He did not take a table but stood at the bar while Claire Marden sang her last encore, and when she had finished he *left.* But he went back another night and then again, and this time he waited outside in his coupé until she came out with Sam Verna. It became a habit, this waiting outside on nights when he had no work to do, this tailing along behind the taxi while Verna took her to her door and said good night.

The hurt was still there. But so was some inner gnawing that kept him watching her when he could.

Then, one Saturday night, it happened. They came out of the club a little later than usual, Claire and Verna, and this time when they reached her house, the cab was dismissed. Neil Boyd pulled on by. He watched them enter. Then, stunned and dismayed by what he had seen, he turned the motor off and waited. He waited until three o'clock, and when Verna had not come out, he drove home and crawled into bed, all tight and cold and sick inside.

It was a week before he went back to the Club Eden, and that night Claire went home alone, and Captain Manson's prediction came true.

About the time she left the Club Eden, a truck with a trailer load of liquor parked outside an all-night lunchroom, with one driver waiting in the cab while the other had his coffee. The two men who got out of a following sedan had no trouble moving silently up to the cab and taking care of the man on guard, but when the truck drove off, the fellow in the restaurant came charging out, gun in hand, and had been shot dead by a small dark man who was about to drive off in the sedan used by the hijackers. That man had been identified by three witnesses as Sam Verna.

"Sure," the captain said. "One's a little guy who was just going in the lunchroom and had guts enough to tell us so; the other was a young couple sitting in a car."

"So all you've got to do," Neil Boyd said, "is find Verna."

The captain said they would, but as it happened, he was somewhat premature. A week went by without further developments. Then one day the little man who had been going in the lunchroom changed his mind.

"They got to him," the captain fumed. "Some of Verna's crowd. The guy's got three kids. He says he can't be sure. He won't admit somebody got to him, but it has to be that."

"How about the young couple?"

The young couple, it seemed, were all right. They were at present living in a hotel at the city's expense, with adequate protection, and all that remained to be done was to pick up Sam Verna.

Another week went by while false leads were investigated, and cranks called up with phony tips. The Club Eden was staked out, Verna's apartment was watched twenty-four hours of the day, and the more important of his associates were under constant surveillance. Claire Marden was one of these, Detectives Zeller and Delage sharing this particular duty.

Boyd stopped to talk with them whenever he could. They had very little to report.

"She don't go out much," Delage said. "Goes to the supermarket down the street to get a couple of bags of groceries once a day. Once in a while she goes downtown to shop—to a department store or hairdresser or someplace. That's about all. Goes to the Club Eden around nine. Eats dinner there; sings two shows and leaves about one. . . . You think he'll try to contact her?"

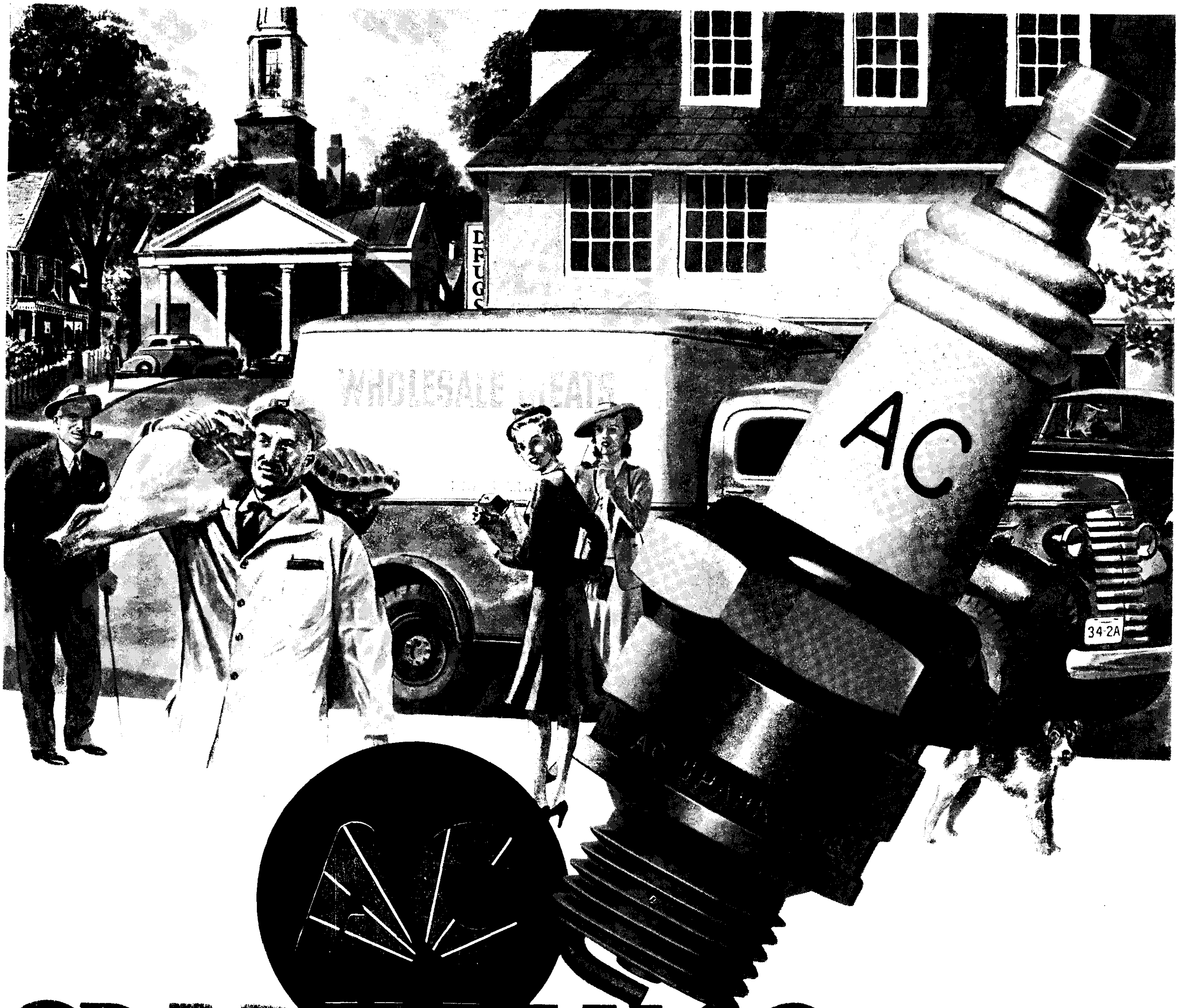
Boyd didn't think so. He told the captain so, but he was too good a detective to overlook the possibility. Perhaps that was why his appetite left him and he did not sleep well any more. It was hard to fight the empty ache around his heart, and, though he wouldn't put a word to it, his faith came gradually back until one day he began an investigation of his own.

IT STARTED at the defense plant where Claire had worked and it moved from there to the hospital and to a rooming house where she had stayed. He talked with many people, and put things together, as he had been trained to do. That was why, that evening at eight o'clock, he went to her apartment.

"Hello," he said, and went in without

ANSWERS TO HOW WOULD YOU PRONOUNCE IT?—PAGE 39

Group No.	*Words*	*Pronunciation*	*Caution*	*Sounds like or rhymes with*
1.	OFTEN	*off* 'n	Don't sound the t	SOFTEN
	PRESENTATION	prez en *tay* shun	Say prez, not pree, accent tay	pleasant-WAY-shun
	EXPLOIT	eks *ploit*	Verb. Accent ploit	decks-QUOIT
	MARDI GRAS	mar de *grah*	Accent grah, omit s, both a's broad	tardy-BRA
2.	REDOLENT	*red oh* lent	Accent red, slur last syllable to l'nt	MEADOW-scent
	THYME	time	Omit the h, long i	RHYME
	PATIO	*paw* ty oh	Accent pat with broad a, three syllables	NAUGHTY-oh
	HORIZON	ho *rye* z'n	Accent second syllable, long i	ho-RISE-hun
3.	TALISMAN	*tal* iss man	Accent tal with short a, three syllables	MALICE-man
	FLEUR-DE-LIS	flur de *lee*	Accent last syllable, say lee, not lis	slur-de-E
	FUSELAGE	*few* zey lodge	Anglicize, s is z	MUC(Z)ILAGE
	AEROPLANE	*ay* ur oh plane	Four syllables, long a's. Better spell it airplane	SAY-'er-so-plain
4.	HANDSOME	*han* sum	The d is not sounded	TRANSOM
	ADEPT	ad *dept*	Adjective. Accent last syllable	Ad-WEPT
	DIGITALIS	dij y *tay* lis	Accent ta, long a	digit-A-miss
	INTRAVENOUSLY	intra *vee* nus ly	Say veen, not vein	intra-VENUS-ly
5.	LITERATI	litter *ate* eye	Last two syllables are long	litter-ATE-I
	INTELLIGENTSIA	in telly *jent* sy ah	Accent gent, the g is like j	thin-smelly-GENTS-en-Ma
	COGNOSCENTI	kohn yo *shen* tee	Omit the g, say shent, not cent, o's are long	Joan-YOSHENTY
	ILLUMINATI	illumine *ate* eye	Accent nat with long a, final i long	illume-in-NATE-I
6.	PORGY	*pawr* gy	The g is hard, not like j	MORGUEY
	SAUTÉ	so *tay*	Accent te like tay, au is long o	oh-SAY
	LYONNAISE	lie uh *naze*	Anglicize, accent naise with z sound	lion-A'S
	CROUTON	kroo *tawn*	Accent ton like tawn, crou like crew	boot-ON
7.	SENEGALESE	sen ee gawl *eez*	Four syllables, accent last	then-he-call-PLEASE
	SENEGAL	senny *gawl*	Accent last syllable like goll	penny-DOLL
	SINGHALESE	sing gah *leez*	Accent lese with z, three syllables	single-EASE
	CEYLON	see *lon*	Accent last syllable, short o, long e	see-LON
8.	REFUGEE	ref you *gee*	Accent gee, clip the u	refuge-GEE
	POGROM	po *grawm*	Accent grom like Tom. Means a massacre	go-FROM
	CAPUCHIN	*cap* you chin	Accent cap, not pew	RAP-you-chin
	POLIOMYELITIS	polly oh my el *eye* tiss	First o short, say eyetiss, not eat-us. Infantile paralysis	Polly-oh-my-NEPHRITIS
9.	PUTATIVE	*pew* tah tiv	Accent pu, long u. Means reputed	LUCRATIVE
	ASSAYER	a *say* er	Accent say, clip the first a	a-SAYER
	ESSAYED	ess *ade*	Accent say'd, long a	yes-AID
	ASSAY	ass *say*	Verb. Accent say, first a short	pass-A
10.	CERULEAN	see *roo* leh an	Accent second syllable like rule	the-FOOL-heran
	CIRRUS	*sihr* us	Don't say sur	PYRRHUS, NEAR-us
	CUMULUS	*kew* mew lus	Accent cu with long u, clip second u	CUE-mule-us
	STRATUS	*stray* tus	The a is long	HATE-us



SPARK PLUGS

CLEAN PLUGS SAVE UP TO ONE GALLON OF GASOLINE IN TEN

Millions of tons of America's food *get to the stores and markets* regularly because AC Spark Plug reliability keeps the trucks in service. Owners of those vital trucks *save gasoline* and *lengthen the life* of their spark plugs by having plugs cleaned and adjusted every 3,000 miles.

SPARK PLUGS—have them cleaned regularly

AIR CLEANER—have it rinsed when your car is lubricated

FUEL PUMP—have it checked thoroughly at 35,000 miles

OIL FILTER—have it checked when your car is lubricated

DRIVING INSTRUMENTS—have them repaired promptly

BUY WAR BONDS AND BRING VICTORY QUICKER

DIANA BARRYMORE
daughter of the great John Barrymore says:
"I am glad that people today realize it is as necessary to use a deodorant as it is to use toothpaste. I think Arrid is a wonderful product because it gives complete protection."

New *under-arm*
Cream Deodorant
Safely helps
Stop Perspiration

1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
4. A pure white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Seal of Approval of the American Institute of Laundering, for being harmless to fabrics. Use Arrid regularly.

39¢ (Also in 59¢ jars)

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

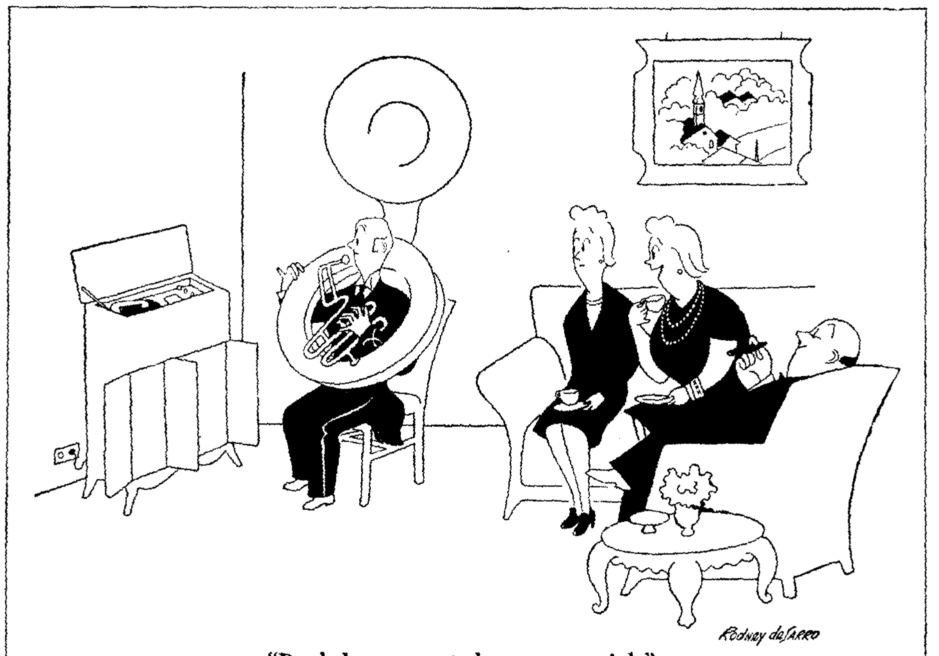
ARRID
THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

"Is that up to ME?"

Scrubbing toilet bowls is *not* your job. Sani-Flush makes toilets sparkling white the quick, easy, sanitary way. From now on use it at least twice a week to remove unsightly stains and discolorations *without scrubbing*.

Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works *chemically*—cleans the hidden trap. Each application cleans away many recurring toilet germs and a cause of toilet odors. No special disinfectants needed. Does not harm toilet connections. (*See directions on can.*) Sold everywhere—two handy sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, O.

Sani-Flush
CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCRUBBING



COLLIER'S "Paul drowns out the commercials" RODNEY DE SARRO

being asked, seeing her astonishment before the stiffness came about her features, and smiling in the face of it. "I have to talk to you," he said.

She wore the flowered house coat. She stood holding the door, her gaze steady and reserved. "I was cleaning up," she said finally. "Perhaps some other time."

He shook his head, holding his smile and feeling the fine, warm glow inside. So in the end she shrugged and moved into the kitchen, and he went with her and picked up the dish towel. She was washing plates and cups and saucers, and he took them one at a time and talked to her.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"About what?" he said.

"About getting hurt—and the hospital."

She washed another dish before she said, "I didn't think it mattered."

"No," he said. "It mattered, all right. Only I didn't give you a chance. I jumped to conclusions—as no good detective should."

HE WAITED but she did not answer. "Your sweater caught in a machine and broke your shoulder before they could shut it off. You were in the hospital six weeks and, after that you had to stay cooped up in that little room you rented because you couldn't work. And Verna came along . . ."

"Yes." Her voice was tired and her face was stamped with weariness, and it was hard not to take her in his arms. "Yes," she said. "Verna came along. Let's just say I didn't have the courage to turn his offer down."

"You were hurt—and sick."

"You had it."

"What?"

"Courage. All you ever needed."

"Yeah, but—" He stopped. He didn't know what to say, because, deep down, it still bothered him a little that her courage had failed her. He watched her wring out the dishrag and hang it on the sink. Still groping for words, he put the towel down and looked at the dishes he had wiped—dinner plates and cups and saucers and glasses.

Then, out of nowhere, it hit him.

For another moment, he stared, stunned, his thoughts jolting him, remembering things Delage had said. Then he wheeled and stepped to the back door, the girl forgotten in that instant; everything forgotten but Sam Verna.

He opened the door and glanced out. There was a tiny landing and stairs leading up and down, serving this side of the house as another stairway served the kitchens of the opposite side. He heard her whispered cry then, felt her hand tugging his arm.

He stepped back inside and let the door close, and if he had not already known his hunch was right, he knew when he saw the whitened stiffness of her mouth and the bright fear in her eyes.

"Feeding him, huh?" he said. "Neat. The apartment below or the one above. The one above, with a skylight maybe, so he can get away over the roof if he has to."

"H-how did you know?"

"Too many dishes, too many groceries every day for someone who has dinner out."

The stiffness around her mouth dissolved, and her face went slack a muscle at a time before his eyes. She groped for a chair and sank down on it. "Yes," she said.

"Why?" he demanded. "Did he threaten you?" And when she shook her head, he said, "Then tell me the truth, all of it."

She told him in a voice he could hardly hear, the things he knew, the things he did not. Sam Verna had come to see her after his trial on the gambling charge. Later, when she refused his dates, he had offered her a chance to sing at the new Club Eden and after that, perhaps intrigued by his lack of progress, he had kept in touch with her. He came to her finally after she left the hospital, when she needed money so desperately. He had not offered a loan; he had offered an advance. She was, he said, not strong enough to go back to the factory, and he needed her at the Eden. She need not sign a contract but he hoped she would stay until the Club closed for the summer. That was all. She had another month to sing; she had no other plans.

Boyd heard her out, his face hot and his throat hard. "How long has he had this place upstairs?"

She didn't know. The first she knew about it was one night about a month ago when he stayed there. *A Saturday night*, Boyd wanted to say.

"He always brought me home," she said, "but he never came upstairs until then. He laughed at me because I thought at first it was some trick. He said he kept the place to come to when he didn't want to be disturbed, when he had things to think out. He said no one else knew he rented it."

"You fed him because he asked you to," Boyd said and, like that, he knew it was the truth. "Because he'd helped you when you needed help, and you were grateful."

"He said it was only for a couple of weeks. . . . Oh, I know what he was, what people said he was. But to me he was not that way at all. He was kind, and I . . ."

SHE broke off weakly, and Neil Boyd turned again to the door, the detective part of his mind saying she was an accessory, the other part of him proud and understanding. Before he could get the door open, she was at his side.

"No," she cried. "He—he has a gun."

"So have I," Boyd said and then, abruptly, he took her in his hands, holding her, looking at her. "You're afraid," he said. "For Verna?"

She looked right at him. Slowly she shook her head, and her eyes were wide and frightened, but deep down, beneath her fears, was something he had never seen before, something steadfast and shining and utterly complete.

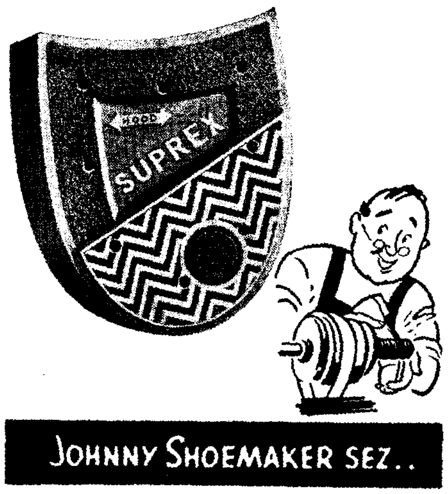
It was answer enough. He took her in his arms. He felt her tremble against him, and all the tight hard dread went out of him.

"Get your coat," he said thickly. "We're going out."

When he had closed her in his coupé and told her to stay there until he came for her, he went to Delage and told him what he wanted.

"Give me thirty-five minutes," he said. "And if he makes a break over the roof, don't follow him."

"If he comes, he'll come shooting."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"I've been shot at before."

"That's right," Delage said, "you have."

The janitor of the adjoining apartment house showed him the way to the roof, and he stood on the edge of this, looking down on the roof below while his eyes adjusted themselves to the darkness. It was about an eight-foot drop, too high for anyone to scale alone; on the far side, the wall of the third house rose even higher. There would be no way at the front, since Delage would have the block staked out. That left the rear, where a building from the next street backed up to separate it from the brownstone.

He saw the skylight presently, an inverted V growing out of the roof and just as dark because of blackout curtains. Glancing up he found the sky thickly overcast, so that there was no light at all but the faint glow of the city behind him. He slid down the wall, hung by his hands and dropped lightly to the roof below; then he went to the wall at the rear and crouched there.

He heard the rasp of the skylight frame first, and when no illumination showed he knew that Sam Verna had turned out the room lights before he left. He thought he could hear, faintly, a pounding somewhere below, which would be Delage and his men. Then he saw the outline of a man straighten on the roof.

He saw Verna move toward him, and the tension began to wind inside and then, oddly, he was afraid. He realized it instantly, the sudden thump of his pulse and the coldness along his spine, and the knowledge shook him because he could not understand it.

He had been shot at and bombed before. He had been afraid, too, but never for long. He tried to laugh off mentally the spell and then, suddenly, he knew why he had been shaken. He was alone. That made the difference.

Before, there had always been others to consider, and pride entered into it, and when you were desperate and something had to be done, you did it. It was different now.

He heard Verna's steps move closer. He stood up.

"Verna!" he called. "Stand still!"

Verna stopped. He said: "Who is that, Boyd?" He said: "Get out of my way; I'm coming through."

"No," Boyd said. "You haven't got the odds this time. You came out of a lighted room. I've been up here a while. I can see and you can't. Drop that gun!"

Verna waited, still holding the gun. "Did the girl rat on me?" he said finally.

"No," Boyd said and told him how he had found out. "And you'll not rat on her either, understand? You're going to say you scared her into cooking for you."

"Okay," Verna said. "But not because you say so; because she's a good kid."

"Then drop the gun."

Verna dropped it. Below, the pounding got louder. A door crashed and splintered, and Boyd, being careful never to look directly at his man, told him to move up with his hands high.

Verna was twenty-five feet away. He took two steps—twenty feet . . . eighteen. . . . Against the backdrop of the night, one hand wavered and fell; then, before Boyd could take a step, he saw the hand move fast, inside a coat and out. A gun shone darkly, and he yelled. The arm leveled at him and he squeezed the trigger, his own shot hammering a split instant before the other.

He forgot to close his eyes, and the flash blinded him momentarily. He dropped to one knee, waiting, the slap of recoil still tingling his arm. Then something hit hard and solid on the roof, and he saw Sam Verna, on his knees, pitch slowly forward on his face.

IN THE coupé on the way to the district attorney's office, Claire Marden told Boyd about Verna, and it was not difficult to believe. No man is all black or white, but gray, and if Verna's shade was darker than most, the dark had not touched Claire. Verna knew exactly where he stood and he was, apparently, content to accept his status with good humor and respect. He had helped her when she needed help, generously and without collateral; when his turn had come to ask for aid, she had given it within the limits of her conscience.

"I knew it was wrong, Neil," she said, "but—there was nothing else I could do."

"Okay," he said and was happy in his understanding; for loyalty is a fine thing, especially in a wife. "It's going to be all right." And he outlined a story she could tell of Verna's threats and violence, feeling sure it would stand up, until he glanced at her and saw her shake her head.

"No," she said. "This time I'll tell it straight."

"But look—"

She smiled and kept shaking her head. "What did you tell me when you went away?"

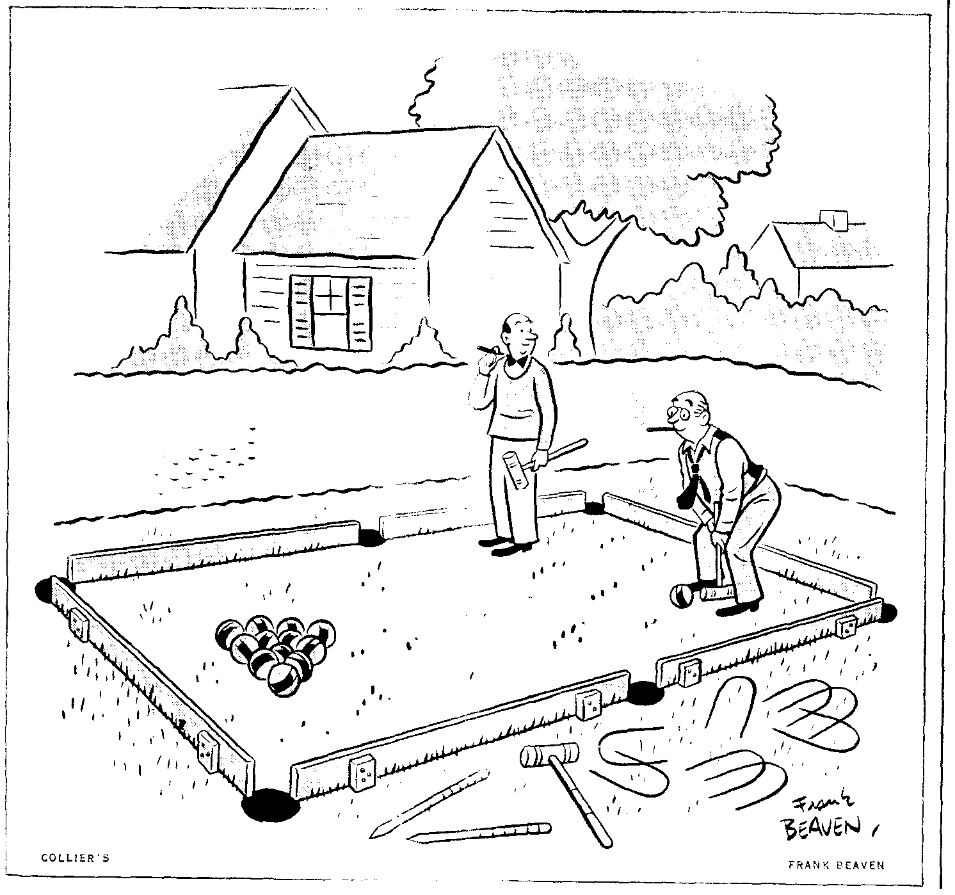
He waited, not sure just what she meant, and she said: "You said to play it straight and honest. It was your idea, wasn't it? And if I slipped once—when I heard you were missing—isn't this the time to start over?"

He knew there was no point in arguing. He didn't try. Instead, he thought about the district attorney and wondered how he would take the news. Then he saw that even if the news was bad, it would not matter in the end. The important thing was how you played the game, and he felt proud and humble before her wisdom.

"All right?" she asked.

He nodded and found he had to clear his throat. "All right," he said and meant exactly that.

THE END



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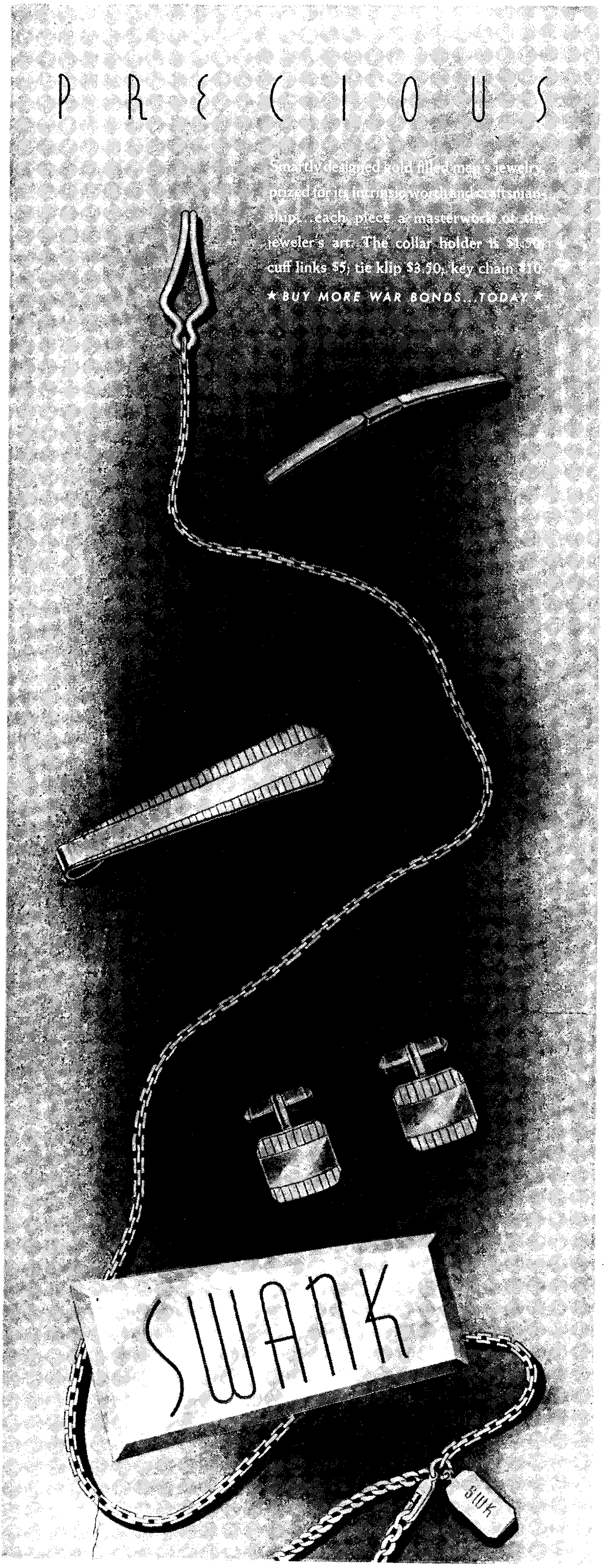
FRANK BEAVEN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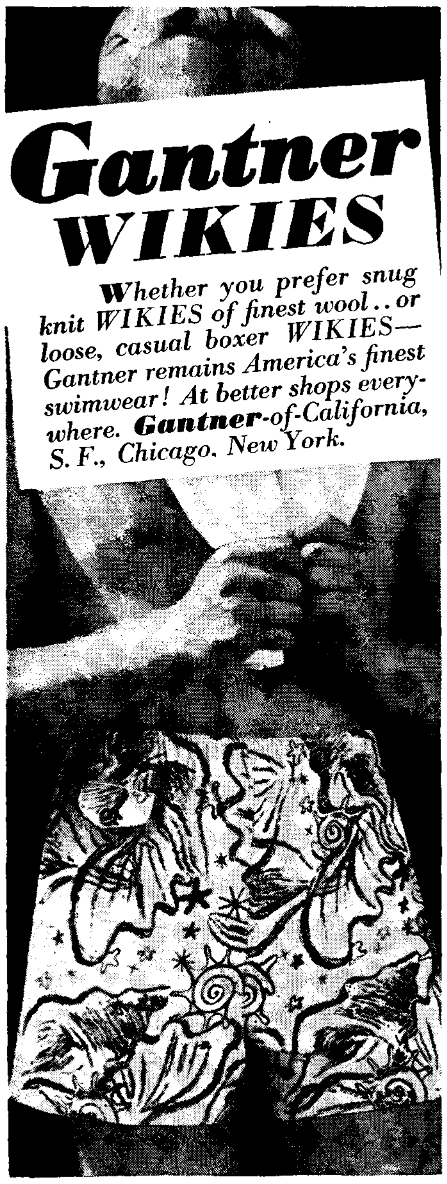

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The Week's Work

SOMETIMES, as you may have observed, things come to pass in a mysterious wheels-within-wheels kind of way. Take the case of Kay Medford, now enjoying the life of a budding star in Hollywood. Kay herself would tell you that she owes it all to a strange chain of events set in motion by astrology, speeded up by columnist Irving Hoffman and brought to a smashing finale by Henderson and Shaw, the writer-photographer team who produced the picture story, Star Merchants, on page 16.

Kay, a somewhat overweight actress, was playing that group of summer theaters in the Catskills known as the borsch circuit when an amateur astrologist read her horoscope and declared, "This is your day to meet important people." Kay took a quick look around and, not seeing any important people, quit her job, took a train to New York and a taxi to producer Billy Rose's apartment.

It was her day, all right, for the butler admitted her without question, after which, naturally, the master and his friends welcomed her, also without question. Kay thinks her plumpness protected her—kept them from thinking she was a hungry girl in search of a meal and a job.

The important people she met, as a result, included Irving Hoffman, Hollywood Reporter columnist of wide and useful connections, Mervyn Leroy, M-G-M executive, and Harry Henderson and Sam Shaw. When Leroy showed a professional interest in Kay, Henderson and Shaw quickly put together a Cinderella-rags-to-riches story about her. They sold the story to a magazine, but before it could be printed, Leroy grew cold on the deal.

Hoffman protested to Leroy. What was he trying to do—spoil a story sale for Hoffman's good friends, Sam and Harry? Harry observed that it all came perilously close to interfering with freedom of the press. The case of Kay Medford was reopened, the contract signed, the story printed, and everybody happy.

Sergeant
Ned Hilton

Sam and Harry are sure Kay will rise to stardom, because she is an individualist. They are sure she is an individualist because she refuses to reduce her weight by fifteen pounds, as her employers have requested. Her attitude is: Let them find a part to suit her size, rather than try to cut her down to standard measurements.

This isn't the only time Henderson and Shaw have been responsible, directly or indirectly, for somebody's career. It's a habit with them. There's a girl now—Kay Brown, a Marine sergeant. They met her while they were assembling a story about a folk-dance festival in Philadelphia (the story soon will appear in Collier's). Sam and Harry believe Sergeant Brown is movie material and they've arranged for a screen test for her with International Pictures. Talent scouts have asked them to keep their eyes open for promising actress material on their cross-country picture-taking expeditions.

Then there's Sergeant Phil Stern, one of the 26 men still alive out of the 500 who made up the first Rangers. After horrendous shock-troop action in Africa, Sicily and Italy, Phil has a Purple Heart and a story to tell. Sam and Harry have found a publisher for his book, which they are editing. They also have postwar plans for Sergeant Saul Levitt and Sergeant James Dugan and many other servicemen.

Sam was a political cartoonist and Harry a writer on various New York newspapers before they formed their free-lancing team. Sam thinks many photographers are overanxious about technical perfection in a picture at the expense of story-telling quality. Sam doesn't want to "stop" action with one-thousandth-of-a-second shots. He prefers a blurred one-hundredth-of-a-second shot (like that of the dancing girl in Star Merchants) to convey swift motion.

Sam and Harry live side by side in a New York suburb, their children (two apiece) are playmates and their wives are friends. They are now planning a series of photographic-narrative books that are patterned after their first successful experiment, War in Our Time, which in spite of its high price sold 25,000 copies.

Harry Henderson and Sam Shaw (on top)

CARTOONIST NED HILTON (see p. 72,) now an Army sergeant, was very young when he did his first cartoons, lambasting the Kaiser. These cartoons appeared in the Los Angeles Times, and shortly thereafter, Hilton says, "the Kaiser abdicated, making manifest the course of my destiny."

When the Fascists came along, he felt the same way about them as he used to feel about the Kaiser. He did anti-Fascist cartoons long before we entered this global war, but when it became our fight, cartoons didn't seem enough of a contribution, he says.

"Last year," he goes on, "I joined the Army and was assigned to the Medical Department. I was sent to the technicians' school at William Beaumont General Hospital, near El Paso. This is where they teach some of those medics you read about, who are doing such wonders saving our wounded. They needed hundreds of charts and posters, and I became a one-man art department, with the usual all-day road marches thrown in to inspire me.

"I live in town with my wife, and do what cartooning I can find time for at the local USO amid the noises created simultaneously by a phonograph, a piano and a bingo game.". . . A.P.

Malignant Mattress

Continued from page 24

Fitzy nodded. Imogene Barker stood by Tom's side, her hazel eyes serene beneath her beaver hat.

"I hope you make out okay," Tom said.

"Oh, yes, I certainly hope so," said Imogene Barker in her flat, childish voice.

"Thank you," said Fitzy, nodding them brightly down the hall.

When they were gone, Fitzy was conscious that she was stuck with a pang. Tom Scott was just the sort of a man she liked. But she didn't-like to admit that the pang was caused by anything but annoyance.

"He," Fitzy hissed, rolling stockings up her legs preparatory to going out to hunt for more cord, "is a typical small-town hick."

It helped to forget his big shoulders, booming voice, long legs, gray eyes and slow grin and concentrate on this aspect of Scott. Yes, he was a typical small-town hick. What he wanted to get out of New York was a chance to see all the places he could go home and talk about. So he had taken care to choose a girl like Imogene Barker, obviously café society stuff, as his Open Sesame. He used his Air Corps uniform as shamelessly as Imogene used her aura of wealth. They were well matched.

"The big stiff!" exclaimed Fitzy, pulling a sweater over her head. Becky Scott had asked him to look her up. But he was careful not to look her up before he had his furlough well planned. He wouldn't want to get stuck with a mere secretary—a tearoom eater and a goer to Radio City—when there was a girl like Imogene Barker and a club like "21."

AFTER an hour of searching for that scarce item, strong cord, among the neighborhood delicatessens and drugstores, and trudging home with same, Fitzy had grown a little wan. As she inserted her key in the lock of 3D, she yawned. "Oh well," she said, "anyway, tomorrow is Saturday and I don't have to go to the office. All I ask of life is that the man will come for the mattress promptly tomorrow morning."

The man came promptly. He was a great big man with a great big mouth and Fitzy took an instant dislike to him. He eyed the mattress disgustedly.

"Lady," he said, in a voice which considered itself patient to the point of martyrdom, "I can't accept that mattress in that condition."

"In—in *what* condition?" Fitzy gasped.

He stared at her as if amazed at such lack of perspicacity.

"Look at it," he said.

"I'm looking at it," Fitzy snarled. "It's rolled and tied and tagged the way they said to do at your office."

"The way *who* said?" he bellowed.

"Why, the girl who answers the telephone."

"I can't help what *she* said, lady." He turned to leave. "I ain't hauling no mattress unless that mattress is in a carton."

"My gosh!" Fitzy exploded. "Where in the world do you expect me to find a carton?"

He shook his big red face.

"That ain't up to me, lady. And furthermore, it ain't up to me to lug that mattress down them stairs. Have it in a carton in the front hall and then we won't have no argument."

Fitzy stood in the doorway with her mouth open, listening to him pound downstairs and slam the front door. Suffering from shock, she tottered into her living room.

The telephone rang. Fitzy picked it up weakly.

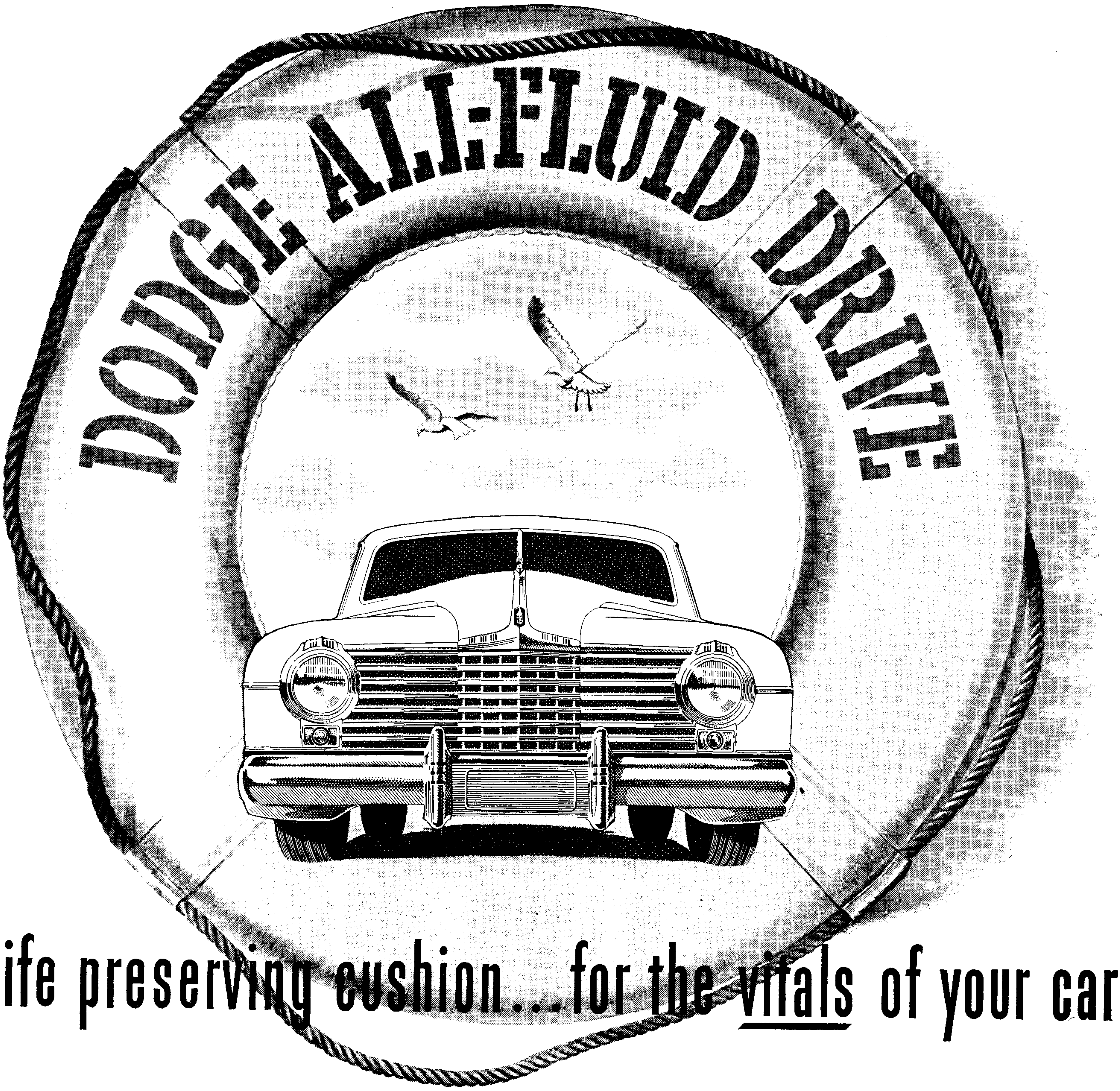
"Hello? Miss Fitzpatrick?"

The voice was male and unfamiliar.

"Y-y-yes," she said, getting a grip on herself.

"Oh, Fitzy, this is Tom Scott. Say, I didn't like the idea of walking off last night and leaving you with that mattress. I was wondering how you made out. Is it gone?"

"Oh, no." Fitzy's voice was suddenly aspen. "It isn't gone. It's"—hasty gulp—"it's



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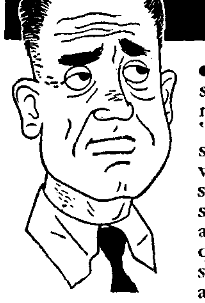

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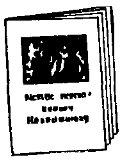

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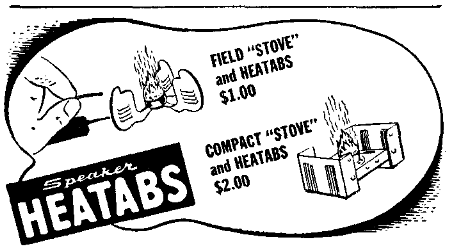

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just about three times as complicated as it was."

She told him about it.

"Why, the big stiff," Tom said. She thought she glimpsed amusement in his voice again, but his next words were rather sweet and put a stop to her annoyance. "Don't cry, Fitzy," he said. "I'll be right down."

Fitzy put down the phone, sighing a shivery sigh and smiling tremulously. Then she sprinted. Off came the tweed suit. On went a slick black dress—her favorite. As she stood before the bathroom mirror, applying lipstick, there was a deathly hush—there was all the precision of a surgeon making an incision. At any moment she expected the doorbell to ring—he had said, "I'll be right down." When it didn't ring she looked out of the window, twisting her handkerchief and feeling chilly.

Instead of the doorbell, it was the telephone that rang.

"Is Sergeant Scott there?" asked a flat little voice.

"No, he isn't," Fitzy replied sweetly, aping the childish directness.

"Oh, I thought he was going to help you with your mattress . . ." Fitzy recoiled. So he had called Imogene and let her know he was going to be a good Samaritan, eh? "I wonder if you'd mind giving him a message when he comes?"

"Not at all."

"Well, just tell him that Imogene has gone on ahead to the Peacock Room and will he meet me there, please?"

"Right."

"Thanks loads."

Click.

Well, it certainly took all the fun out of it to know that Tom had explained his mission to Imogene and had evidently planned to meet her after the chore was over. Fitzy had an impulse to rush right out of her black dress and back into the tweed suit, only there was someone knocking on the door.

SURE enough, it was Guess Who. He stood beaming on the threshold. Shoulder-high beside him stood a mattress carton.

"Your pal wanted a carton for the mattress," he said. "Okay—here's a carton."

Fitzy smiled freely. Just taken objectively, a man was a wonderful thing.

She stepped back as Tom slid the carton into her living room, sailed his cap across the room to the seat of the easy chair and lit a cigarette. He looked so pleased with life that it was amazing.

"The reason I'm so late," he said, "is that I put the problem of getting a carton into the hands of a taxi driver. Swell guy named Nick. We had more laughs!" He shook his head. "He drove me to five department stores. Each time I'd come back empty-handed he'd have a new angle to tell the next store. Did I have a good story! Did he fix me up with a tear jerker!"

Fitzy smiled.

"And so," Tom drew in on his cigarette, "when Nick and I finally got the thing we had to go and have a beer on it . . ." Tom waved his hand. "What a character Nick is. I could sit all day and listen to that guy tell stories." Suddenly his beam faded. "Oh! May I use your telephone?"

"She called," said Fitzy, chilling suddenly.

"She? . . ."

Fitzy nodded. "Imogene. She's gone ahead to the Peacock Room. She wants you to meet her there."

"Thanks." He nodded cheerfully.

Then he rubbed his hands together and got down to business.

"Can I help?" Fitzy asked, watching him brace the carton against the wall and grasp the mattress to ease into it.

He shook his head. He was working slowly and with a high degree of concentration. He pushed the mattress craftily as if he expected it to come to life any moment and writhe like a boa constrictor. When it was squeezed into the carton, he put a finger across his lips and said "Shhhhhhhh!" He produced a roll of strong stickum paper tape from his pocket and sealed the ends.

"Gee, that's wonderful," Fitzy breathed.

Tom grinned. "Did the big bad man want it downstairs?"

Fitzy nodded and he made a tip-your-hat gesture with his right forefinger. Meekly grateful for the presence of a swaggering male, Fitzy stood in the doorway and watched him cautiously slide the carton downstairs. When he was out of sight on the last flight down, she kept track by listening.

"Thump-step-thump-step-thump-step," she heard. Then "Thr-r-r-rump BUMP!"

Stifling a scream Fitzy put her hand on the banister and flew downstairs. Tom was just picking himself up. His face was very red. Fitzy felt a nervous jumping in her stomach. She wanted desperately to laugh but tact restrained her.

"My goodness!" she choked. "Are you all right?"

He swept his hair back with one giant palm, gave her a look of tormented dignity, and started upstairs.

"Come on up and get your hat, or whatever," Tom said. "I need a cup of coffee."

In silence they walked down the street to Jack's Place.

Jack's Place was not the white, operating-room type of coffee shop. Jack's Place ran more to shades of brown. It smelled stale in there but if you were young and strong and distracted by other things, the fact that beer fumes mingled with the coffee did not trouble you.

Jack always served coffee a little indignantly, shooting a suspicious glance at the person who had ordered it.

Fitzy took two sips of coffee. Suddenly she felt the jumping in her stomach, and she sputtered and began to laugh. She laughed hysterically and helplessly, like someone going down a slide. She saw Tom Scott look at her, surprised at first and then with dawning indignation.

"I can't help it," she sobbed in mirth. "When I think of you and that mattress—thump-step, thump-step and then . . ."

INFANT PRODIGY

At six weeks Baby grinned
a grin
That spread from mouth to
eyes to chin,
And Doc, the smartie, had
the brass
To tell me it was only gas!

—Margaret Fishback

Tom began to laugh rather stiffly, but laughter must have been waiting a long time in him as it had in Fitzy. Tears were streaming down their faces as they left Jack's Place.

At the top of the steps to the walk-up, Fitzy turned and extended her hand with tardy dignity.

"Seriously, Tom," she said, "thank you ever so much."

But he was staring past her shoulder, into the foyer.

"Are the trucking people *psychic?*" he exclaimed. "It's gone."

"Gone?" Fitzy echoed. *"Gone?"*

"I don't know why, but I don't like it," he said.

AND then Fitzy saw Mr. Musso, who served as janitor for the half block of walk-ups, coming up the steps.

"Mr. Musso," Fitzy said, "did you by any chance see the trucking people pick up my mattress just now?"

Mr. Musso's startled frown made them both recoil.

"Your mattress?" he said. "You mean-a da mattress here in the hall? You no throw away?"

Tom groaned and slumped. Fitzy stiffened.

"You leave-a thing here in da hall," Mr. Musso went on reasonably, "always you wanta throw away. So I throw away."

"Mis-ter Musso!" Fitzy wailed. "Wrapped and sealed! Where did you throw it?"

That had been a good question.

"I sell-a Mr. Martini's Junk Shop on Cordelia Street," he said, suddenly slumping into stark honesty.

"Come on," Tom said wearily.

Fitzy shook her head. Suddenly she knew her strategy.

"Mr. Musso," she said, "get that mattress and return it instantly or I'll have you give an accounting to the renting agent."

Then she turned to Tom.

"You're not to stay," she said. "I know you have a date in the Peacock Room and I don't want you to miss a big affair for this mess."

He demurred.

"No," she said. "Let Mr. Musso make amends. Let Mr. Musso see it through." She stamped her foot. "Go on, Tom. I *mean* it. Go on!"

He went.

At four-thirty that afternoon Fitzy and Mr. Musso bade a grim farewell to Josephine's mattress at Penn Station, having escorted it there in Mr. Musso's brother-in-law's vegetable truck. At five Mr. Musso struggled up to 3D from the basement with Fitzy's old mattress, which made a dusty kerflop on her studio couch. At five-fifteen the old mattress had the couch cover on it and Fitzy made a running dive across the room, landed on the couch spread-eagle, and lay perfectly still.

"Progress," she told herself.

But she felt unutterably low and let down.

SHE lay still and let herself be miserable. She remembered that moment when, feeling triumphant and inspired, she had sent Tom away. It was the exact psychological moment, she told herself—when her man had had just enough. But after he left, doubt had assailed her. Now she told herself that he should not have gone—or at least that he would not have if she had meant the least little thing to him. . . . Fitzy's thoughts went unhappily round and round.

"Brrrrp," said the doorbell. And, "Hey!" said Tom Scott.

"Hi," said Fitzy, numbly, as she backed away and let him in.

"What happened to the mattress?" he asked, looking around the apartment with a vague air of disappointment.

Fitzy told him.

"I kind of hoped you hadn't been able to get rid of it," he said, flushing slightly.

"My gosh! You didn't wish me any hard luck, did you?"

"It's funny," he said, shaking his head and slapping his cap against his knee, "how you say to yourself, 'Life would be perfect if only I could change this or that.' Like I was anxious to get your mattress off so it would not be on my conscience and I could settle down to enjoying my furlough. Okay. So the mattress is gone. The trouble's all over. So why don't I feel happy? A thing like that kind of puts you on the spot."

"We had a lot of laughs out of the mattress," Fitzy said.

"That's it," Tom grinned. "You hit it. Say, I had more real fun out of that mattress than—" He frowned. "Shall I be frank?"

Fitzy nodded seriously.

"There I was in the Peacock Room, rubbing elbows with famous people. A beautiful movie star broke up a sandwich and fed it to me."

"How lovely," said Fitzy.

He shook his head and slapped his cap against his knee again.

"All the time something was kind of getting my nanny. It annoyed me that if it hadn't been for my Air Corps uniform and World War Two, I wouldn't have gotten past the doorman . . ."

"Oh, come," said Fitzy, who was feeling pleased.

"That's not important," he said, his expression growing more earnest. "It wasn't just that I was annoyed but that I was feeling restless. It took me a while to realize I could feel restless in surroundings like that. Not even restless. Bored."

Fitzy made a demure sound and registered astonishment.

"Why was I bored? Where did I want to be? Suddenly it hit me." Tom's eyes grew unexpectedly hot. "Here—that's where I wanted to be. So," he smiled, "so here I am."

"Well, my gosh!" Fitzy exclaimed shakily. "And I haven't even got a mattress."

She blushed.

Tom rose and held out his hand.

"Come on, Fitzy. Let's go out to get some dinner."

As their hands met his grasp tightened for a moment as if he were overwhelmed by some ancient caveman instinct. But he thought better of the impulse and swung her hand, smiling shyly.

"You're some girl, Fitzy," he choked. "I guess this is it."

"Thanks, Tom," she gasped.

And so they floated down 10th Street under a new moon, their feet scarcely touching the sidewalk.

THE END

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THE BOMBER BOYS

BY MARTHA GELLHORN

RADIOED FROM LONDON

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOE DEARING

Lean and grim, the boys of the R.A.F. take the big black Lancasters through the ack-ack to perform their deadly mission

CHART OF THE WORLD

Above: Back from the raid, this R.A.F. bomber crew gets its mugs of hot tea while being interrogated by the Intelligence officer. Below: Safely back after dumping explosives on French rail yards, the crew of this Lancaster reports plane damage received on the raid to the ground crew chief (with notebook)

THEY were very quiet. There was enough noise going on around them, but they had no part in it. A truck clanked past with a string of bomb trolleys behind it. The bomb crew was still working on this plane, loading in the 1,000-pound high-explosive bombs that look like great rust-colored sausages. There were five or six of these men working, unhurried and casual, whistling and humming and making jokes and doing their work with plenty of care, though they were in a dead hurry.

A Waaf appeared from somewhere, and you heard the English girl's clear, high voice speaking to one of the bomb crew. There was a light on the open bomb bay, and it made the darkness around the plane even darker. There was a moon, too, but it was skimmed over now with cloud, and the night was high all around us. Around the field, the great black Lancasters waited, and men finished up the final job of getting them ready.

But the crew who were going to fly seemed to have nothing to do with this action and haste. They looked big and top-heavy in their Mae Wests, and the gunners in their electrically heated flying suits looked like giants. They stood together quietly.

The group captain had been driving fast around the perimeter track of the field in a rapid beetle of a car, checking up. Now he appeared quite suddenly out of the flat black emptiness of the airdrome and said, "Come and meet the boys."

The pilot was twenty-one and tall and thin, with a face that looked far too sensitive for this business.

He said, "I was in Texas for nine months. Smashing place!" This meant that Texas was wonderful.

The others said, "How do you do." They were very polite and kind, and very faraway. There wasn't anything to talk about. Talk was nonsense now.

Seven Who Waited as One

Every man went tight and concentrated into himself, waiting and ready for the job ahead, and the seven of them who were going together made a solid unit. Anyone who had not done what they had done and would never go where they were going could not understand and had no right to intrude. One could only stand in the cold darkness and feel how hard we were all waiting.

Then we drove over to the Control Station, which looks like a trailer painted in yellow and black checks, and though there was no wind, the cold ate into you. The motors were warming up, humming and heavy, and now the big planes wheeled out and one by one rolled around the perimeter and got into position on the runway.

The green light blinked, and there was briefly a roar of the four motors that beat back in an echo from the sky. Then the plane was gone, black in the blackness, not seeming to move very fast, and you saw the taillight lifting.

Presently the thirteen planes that were taking off from this field floated against the sky as if the sky were water, and then they changed into distant and slow-moving stars with nothing showing except the wing lights.

That was that. The chaps were off. They would be gone all this night. They were going to fly over France, over cities one had known and loved, cities they would not see and that did not now concern them. They were going to the frontier to bomb the marshaling yards, to destroy, if possible, and however briefly, one of the two rail connections between France and Italy. If they succeeded, the

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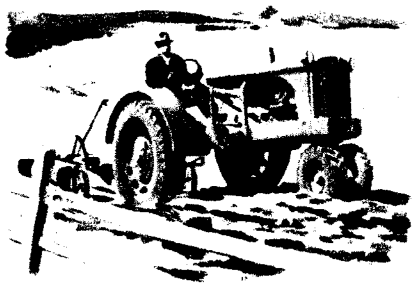

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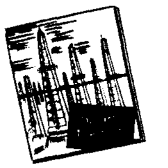

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CITY STATE

infantry in southern Italy would have an easier job for a little while.

Several hundreds of planes, thousands of bomber boys, were taking off into the wavering moon from different fields all over this part of England. They were out for the night with the defended coast of France ahead, and the mountain range where the peaks go up to ten thousand feet, and the winter weather is never a gift. Then, of course, there would be the target.

This trip, however, came under the heading of "a piece of cake," which means, in the wonderful R.A.F. language, a pushover. If you were taking a pessimistic view of this raid, you might have called it "a long stooge," which means simply, under the circumstances, a damn' dreary, unsatisfactory bore. No one would have given the trip more importance than that. Still they were very quiet, and the airdrome felt bleak when they were gone and the waiting had simply changed its shape. First, you wait for them to go and then you wait for them to get back.

Perhaps this is a typical bomber station. I do not know. Perhaps every station is different, as every man is different. This is an R.A.F. station, and the crews flying tonight are English and Canadian mainly, though they include a South African, two Australians and an American pilot from Chicago.

The youngest pilot is twenty-one and the oldest thirty-two. Before the war they had been various things—a commercial artist, a schoolteacher, a detective, a civil servant, a contractor. None of this tells you anything about them. They look tired—that is the first thing—and they look older than they are. They fly by night and sleep somewhat during the day.

When they are not flying, there is work to do, and probably it is very exhausting to wait to fly, knowing what the flying is. So they look tired and do not speak of this, and if you mention it, they say they get plenty of rest during the day or any old time, and everyone feels very well.

The land where they live is as flat as Kansas. It seems unused and almost not lived in, but the air is always busy. At sunset, you see a squadron of Spitfires flying back to their station against a tan evening sky, looking like little rowboats, and flying home neat and close. In the thin morning, the day bombers roar over toward the Channel. The air is loud and occupied, and the airdrome is noisy, too, but the home life of the men is quiet.

They say that if you find all the chaps in the mess reading at teatime, you know there are operations scheduled for that night. This afternoon they sat in the big living room of the country house that has become their mess and they looked like good, tidy children doing their homework. No one was speaking and though they were probably reading detective stories or any of the much-used third-rate books that are in their library, they seemed to be studying. Because if you read hard enough, you can get away from yourself and everyone else and from thinking about the night ahead.

Awaiting the Bombers' Return

It is a long night when you are waiting for the planes from Europe to come back and it is cold, but it has to end. At four o'clock or around then you go to the control tower. The operations officers walk about and smoke pipes and say casual things to one another and the waiting gets to be a thing you can touch. Then the first plane calls in to the control tower switchboard.

Two Waafs who have been up all night are still looking wide awake and wonderfully pink-cheeked and they are not frozen stiff. They begin to direct the planes in. The girls' voices—so poised and so neat—begin, "Hello, George! Pancake! Over!" In the glassed-in room, you hear the pilots answer. Then the girls again, "Hello, Queen Airdrome, one thousand. Over."

The night suddenly becomes very weird, with the moon still up and the bright stars and the wing lights of the planes far off, and then, nearer, the noise of the motors circling the field, the ambulances rolling out so realistically and so ready, and the girls' voices going on and on, cool, efficient and unchanging: "Hello, Uncle Airdrome, twelve fifty. Over." This means that the plane U for Uncle is to circle the field at 1,250 feet until told to "pancake" or land.

The planes come in slowly at first, and then there will be four of them circling and landing. The more planes that come in and are marked up on the blackboard, the worse the waiting gets. None of this shows. No voice changes, no one makes a movement that is in any way unusual. The routine proceeds as normally as if people were waiting in line to buy theater tickets.

Finally, all the planes were in except P for Peter and J for Jig. They were late. The job was a piece of cake. They should be in. They would, of course, be in . . . obviously . . . any minute now. No one mentioned the delay.

We started to go down to the Interrogation Room, and the group captain remarked without emphasis that he would just stay up here for a bit until the chaps got in.

Only One Purpose in Life

Of course, when they are "in," there is relaxation in the nearest village on free nights; there is the village dance hall and the local girls to dance with at the pubs where you can drink weak war beer, and the movies where you can see the old films. At eleven o'clock, all such gaieties stop, and the village shuts firmly. This is not a flashing, romantic existence; it is somewhere between a boarding school and a monastery. There is the job to do, and you take this sort of life as it comes and do not think too much about it or about anything. There is only one clear universal thought and that is: Finish it. Win the war and get it over with.

The crews of the eleven planes that had returned were coming in to the basement operations room for questioning. They all had mugs of tea—huge shaving mugs filled with a sweetish, ghastly warm drink that seems to mean something to them. They looked bad around the eyelids and the mouths, and the lines under their eyes were deeply marked.

The interrogation again gives one this curious feeling of being in school. The crews sit on a wooden bench in front of a wooden table, and the Intelligence officer behind the table asks questions. Both questions and answers are made in such low, ordinary voices that you feel they are discussing something dull and insignificant. No one liked this trip much. It had been very long, and the weather had been terrible; the target was small; there was a lot of smoke; they hadn't been able to see the results well.

The group captain in command sat on a table and spoke to the crew members by name, saying, "Have a good trip?"

"Fairly good, sir."

"Have a good trip?"

"Not bad, sir."

"Have a good trip?"

"Quite good, sir." That was all there was to that.

Then he said, "Anyone get with you?"

"No, sir," they answered, smiling. "Didn't see a thing."

One is not dreaming, one tells oneself. This is the way it is. This is the way they talk and behave, and this is the way it is. It was known now that all the planes were back and all undamaged, and no one hurt. Everyone was tired, anxious to get through with the questioning, back to the mess, back to the famous fried operational egg, the fried potatoes, the margarine and marmalade, and the bread that seems to be partially of sand. And then to sleep.

They were standing at the mess bar, which is a closet in the wall, drinking beer and waiting for breakfast. They were talking a little now, making private jokes and laughing easily. Some of the men had saved their raid rations—a can of American orange juice and a chocolate bar—to eat now. They value them very much. There are those who drink the orange juice and eat the chocolate early, not wanting to be done out of them—in case.

The Lancasters looked like enormous, deadly black birds going off into the night; and somehow they looked different when they came back. The planes carried from this field thousands of pounds of high explosives, and the crews flew all night to drop the load as ordered. Now the trains would not run between France and Italy for a while, not through that place anyhow. It is all over. Here they are, the men who did it, with mussed hair and weary faces, dirty sweaters under their flying suits, sleep-bright eyes, making humble comradely little jokes and eating their saved-up chocolate bars.

After it is finished, let them have that lovely life they want. Let those of us who have never been where they have been see to it.

THE END

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The Bright Land

Continued from page 19

took it off the hook, his hand swallowed it entirely. But it was a fish, a real fish, lying on the grass with the pale bright colors glinting from its sides.

"Shall we cook it for lunch?" Dad asked.

"Oh, no!" Davey said. "Let's take it home."

"Now we're started," Dad said, baiting his line again. "Guess they like grasshoppers."

Davey found more grasshoppers, but the float didn't jerk again in the water. They ate their lunch—peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and a vacuum jug of milk and a banana and some of Mom's ginger cookies. Then back to fishing.

After a while Dad lay back on the grass, his feet hanging over the bank. He pulled the old felt hat over his eyes and let his belt out a couple of notches. "Certainly is nice here," he said from under his hat. Then he was asleep.

FOR a while Davey hung the fishing line in the water. Then he decided to explore. He faded into the woods, watching the ground warily. A few little scales of bark sifted down. Davey held an imaginary rifle to his shoulder. He was a hunter, like Daniel Boone, on the track of game. He glided silent over the forest floor. He melted into the shadow of an oak trunk, with his rifle ready. Then on the ground he saw a shining dark feather, barred with gray. "Chicken hawk," he thought excitedly. He stuck the feather in his hair. He was an Indian now, a big chief, like Tecumseh himself.

Chief Chicken Hawk made a furtive motion, warning the braves behind him. On velvet feet he advanced to scout out hostile territory. He came to a place where the sun shafted down between the crowns of oak trees. He bent over the ground, studying it closely. Carefully he made an Indian sign, three broken sticks, so that his braves could know which way to take—

His eyes went around the circle. The green shadows, the hanging vines, the ghostly trunks of the sycamores—they were the same in every direction. He ran into the woods, and already his heart was pounding. He turned back, fearful of the strange, silent world that swallowed him so quickly. But he couldn't even find the clearing where the Indian signs were laid. Now he was Davey Graham, at the end of his first grade in school, calling for his father.

It was a while before he could stop his sobbing and let Dad dry his eyes.

"Don't cry, Son. You're all right. There's nothing to be afraid of."

Davey clung to his hand as they went back to the river. They sat on the bank again.

"Feel all right, now?" his father asked.

Davey nodded, staring at the water. "Only I'm thirsty."

"Well, that's easy. Here's an orange Mother put in my pocket. You can peel it the way you like to, and eat it piece by piece."

The world was safe again and full of contentment. A purple dragonfly skated over the water and somewhere behind them a crow cawed.

Davey looked up shyly; his eyes still smarted a little. "I'm sorry I got scared, Dad. I'm sorry I cried."

"Well, Son, that's nothing. Anybody can get lost. I've been lost in here myself."

Davey began to peel his orange. He tossed a yellow chip into the river. Slowly it drifted round the bend. He threw in another. "Where does it go, Dad?"

"Well, the Sangamon goes north and west, through the bottom woods like this, past Petersburg and Salem—that's Abe Lincoln's old town—and Chandlerville." He found a twig and began to scratch a map on the ground. "Then up here it joins the Illinois—a big river, five times as big as this—and it flows south, pretty near straight south, past Beardstown and Valley City and into the Mississippi—that's a real big river, five times as big as the Illinois. Then that little orange peel of yours coasts down past St. Louis and Cairo and Memphis and New Orleans and finally it gets to the Gulf of Mexico."

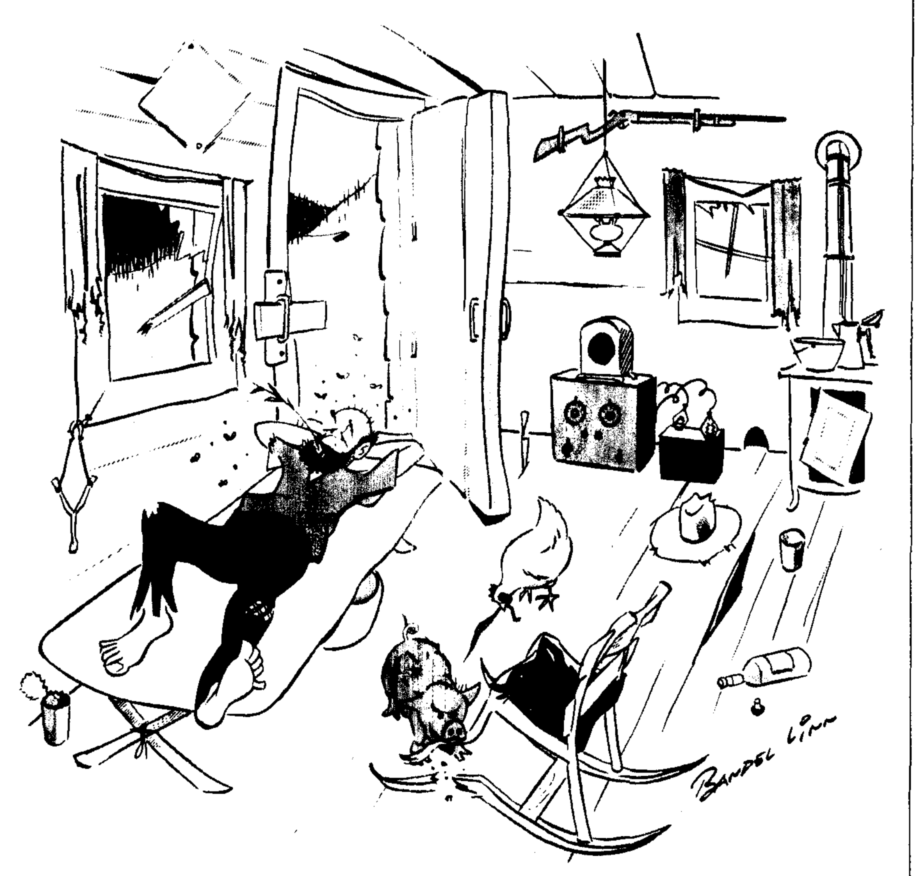
"And it's all America?"

"Every bit of it."

Davey lay back, looking up at the sky through the twinkling willow leaves. "It's a big country," he said, and in his mind he was seeing all the little rivers joining the bigger ones and all the woods and fields and towns and cities.

"Yes," his father said, "America is a big country. We're right in the middle of it, and it stretches wide and friendly all around us. So you see a man can't ever really get lost here."

Davey looked around at the friendly



NEWS

"... and, even now, there are certain types of civilian durable goods being readied for market. WPB has ordered the production of alarm clocks stepped up to 140% of the pre-war rate, and a goal of 22,000 electric cooking stoves has been set for '44. In these trying times of shortages it is heartening to note the increased emphasis being placed on production for the comforts of home, homes of glass and steel and plastic—"

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woods. "Dad—I guess I'll go back to that place, and then come back here again."

"Good idea, Son. Fine idea."

Davey struck through the woods. He found the place where the Indian sign was on the ground. He stood there quietly for a minute. Then he went back to his father, not running, not anxious, not afraid.

"Well," said his father, "ready to go?"

Davey nodded. "But where's the fish we caught?"

"Oh, I threw it back in. I tell you, Davey, we'll drive over to the Illinois some day and catch some real fish."

THE summer before Dave Graham entered high school, they played "Run, sheep, run" every night, racing through the dark streets, following the chalked arrows on the corners under the arc lights, hiding under the big loading apron of the elevator at the edge of town. On an August night, when the katydids were sawing the air, they sat up on the loading platform after the chase was over. Out in the moonlight lay the big Schrader farm, and when someone mentioned watermelons they pictured Schrader's garden patch with the big dark melons lying among the vines.

"Let's match to see who gets us a watermelon," Lefty Davis said.

"No," said Red Winslow. "Dave has to get it. He's the newest in the gang. It's his initiation."

Dave looked at the circle of ghostly, grinning faces. He swallowed.

"How about it, Dave? You want to belong?"

"Sure," Dave said.

"Get going, then. And be sure it's a big one."

In the moonlight, between the sleeping fields, Dave started down the road. His heart pounded with daring and danger. Gus Schrader was known to have pumped buckshot into melon thieves.

He waded through dusty weeds at the roadside and paused at a high fence of woven wire. In the moonlight, the Schrader house loomed up white, with the big red barn behind it.

A patch of cloud drifted across the moon and in the partial shadow he climbed the fence. Bending, he ran through the corn rows. The moon was still covered when he reached the melon field. There they lay, thick as hogs on the dark ground, glinting dully with dew. He found a big one that gave back a hollow, ripe-sounding thump. Quickly he snapped the stem and lugged it away.

The melon was heavy, too heavy to climb a fence with. Bending beside the ranks of corn, he followed the fence toward the gate. The house was near now, and behind it he saw a lantern swinging in the barnyard. Dave froze among the cornstalks. The lantern disappeared. A dozen steps took him to the gate. In his hurry, the latch made a racket under his fingers. But he got the gate open. Then, as loud as shotgun fire, a rasping sounded on the gravel lane behind him. The melon dropped out of Dave's hands. It went to pieces with a hollow, crunching sound. And already his feet were pounding the road toward town.

Afterward he dimly remembered the clop-clop of hoofs and the rattle of wheels going past him on the road, and the reek of Old John's pipe in the dusty air. But now there was just one thought in his frantic head—to put distance between him and Schrader's melon patch. He didn't stop till he was in the deep shadows of the alley behind his father's garage. . . .

The week that school began Dave's father said one night at the supper table, "Did you know we're going to have a lawsuit, Agnes? Gus Schrader is suing Old John Anderson."

Dave looked up swiftly, and his mother said, "Whatever for?"

"Somebody stole some melons from Schrader's, and when they got away they left the gate open. One of Schrader's calves strayed onto the road and got hit by a truck. Now Gus is suing Old John for the value of the calf. Says it was worth eighty dollars."

"Eighty dollars!" Dave's mother said, while the potato salad stuck in Dave's throat. "Isn't that a good deal for a calf?"

"Sure. It's fantastic. But Schrader says it was a pedigreed bull calf. And he put the price on it because he knows Old John can pay it."

"That doesn't sound very smart."

"It is, though. Gus wants that hayfield of Old John's. Been wanting it for years, to enlarge his pasture. Now he sees a chance to get it. It's a scheme, that's all. Old John might stop to lift a melon on his way home, I wouldn't doubt that, and maybe he even left the gate open. But what Gus sees is a way to get that ground. I hope it doesn't work, but I'm afraid Old John won't have much chance at the hearing. He just shakes his head when they ask him about it."

Dave heard his own voice from a distance. "Can I go, Dad?"

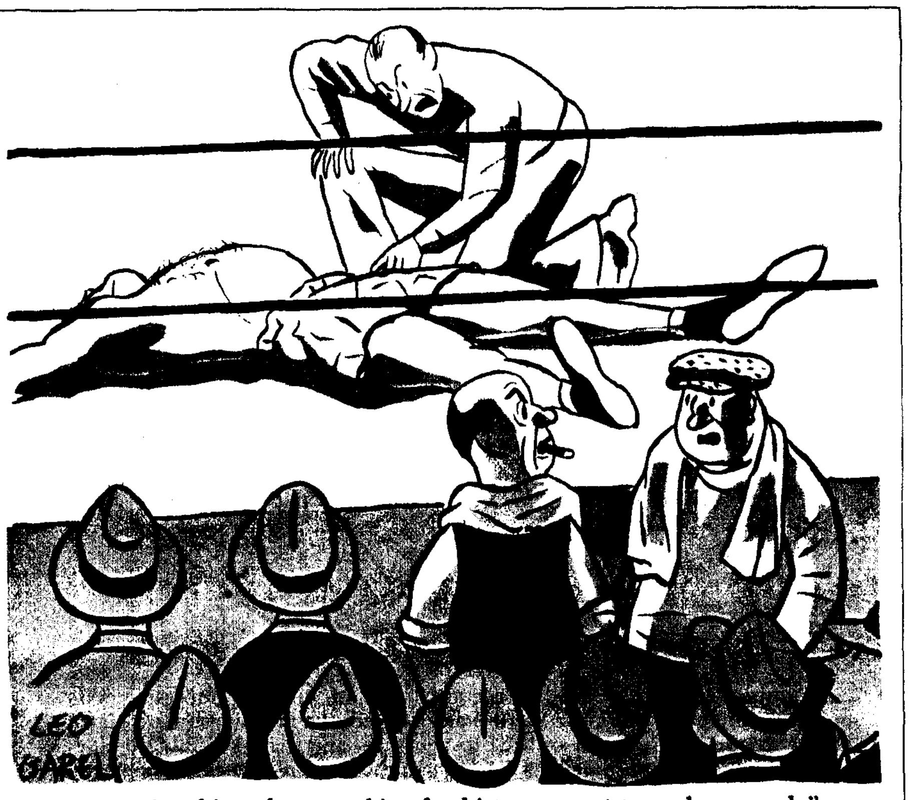
"I don't see why—" his mother began, but his father nodded. "Sure. Be a good chance to see how a court works."

WHEN they went into the courtroom, Old John was in the chair beside the judge's bench. Gus Schrader sat at a table, talking to his lawyer with belligerent thrusts of his big red face. Old John, with the coarse hair spilling down his weather-beaten brow, sat stubborn and bewildered in the witness chair.

"Do you raise melons on your place?" the lawyer asked, pointing a long finger at him.

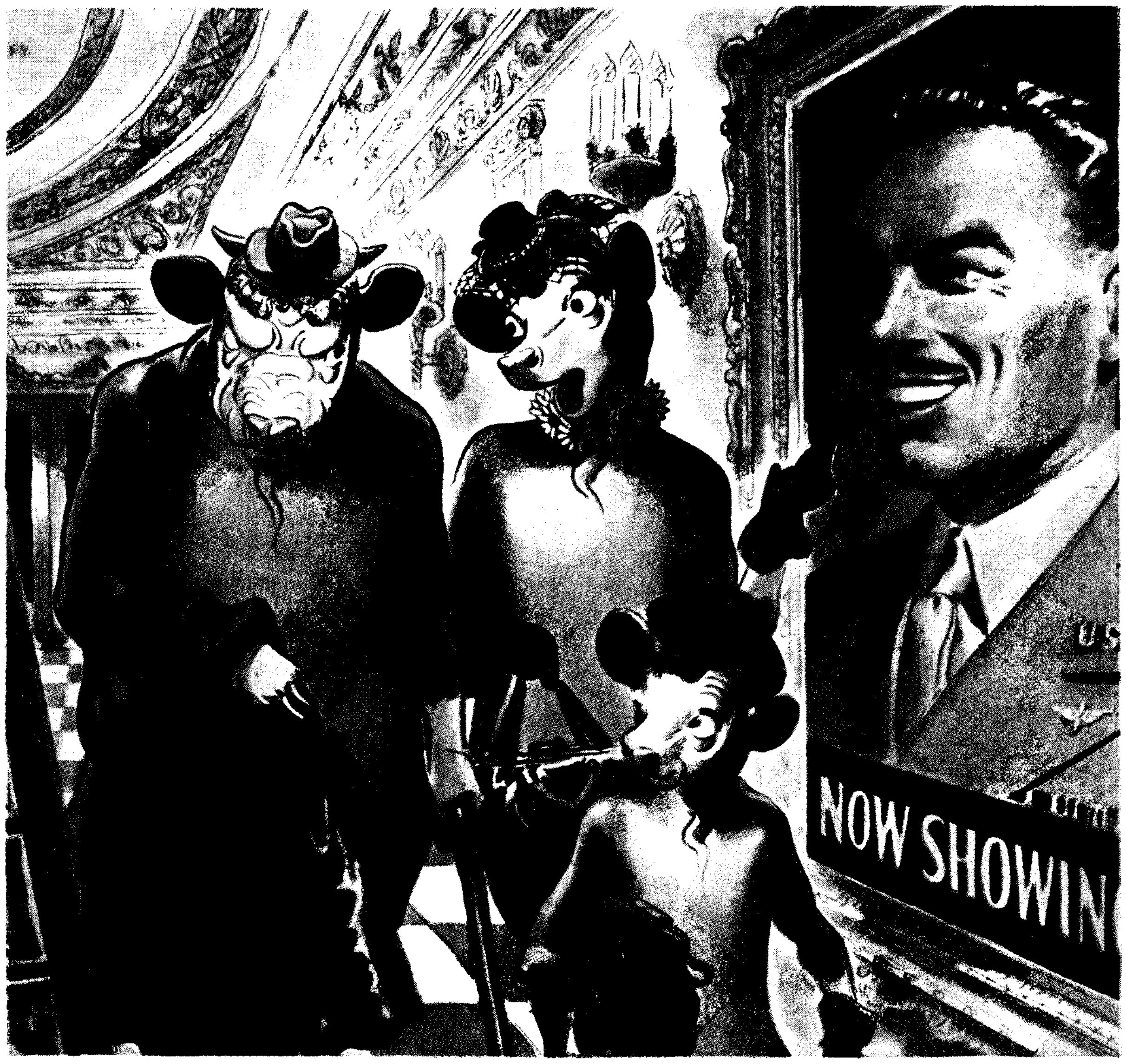
Old John said, "No."

The lawyer produced some shriveled-up



"One nice thing about working for him—you get to go home early"

COLLIER'S LEO GAREL


NOW SHOWIN
U S

"Why can't you smile like husbands in the movies?" complained Elsie

"MOVIE HUSBANDS get *paid* for smiling," bellowed Elmer, the bull. "I get leftovers for dinner. Smile? Bah, I won't even look pleasant."

"Those leftovers were delicious as you would have found out if you'd tried them," protested Elsie, the Borden Cow. "Besides, we can't waste food. Do you realize that nearly enough food to feed our millions of fighting men for a year is wasted in American homes annually? Doesn't that make you stop and think?"

"Well, maybe," grunted Elmer, "but it doesn't make me feel much like laughing about leftovers. I'd rather have something *good* to eat."

CREAM IN EVERY SIP--BORDEN'S HOMOGENIZED MILK!
Borden's

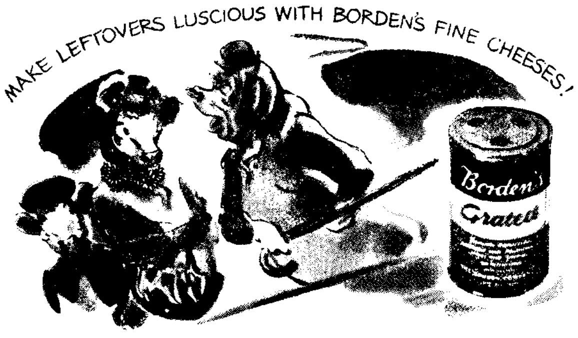
"We get our share of good foods," insisted Elsie. "Take my *Borden's Homogenized Vitamin D Milk*, for example. We take the finest milk cows can give, *then* mix the cream all through it so there's cream in every sip. It tastes better, it's quicker-digesting, and there are 400 units of sunshine Vitamin D in every last quart!"

"Every time you take an example it turns out to be Borden's Milk," sputtered Elmer. "I tell you there'd be plenty of food for everyone if we didn't ship so much stuff overseas."

"Our Allies overseas," said Elsie quietly, "get less than 10% of our food. That's not so much, but it gives them strength to fight *our* enemies. The harder *they* fight by our side, the sooner we'll win. I'm proud to know that our Allies are getting good American food such as *Borden's Evaporated Milk* and powdered milk like *Borden's Klim*."

CONCENTRATED MILK NOURISHMENT IN KLIM, AND BORDEN'S EVAPORATED MILK!
Borden's
EVAPORATED MILK
KLIM
WHOLE MILK

"You make everything *sound* swell," snorted Elmer, "but how much food do we civilians get?"


MAKE LEFTOVERS LUSCIOUS WITH BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES!
Borden's
Grated

"Plenty," laughed Elsie. "Another 15% goes to our Armed Forces, and we civilians get all the rest. That means home folks will get *three quarters* of all the huge amount of food to be produced in this country during the next 12 months. And, thanks to rationing, we'll each get a fair share of such valuable protein foods as *Borden's Fine Cheeses*. There's nothing like Borden's Cheeses to make leftovers taste like more."

"In that case," hinted Elmer, "it's a pity you didn't try a little of your precious cheese on that so-called meal you served me this evening."

"Gracious," smiled Elsie, "if you'd taken the trouble to taste it, you would have found out that I *did*. I notice you ate the dessert all right. And no wonder. *Borden's Ice Cream and Milk Sherbet* are not only delicious, they're nutritious dairy foods as well. The boys in our Armed Forces eat lots of ice cream."

BORDEN'S ICE CREAM AND SHERBETS-GRAND TREATS, GREAT FOODS!

"Sometimes I wonder if they don't eat too much," mused Elmer.

"These words come from your stomach and not from your heart," rebuked Elsie. "Our men in uniform deserve the best food available and all the food they need. Would you want it any other way?"

"Well, no, of course I wouldn't," admitted Elmer. "By golly, I'm going right home and eat those leftovers I turned up my nose at when we had dinner."

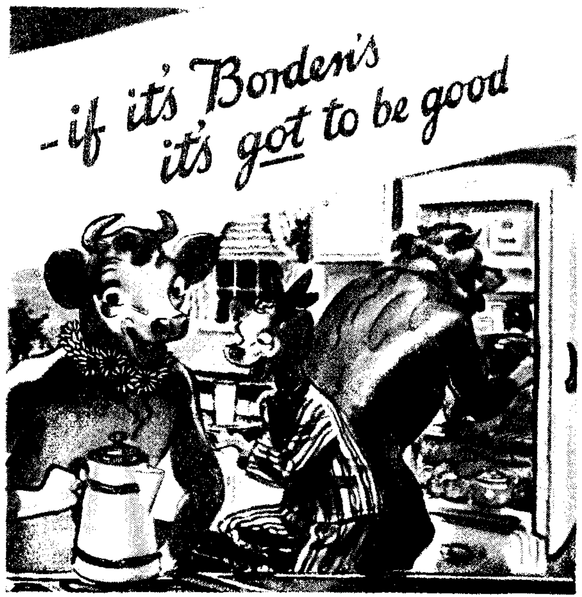
"That's the spirit," approved Elsie. "Hearing you talk like that perks me up as much as a glass of *Borden's Hemo*. And scads of people say *Hemo*—the new way to drink your vitamins and like 'em—is the perkiest milk drink they ever smacked a lip over."

DRINK YOUR VITAMINS AND LIKE 'EM WITH HEMO!
Borden's
Hemo

"Stop talking or we'll miss our bus," mumbled Elmer, "and, woman, I'm hungry. I can hardly wait to get at the icebox and make *Food Fight for Freedom!*"

* * *

PRODUCE, CONSERVE, SHARE, PLAY SQUARE WITH FOOD.


-if it's Borden's it's got to be good

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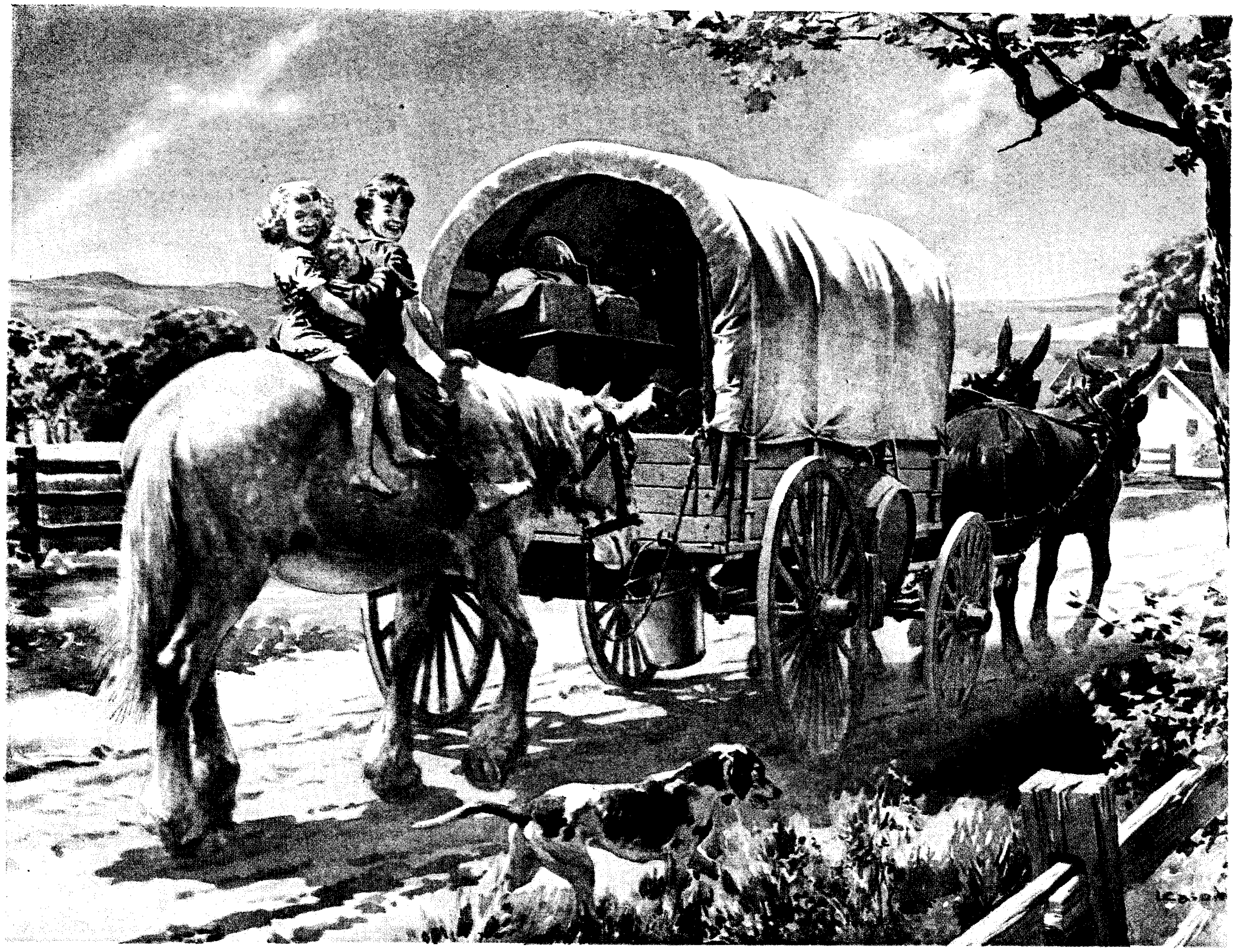

SHARE THE RIDE *TODAY*

...and You Give Uncle Sam a Lift

Where would we be today if our forefathers had gone their separate ways at their own convenience? When this nation was in its infancy, neighbor gave neighbor a helping hand. That spirit expanded 13 struggling colonies into a vast, united nation.

Today our country is calling upon every one of us to enlist in a great awakening of that early American creed of helping ourselves by helping our neighbors. Sharing our automobiles is as easy as it is helpful. Wherever we go, there's somebody going our way. When we give him a lift, we give Uncle Sam a lift on the way to Victory.

* * *

In addition to supplying the armed forces with glider and bomber fuselage frames, wing parts, gun turret parts and foodstuffs, Anheuser-Busch produces materials which go into the manufacture of: Rubber • Aluminum • Munitions • Medicines • B Complex Vitamins • Hospital Diets • Baby Foods • Bread and other Bakery products Vitamin-fortified cattle feeds • Batteries • Paper • Soap and Textiles—to name a few.

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ANHEUSER-BUSCH • • • SAINT LOUIS

melon rinds that had been found outside Old John's shack. "Same melon that my client raises. The Giant Redheart. They're uncommon around here."

Next, Schrader's hired man was on the stand, telling how he had gone to the barn that night to look at a sick horse. When he came out of the barn, he heard a noise at the gate, and he heard Old John's cart rattling away. He found the gate open and a melon broken on the ground. He didn't know the calf had strayed out, so he fastened the gate and went back to the house—just as the courthouse clock struck ten.

It looked hopeless for Old John. He didn't have eighty dollars, or even eight dollars, probably, in cash, and so Gus Schrader would take over that shack of his and his tag of pasture.

The judge looked down at him. "Have you anything to say?"

Old John looked lost. "I yust going home from town," he said.

At that moment, Dave Graham was on his feet. Something took him from his father's side straight down the aisle to the judge's bench. He heard his voice saying, "I did it."

Afterward he could hardly remember how they put him on the stand, how they asked him questions and he answered with his face burning and his eyes on the floor.

Dimly he remembered Old John saying happily, "Then I don't lose my place?" and his father talking tensely with Gus Schrader.

When everyone was gone from the courtroom, Dave walked slowly to his father's office. He waited outside till Miss Engle straightened up her desk and went home. His father was in the back office, at his old roll-top desk, sitting in his shirt sleeves, hitting the typewriter with two fingers. He looked older than Dave had ever seen him. The hair at his ears was beginning to gray, and there were lines around his mouth and eyes.

At last his father said, not looking up, "That you, Dave?" His voice was tired.

"Yes, Dad."

Dave's father worked on, the yellow page in the machine blackening slowly. Finally he said, "Come here."

When Dave stood beside the desk, his father said, "I settled with Mr. Schrader for forty dollars. That's a lot of money, Dave."

Dave nodded, staring at the worn old space bar on the typewriter.

"It sure is, Dad."

"Now I paid that forty dollars, but it's really your bill. You'll have to pay it to me."

Dave stared at the floor. "You could keep my money from the paper route."

"I thought of that."

"And maybe you would give me another job?"

"All right. You can sweep out the office every morning. It means you get here early. Seven o'clock. You come here before school every day."

"Yes, sir."

"And by Christmas you'll have it paid off, Dave."

"Thank you, Dad."

"Maybe even a little sooner. Look here, I'll keep books for you." He pulled a little red notebook out of a pigeonhole and wrote: *Sept. 6, 1938, owed to me by Dave: $40.00.* "Now I'm starting you off with a payment right today." He wrote: *Paid this date by Dave: $10.00.*

"What's that for?" Dave asked.

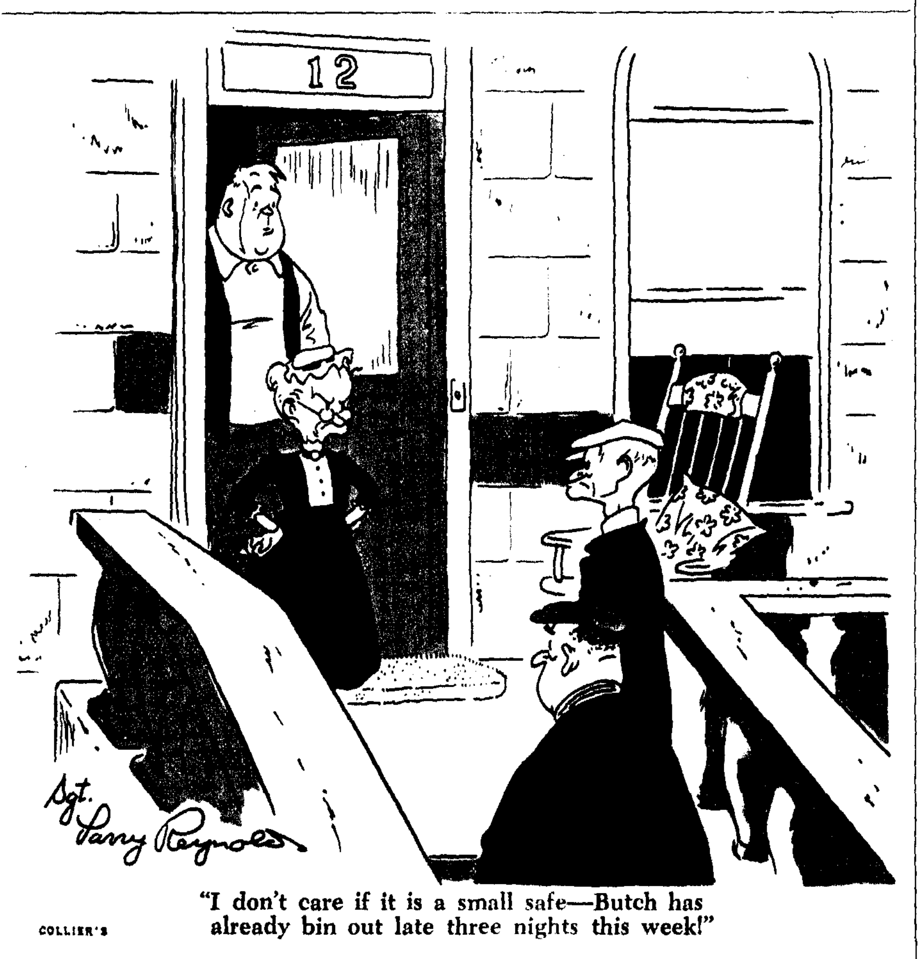
His father looked up, and the lines were softer in his face. "It's for an idea you gave me, Son. My old boss on the Moline Expositor said an idea was worth ten dollars any time. Look here." He pulled the page out of his typewriter. "It's an editorial called The American Way. It says that in America we have free courts, and everybody has the same rights before them—Old John Anderson just as much as the governor of this state. But free courts aren't enough. Everybody in that room knew Gus Schrader was after more land, and they thought he was going to get it. You see the court couldn't do justice without fair people, people who do the fair thing—the way you did, Son. That's the American way." His voice had got thick and low, and Dave swallowed hard at a lump in his throat.

His father got up. "Come here, now. I'll show you where the brooms are. You start tomorrow morning."

IT WAS hot that June night in the Tecumseh High School auditorium. In their blue serge suits, the boys of the graduating class fanned themselves with their programs, and the girls made a bank of white on the other side of the platform, while the Reverend Mr. Goodhue elaborated on "These are the times that try men's souls."

It was, indeed, a time that tried Dave Graham. A week ago, with four classmates, he had been to the enlistment office at Sangamon City. Since then, he had haunted the post office to intercept official letters addressed to his home. But tonight he had to break the news, because tomorrow he would be in the olive drab of the Army. While Mr. Goodhue developed Tom Paine's text in the light of an infant nation groping toward freedom, Dave groped miserably with his own crisis. How could he tell Carla? And how could he tell Mom and Dad?

BUTCH by **SGT. LARRY REYNOLDS**



"I don't care if it is a small safe—Butch has already bin out late three nights this week!"

COLLIER'S

When he looked across the platform, Carla Williams was the only person on all that crowded stage, in all that auditorium, in all the world. Her dark head moved a little and she smiled. No one else in the world smiled that way, with her head tilted and the light in her eyes. Then her lips moved; she was telling him something—the way she did, silently, in Latin class when Miss Crowder called on him for a declension, or at the half in a basketball game when they came back from the locker room on the short end of the score. Her lips moved again, more slowly.

He frowned and shook his head. He couldn't get it. But he could guess. For a month she had talked about that graduation house party at her uncle's camp up the river, a last celebration for the high-school gang before their ways parted. It would be hard for her to understand why he couldn't wait another week to get into a uniform.

His eyes went over the auditorium where the programs fluttered in the warm June air. All Tecumseh, it seemed, was there. Even Old John, sitting in the back, with a white shirt on and a twisted necktie, listening earnestly while Mr. Goodhue spoke of the perils that hovered round the cradle of liberty two centuries ago. Halfway down, on the aisle, where a newspaperman likes to be, sat Dave's father. When he caught Dave's eyes, his cheek flickered with that one-sided smile, and Dave saw his mother slip her hand inside his arm. It would be tough telling them.

With a final flourish Mr. Goodhue crossed the platform and took his chair beside Mr. Means, the principal. One by one the class filed past, while Mr. Means handed them their diplomas. Then they stood in solid ranks across the stage, singing the school anthem: "Brave and strong, Tecumseh's band." And still Dave couldn't decide how to break the news.

There was a lot of handshaking and a wide murmur of voices in the hall.

Carla squeezed through. "Come over to my house for a while, Dave? The rest are coming."

"Sure," he said. "You mean tonight, Carla?"

"Yes. A last get-together."

Dave began to grope again. He felt clumsy and slow.

"Carla," he said, "you kept telling me something up there. I couldn't get it."

She smiled again, her head tilted, the light in her eyes. "I said—'Good luck, Soldier.'"

His mouth fell open. "How did you know?"

"Oh, Dave—" There was loyalty and understanding in her voice not like a schoolgirl now—"I could read it in your eyes—even if Ed Grover at the post office hadn't told about those letters."

"You're tops," he said, still feeling clumsy. Over her shoulder he saw his father. "Back in a minute, Carla."

Dad was smiling, his serious smile. Soberly they shook hands, like two men now. And his mother laying a hand, so warm and free and reassuring, on his arm. All at once he understood that handshake and that pressure—not questioning, not restraining, not at all.

"So you know, too," he said.

His father nodded.

"Dad, I wanted to ask you first. And then, some way, I didn't want anyone to tell me. I wanted it to be—my own—free. Is it all right?"

"Yes, Dave. We do things that way. The big things. That's what we are, a free country, free people."

He saw a dark head, tilting. "We're going over to Carla's for a while. Will you wait up for me?"

"Yes, Son. We'll wait."

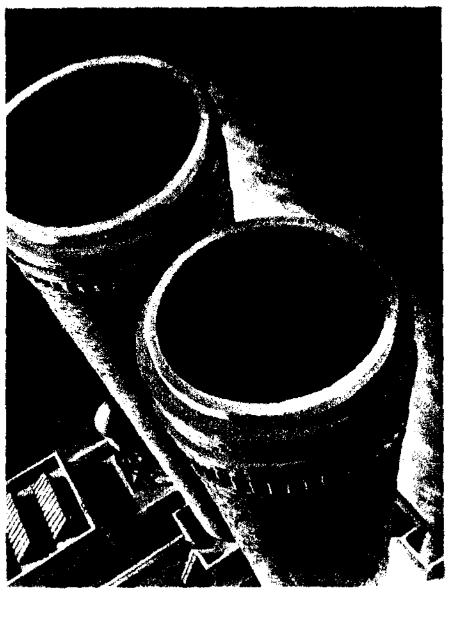
THE wind was growing fresher; the big transport lifted slowly to the surge of the Atlantic.

A sergeant came along the rail. "Chow line's moving, buddy. Say, what's the matter? You ain't seasick already?"

"No," Dave said. "I'm starved."

But he stayed a moment longer, at the rail. In the west, the cloud mass had opened, and a last shaft of light streamed through. On the sea rim, the fading coast stood out, firm and clear before it vanished. He knew he would remember it that way—the bright land.

THE END



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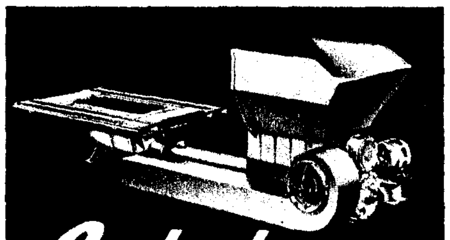

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THE GUY NOBODY HATES

BY JIM MARSHALL

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S
BY *GEORGE DE ZAYAS*

The story of an ex-reporter who made $200,000 a year as a movie producer and who now chucks it all to go back to reporting—this time as a war correspondent

YOU can get fever out of your blood, and out of your blood you can get bricklaying or tree surgery. But printer's ink you get into your blood and it stays there. The ink that got into Mark Hellinger's blood during his years as a reporter, columnist, short-story writer and playwright has just yanked him away from a nice, luxurious job as a motion-picture producer at around $200,000 a year and sent him back to his first love. He's out reporting the war under a steel helmet and over a portable typewriter.

Once a reporter . . .

A few days before he went back to his first love, Mr. Hellinger was wandering about the set of Doughgirls, his last production job for Warners', calling everybody "Pappy" and "Darling," and being kidded because all his pals thought Doughgirls was frivolous for one of Mr. Hellinger's robust character.

The job was, in reality, no cinch, being worked at by the Misses Ann Sheridan, Jane Wyman and Alexis Smith, three young women of extraordinary vitality. The life forces of these three were being directed into artistic channels by Mr. Hellinger and his young director, James V. Kern, an ex-Yacht Club Boy making his first picture, and they had their hands full.

They had the advice of grips, light men, assistant directors, publicity men, script girls and a number of people whose education had not gone far enough to enable them to read "No Visitors" signs. The opinion of all these people was solicited by Mr. Hellinger (dapper in a dark suit, gray shirt, white tie, slouch hat and sunglasses) and compared with that given him previously by John the studio bootblack, two waitresses and a gas-station attendant.

"They," explained Mr. Hellinger, "are the people who pay money to look at movies."

The system, after all, is only a carry-over from his newspaper days, when Mark used to nose around Broadway and its cross streets, finding out what sort of Broadway news people wanted to read, and then writing it for them. He started doing this more than twenty years ago, when he became the first Broadway reporter. He was the son of a New York lawyer, and after floundering around three years at high school, he got a job as a waiter in the old Greenwich Village Redhead. Those were the dry days when cops strolled around with pints of hooch under their coats. As a waiter, Mark came to know the grim night world of Manhattan and he felt impelled to start writing about it.

His first scribbling job was on *Zit's*, a theatrical weekly. He became adept at ferreting out a three-line paragraph somewhere else and boiling it down to a full column. This skill stood him in good stead later, when he was turning out whole pages of newspaper copy and tryin to fill a ten-inch space with a one-inc idea.

About this time, the Daily News wa getting under way, and the late Ph Payne was managing editor. Mr. Payr decided to cover Broadway as a news be and picked Hellinger to do it.

Mark began to write the news of Broa way on a very simple system: Eve woman who walked past the New Amste dam Theater was an ex-Follies girl; eve man who passed the Palace was a form star comedian. When any of these cha acters cascaded out of a hotel window, g arrested for anything or otherwise did a act worthy of Mr. Hellinger's typewrit he or she was at once rubber-stamped one or the other. In one banner year, ex-Follies girls committed suicide in g filled rooms around Times Square, and others were found drowned in the Cent Park lake. Life was very beautiful everyone.

Refugees from up the River

As the years rolled on, Mark sta writing musical comedies and gathe an acquaintance among the top gangs of the day. He shot square and wasn' the make for side money, and var gangs began to use him as a mediatc their territorial quarrels. When, c sionally, gangsters got caught and up the river, it was usually to Mark turned first when they got out—for ac and cash—and he was extremely ge ous with both.

This sort of thing went on for six until, in 1930, he quit the News and with Hearst on the Mirror. He was tc almost a decade, grinding out millio words. At one time he was runn daily column, writing plays, appe once in a while in vaudeville, and pc ing out a complete Sunday page th cluded jokes, a short story and Hellinger's thoughts about books, politics and movies, plus a sports manual that predicted the outco fights, horse races, boxing matches

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Hellinger chat in the library of their Hollywood home before the movie producer leaves for the South Pacific as a war correspondent. Mr. H. calls everyone "Pappy" except Mrs. H.

ball and baseball games with free abandon and considerable accuracy.

In-between time, he got out three books, and then did Moon Over Broadway, and wrote the last of the Ziegfeld Follies and a musical called Hot-Cha. A young lady named Gladys Glad was playing in the Follies and was, in the opinion of Mr. Ziegfeld and Mr. Hellinger, the most beautiful thing that ever happened. Mr. Hellinger married her.

The Follies went on to success, but Hot-Cha was a flop. In the months that followed, Mrs. Hellinger gave up the stage for a homemaking career. She's still at it, and still very lovely, taking care of young Mark and young Gladys, two adopted children, and running one of those big Hollywood homes almost without help.

The Follies' success got Hellinger the nod from Hollywood, and he started a new career writing Night Court for Metro. He went over to Warners' as an associate producer in 1937, served later with Twentieth Century-Fox and then settled down at Warners' as a producer to punch out a string of successes.

When Hellinger started in producing picture producers were a standard type, usually cold, remote people who sat magnificently in beige-and-silver offices full of leather and mahogany, and taking their art and mystery with great seriousness and rows of push buttons.

Sermon on the Broadway Butterfly

Hellinger's office—which Warners' will keep dusted for him until he returns—looks like the reporters' room at a police station. Its walls are covered with framed telegrams, portraits, letters, canceled checks and browned newspaper clippings all suitably labeled. The biggest layout of all is a moral lesson, showing photographically the descent of a Broadway butterfly from riches to ruin. There also is a refrigerator full of bottles from which Mr. Hellinger entertains guests while lecturing grimly on the lesson of the broken butterfly.

Strictly speaking, Mark cannot be said to make money, although considerable bales of it flow past him all the time. He is seldom more than a few thousand ahead of the game, spending and giving away most of what Morgenthau lets him keep.

In the old Broadway days, Mark and Gladys used to eat at Dinty Moore's mainly, and between Dinty's and Times Square they walked nightly through a lane of expectant bums, to whom Mr. Hellinger slid two-spots, deftly disguising the deal in a handshake—lest the open conferring of largess injure the bum's feelings. Mrs. Hellinger, a generous soul herself, occasionally doubted the pressing need of some of the panhandlers but contented herself with the remembrance that two-dollar bills are powerful bad luck, and maybe it was better to be rid of them.

Mark is probably the only person of *note in Hollywood whom nobody hates.* This is not because he hands out two-dollar bills, but because he is a friendly, laughing guy who, at will, can bring out the gypsy in your grandmother.

He is scared to death of radio because of a tendency first to freeze up and then, when the pressure gets too high, to blurt out his innermost feelings, usually uncomplimentary, to everyone connected with the show, including the sponsor.

A Synthetic Hymn of Hate

His only ostentations are an aversion to white shirts and a retention of his New York license plate—MH-1. He is a bit proud of the fact that he started the first newspaper fake feud. This is a device by which two columnists on different papers apparently get good and sore at each other in print, thus drumming up trade by arousing reader curiosity to learn what repulsive aspects of their respective lives will be disclosed next.

Mr. Hellinger's play spat was with Mr. Paul Gallico. Readers took it so seriously that the boys almost wrote themselves into a public slugging match at Madison Square Garden. Since then, there have been other feuds, just as phony.

Mark probably works harder than any other producer in the business. He's down early and home late. He spends a lot of time on sets, chases along to locations to live and work with his players and gives the impression of getting a kick out of the whole thing—which he does.

He's more interested in the story than the actors, figuring a good story may make a star, but that a star can't make a bad story good. He didn't, for example, discover Ann Sheridan or Ida Lupino, but the stories he backed them with did a lot toward putting them up at the top.

Well . . . you can get fever out of your blood, and out of your blood you can get tree surgery and bricklaying, but making movies you get into your blood and it stays there, like printer's ink. After the *Big Show* is over, Mark is coming back to Hollywood—back to the office with the pictures on the walls and the story of the Broadway butterfly; back to Darling and Pappy and the shoeshine man and the rest; back to $200,000 a year and broke half the time.

Once a producer . . .

★★★

CANADA DRY
PALE GINGER ALE
CANADA DRY
NEW YORK

For Growing Satisfaction. Three rows to go...pulling up weeds and tying up tomatoes. Time out to uncap a bottle of zest—cool, sparkling, delicious Canada Dry Ginger Ale. There's flavor satisfaction, buoyant refreshment in every glassful—pep to finish the job of digging and hoeing for Victory—it's invigorating!

Please don't blame your dealer for temporary shortages of Canada Dry Ginger Ale. Wartime restrictions limit the supply. Ask for it always. You can help by returning all empty bottles to your dealer promptly!

CANADA DRY "THE CHAMPAGNE OF GINGER ALES"

Mr. Davis Replies

In the issue of Collier's dated June 3 there appeared an article by Walter Davenport titled Free Speech—and Mr. Davis. With some of the statements and conclusions of that article Mr. Davis, head of the Office of War Information, disagrees. Collier's is happy to give Mr. Davis space in which to state his side of the case

Washington, D. C.

TO THE Editor of Collier's: Mr. Davenport's article on the Office of War Information in your June 3d issue contains a number of misleading statements which should be corrected in the public interest. I am sorry that in his lengthy discussion of things, most of which we don't do, Mr. Davenport could not find space to tell his readers what we were established to do, and are actually doing.

This is, at home, the furnishing of government information to the press, radio, magazines and motion pictures; and the organization and co-ordination of government information campaigns about what the home front is asked to do or to refrain from doing in order to win the war. Overseas our job is the providing of information about the American war effort to friends and neutrals, and the conduct of psychological war against our enemies. Mr. Davenport's statement that I have scores of bosses may be taken too literally by readers who do not realize that he meant would-be bosses. Actually our Overseas Branch is responsible to the State Department and, in theaters of military operations, the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The Secretary of State wrote me on April 19th:

"It is a pleasure to thank you for the valuable assistance which you and your collaborators in the Office of War Information have given the Department of State in recent months in paralleling closely in the field of propaganda the policies of the government in the political field.

"I have particularly in mind the close collaboration of your office with this department in respect of several delicate and important international relationships which have required the most carefully integrated teamwork of the political and propaganda, not to mention the military, arms. I have found that I could count on the support of your office both in Washington and through your outposts in the far-flung corners of the earth. I look forward to continuation of this co-operation to the end that together we can meet the efforts of the enemy to divide us from our associates in the war, to inflame the neutrals against us and thwart our effort to maintain the good name of the United States among other peoples of the world."

The Chief of Staff of the United States Army wrote me, after the conquest of Sicily: "I desire to express my appreciation to the members of your organization for their excellent work in the field of psychological warfare during the Sicilian campaign." And later he added that "the efficiency with which the personnel of the Office of War Information co-operated with the War Department in connection with the operation in North Africa contributed toward its success, and is deeply appreciated."

These are the actual, not the would-be, bosses of our Overseas Branch. I believe your readers would rather take the word of Secretary Hull and General Marshall that we are doing a good job than that of the critics cited by Mr. Davenport.

As for the specific inaccuracies in the article, the most serious are:

1. At the end of the article Mr. Davenport cites what is ostensibly a typical instance of the operations of our Overseas Branch. "A proud piece, written with a view to placating the Arabs, has to be killed. The British have sent word that the piece is dangerous, must be withdrawn."

If this were true, whether literally or typically, neither I nor my colleagues would be fit to be officials of the government of the United States. It is not true. We do not take orders from the British or any other foreign government. Our Overseas Branch operates, as I have said, under the jurisdiction of the State Department, or, in theaters of war, of the Joint (United States) Chiefs of Staff. Within the limits of the policies which they lay down, we endeavor to harmonize our propaganda to enemy and occupied countries with that of our allies; but we make our propaganda policies or modify them under no instructions except those of American diplomatic or military authorities.

2. Mr. Davenport says that Robert E. Sherwood, director of our Overseas Branch, "believes that Mr. Roosevelt and the New Deal are fundamental, that they cannot be separated from news and propaganda. To him, Mr. Roosevelt is America, and his policies are the formula for the postwar world."

This is not only untrue, but a very grave misrepresentation of Mr. Sherwood. In a hearing before the House Appropriations Committee in May, 1943, Mr. Sherwood made the following statement of OWI policies in dealing with election news, which is a matter of public record: "In handling the Presidential campaign in foreign propaganda, every attempt should be made to build up both candidates, with absolute impartiality, because one or the other of them will become the President of the United States, and it will then be our duty to convince the world of his good faith, his statesmanship, and his wisdom in the handling of all the manifold problems of the war and beyond the war."

This policy formulated by Mr. Sherwood with my full approval has been, is, and will continue to be the policy of the Office of War Information.

3. Mr. Davenport, in discussing documentary films about American life which we distribute abroad, says that "grudgingly, OWI officials admit that they might be New Deal propaganda." Passing up the question as to what end would be served by New Deal propaganda to foreign audiences who do not vote in American elections, I might say that I do not know what OWI official made this admission, but I certainly would not make it. Foreigners are more interested in the United States as it is today than as it was twelve or fifteen years ago, for the same reason that newspaper readers are more interested in today's news than in yesterday's news. If Mr. Davenport has seen any of our pictures that contain New Deal propaganda, he has seen one that escaped my notice.

4. As Mr. Davenport reports, we sent to Africa in 1942 some lapel clips with President Roosevelt's picture on one side and the American flag on the other, and inscriptions in Arabic identifying these pictures for the native populations. Mr. Davenport quotes one of our critics as saying that the soldiers don't want them but the Arabs do, and adds that "Mr. Davis is caught at a disadvantage."

I do not see why. The lapel clips were sent to the Arabs, not to the soldiers, few of whom read Arabic and all of whom may be presumed to know what the President and the American flag look like.

5. Regarding our Handbook of the United States of America, distributed to our outposts abroad as a reference work for their own use and for foreign officials and newspapermen, Mr. Davenport says that it "is being sold for two dollars by a private British publisher with the consent of OWI." So it is, but for clarity, it might have added that this sale is only in England, to a general public which we did not try to reach; and that the publisher could have gone ahead without our consent, since publications of the United States government are not copyrighted.

6. Mr. Davenport says our critics say that, compared to OWI, "the British Ministry of Information is a sparrow chirp, and Doctor Goebbels is just a trifling little one-lung liar. Mr. Davis stoutly denies this." The issue is not merely one of veracity between me and unnamed critics. British activities comparable to those of OWI are conducted by three agencies—the Ministry of Information, the Political Warfare Executive, and the European Service of the British Broadcasting Corporation. As the Political Warfare Executive budget is secret I cannot tell you exactly how much they all spend, but it is certainly more than we have available. As for Doctor Goebbels' activities, their cost is even harder to get at; but the lowest estimate I have even seen is $220,000,000. The latest computation, by the London Economist, puts it at $540,000,000. OWI is spending this year, at home and abroad, $37,000,000.

7. Mr. Davenport speaks as if discussion of our domestic pamphlet, Negroes and the War, were a current issue. It was a lively one a year ago; but, conforming to act of Congress, we have distributed no copies of this or any other publication in this country since July 1, 1943.

8. Mr. Davenport speaks of our "overseas ballyhoo," and says that "much of it is straight evangelism, shy of facts but long on emotion." A Republican member of Congress who inspected an entire day's output of our New York Radio Bureau complained, on the other hand, that there was nothing in it but straight news—no propaganda. Our critics agree that we are wrong, but I wish they might come a little closer to agreement as to which way we are wrong.

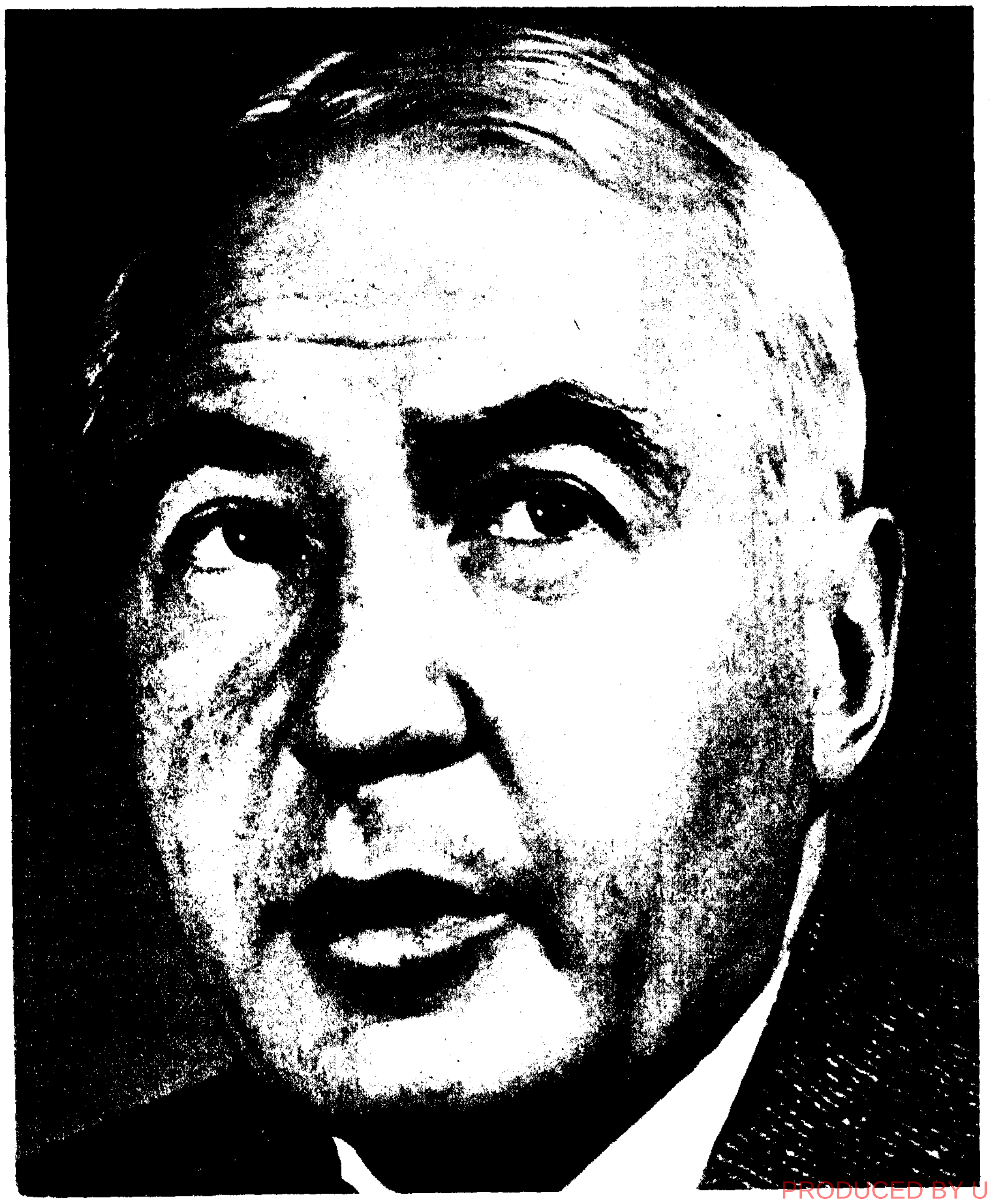
9. Mr. Davenport is worried because we took him to see what he describes as "a completely superfluous Russian propaganda movie," and says that before he finished looking at it, he "began to suspect that OWI is completely out of hand."

I am sorry that our attempt to give him a little relaxation after a hard day's work went so sour; but I am compelled to point out that this Russian movie, whether superfluous or not, was no production of ours. It was produced by the Russian government film agency and sent over here in the hope that it might be distributed by the normal private channels of the American motion-picture industry. We happened to have a copy in our office and showed it to a few guests; but if it proves that something is out of hand, it is out of hand in Russia, not here. However, I am grateful to Mr. Davenport for providing so admirable an illustration of his own statement that "no matter what happens, someone is sure to blame it on OWI."

Very truly yours,

Elmer Davis

DIRECTOR, OFFICE OF WAR INFORMATION



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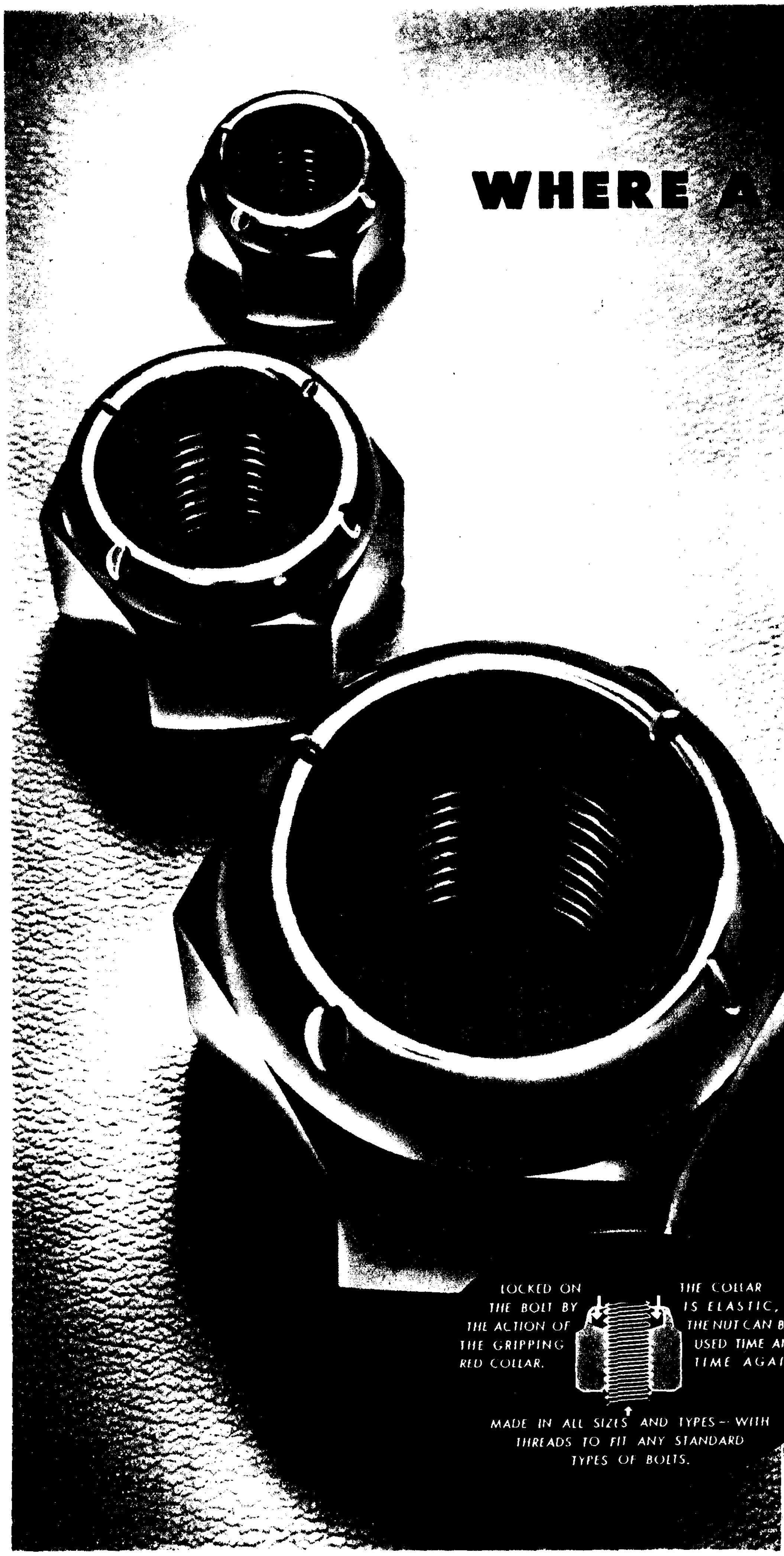

LOCKED ON THE BOLT BY THE ACTION OF THE GRIPPING RED COLLAR.
THE COLLAR IS ELASTIC, THE NUT CAN BE USED TIME AND TIME AGAIN.
MADE IN ALL SIZES AND TYPES—WITH THREADS TO FIT ANY STANDARD TYPES OF BOLTS.

WHERE A THEY NOW?

This is an Elastic Stop Nut.

There are more of them on America's planes, tanks, guns, and naval vessels than all other self-locking nuts combined.

The reason is an Elastic Stop Nut holds fast and locks tight without any extra locking gadgets.

It does this because of the elastic collar in the top.

This collar squeezes between the bolt threads. It grips both sides of the threads. So no amount of vibration shakes the nut loose.

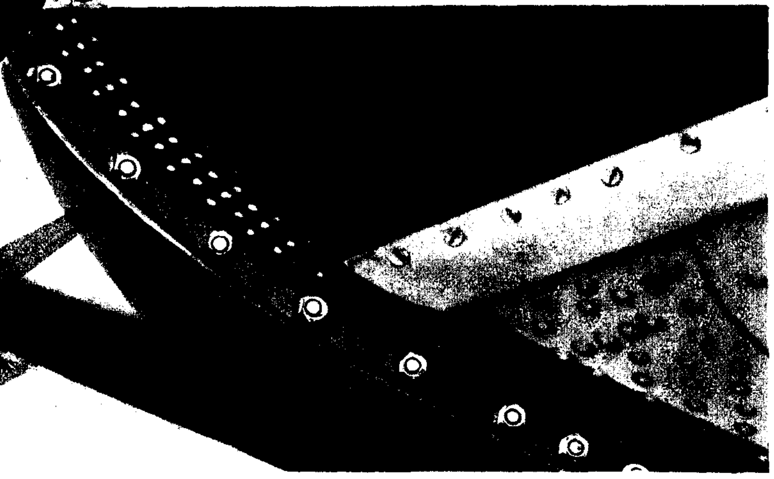
You can take the nut off and put it back on, time and time again, and it still retains its locking effectiveness. This is because the collar is elastic and "comes back."

Billions of Elastic Stop Nuts are in use. And as far as we know, not one in a million has ever failed.

After a while, with the war won, you will be able to have these nuts with the characteristic red collar of ESNA on all the new equipment that will come. They will make it stronger, safer and more dependable just as they are doing on America's war goods today.

ESNA
TRADE MARK OF
ELASTIC STOP NUT CORPORATION OF AMERICA

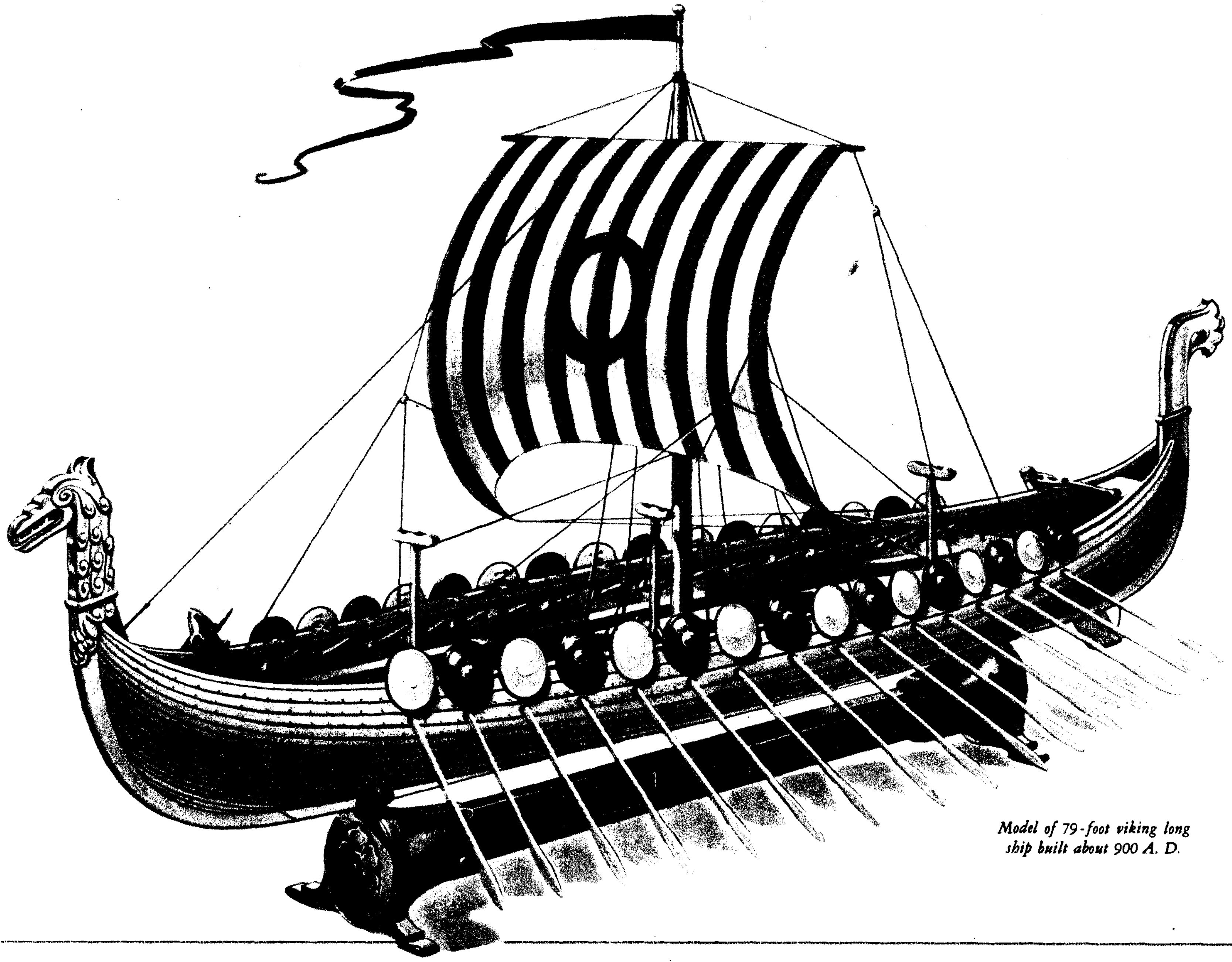
ELASTIC STOP NUTS
Lock fast to make things last
Union, New Jersey and Lincoln, Nebraska



THE KIND OF JOB ELASTIC STOP NUTS ARE DOING

This is how the wing of a DC-3 transport plane is fastened on—with Elastic Stop Nuts, the nuts with the red collar so familiar to the aircraft industry. The tons of plane, crew and pay load depend on these nuts for their security. All told, this type of plane uses as many as 35,000 Elastic Stop Nuts.

SAIL ON TO VICTORY — BUY AN EXTRA WAR BOND TODAY



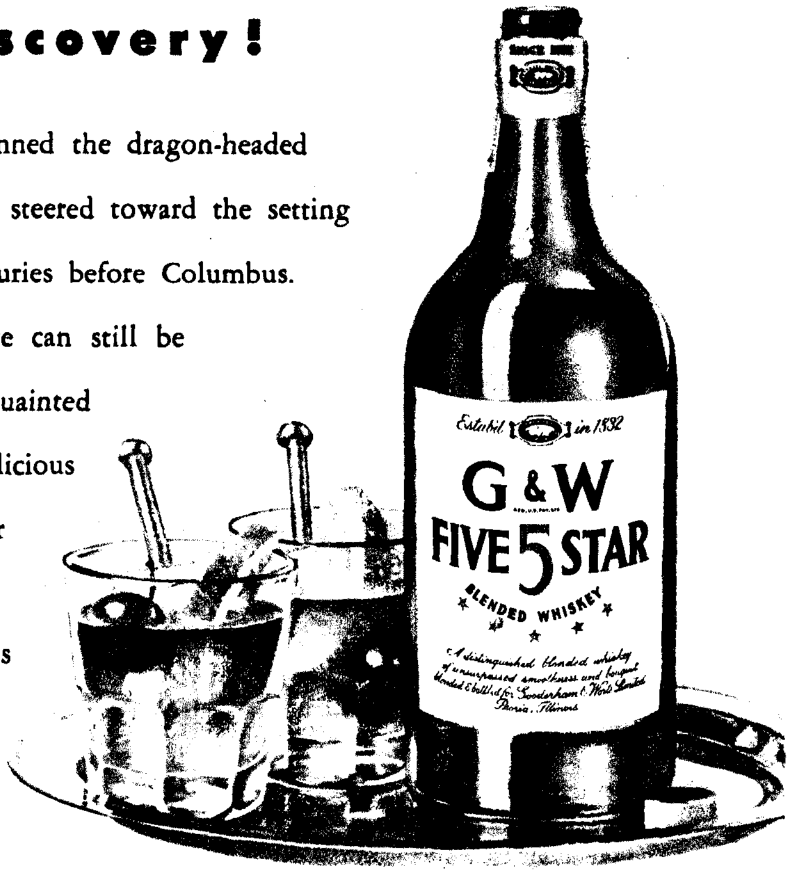
Model of 79-foot viking long ship built about 900 A. D.

What a GREAT DAY of discovery!

NO HARDIER seamen ever sailed over the ocean than those who manned the dragon-headed viking ships. In just such a vessel, Leif Ericsson, called Leif the Lucky, steered toward the setting sun and sighted the mainland of North America . . . . almost five centuries before Columbus. ☆ Even today, when all the world has been mapped and charted, we can still be explorers . . . . in our own fashion. For instance, if you are still unacquainted with the merits of G & W Five Star, we suggest that you try this delicious blend and enjoy *an adventure in flavor.* As the first fragrant drops cross your lips, we believe you will be thinking "What a great day of discovery!"

GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED, PEORIA, ILLINOIS

G&W FIVE STAR
Blended Whiskey



86 proof, 75% fruit and grain neutral spirits

GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED • • • • • FOUNDED IN CANADA 112 YEARS AGO

Parson Sand's Miracles

Continued from page 13

"Well," said Parson Sand, feeling a fool, "that's . . . that's too bad. Would you . . . er, suppose there was a Sunday school over there, would you go?"

Silence and a few headshakes were his answers. "Does your mother go to church?" He singled out the brightest-looking boy for this question.

"Nope. Mom works nights. Pop works days. We don't go to church, none of us."

"My mom useter go," said the girl. "I seen the colored pitcher they give her."

The group weighed this information. Parson Sand escaped before it was decided whether the speaker had gained or lost caste by the revelation.

Still under compulsion, Parson Sand toured the neighborhood. With each inquiry his spirits lightened. No one wanted the church reopened, not even the older people who had once worshiped there. After an hour, he returned to the building, having in mind the propriety of closing the front door fast. As he walked, he thought of the story he had gathered.

Built in 1801, the church had housed a series of denominations. With each change of title, it had sunk a little further toward decay. There had been, in 1930, a brief flare of life when a community congregation took it over. They prospered and in 1935 moved downtown to a handsome new church. For a few years, they maintained chapel services in the old building; then, with the coming of war, the shortage of ministers and the altered character of the neighborhood, all effort to keep it open ceased.

Gilead Chapel, the name which had clung to it since its founding, was dead. In the words of one old man to whom Parson Sand talked, "Dead and about to be buried. Reckon whosoever buys it'll lay it clean to the ground."

Parson Sand left his bag on the steps and went inside. The emptiness spoke only of dust and neglect now. He hesitated, then from long habit, knelt in the rear pew. A pang smote him as his knees took his body's weight. Just so, in this attitude, in a hundred churches he had prayed for pardon, for guidance and then, reaching through his own imperfections for the love of God, he had prayed for others . . . for Jesse.

His memory touched the name. A barrier yielded. "Our Father . . . keep him, guard him, sustain him." Broken but effective prayer, it steadied into petitions that wove around his absent son the cloak of endurance and faith.

THERE were tears on his face when he raised his head. "I can pray. I can pray again," he said aloud. Gratitude filled him and, in its wake, knowledge. "Here," said the inner voice, "you have had the gift of prayer restored. Here is your work."

He held himself very still, accepting this. Presently he turned and went outside.

"This desirable property will be sold

Very well, thought Parson Sand. I shall buy it.

He sat down on the top step to consider. He had a vague idea of the total amount of his savings, but they would suffice. The call was too clear to admit of doubt on that score. There were some bonds, some investments. That banker in Baltimore would know the amount, arrange to cover the check Parson Sand was about to write. "I'll telephone him first thing in the morning."

He searched in his wallet for a blank check. The War Department telegram was in the same fold. Two buff-colored slips of paper, thought Parson Sand and: Related, yes, as all life was related if you trusted the dear God enough.

He turned the message over, rested it on his bag and wrote a memorandum to himself.

"1. My son is not absent from the love of God.

"2. Jesse will return to find me busy with our Heavenly Father's work.

"3. This community needs a church. 'Feed my sheep,' said my Master who also gave me back the power to pray in this very church for the first time since this message came.

"4. I offer for the resurrection of Gilead Chapel all that I am and can, with God's help, become. . . . Jehu Sand."

The summary pleased him. He reread it, folded it, then flattened out the blank check. Five thousand dollars seemed a good round sum, and surely the property was worth no more than that. The check bore his name and Baltimore address. He filled in the amount and below it wrote firmly, "My bid for the property known as Gilead Chapel."

From his traveling bag, he took a stamped envelope, placed the check in it, sealed and addressed it to the trustees named on the placard. He closed the door lovingly, walked to the corner, mailed his bid, and caught a bus to the hotel. He had his dinner, went early to bed and slept dreamlessly all through the night.

In the morning, he telephoned his bank; then, his mind at ease, he followed his heart back to Gilead Chapel.

APPROACHED from another direction and seen by morning light, it looked less desolate, Parson Sand thought. He entered, knelt and experienced again the joy of creative prayer. He went on in orderly fashion to contemplate practical matters—cleaning, window glass, paint, announcement of the first service. He was deep in mental selection of hymns for that occasion, and had decided on The Church's One Foundation when a sound made him turn his head.

If the devil in full panoply of flame had appeared, Parson Sand could have been no more astounded. This devil, if such it was, wore a red sports shirt open at the neck and a Panama hat well back on his head. He had a cheerful, florid, middle-aged face and beefy hands, one of which he made into a fist to smite the back of the pew across from Parson Sand a resounding blow.

The result seemed to satisfy the stranger, for he stepped jauntily into the center aisle. His progress was halted by the sight of Parson Sand rising from his knees.

"Remove your hat, sir," said Parson Sand, attending to the primary outrage.

The stranger got his hand halfway up, then dropped it. "Who says so?" he asked, not belligerently, but as one who would humor a harmless lunatic.

Parson Sand perceived he had to deal not with a supernatural being but a hearty man of flesh and blood. "I beg your pardon," he said. "You startled me. For a moment I thought . . . well, never mind. Perhaps you will tell me what you meant by thumping the back of that pew just now."

"Wanted to see if the wood was sound. Been all over the underpinnings. No termites anywhere." He eyed Parson Sand, took in the clerical garb, and removed his hat, saying, "Didn't notice you were a preacher. Used to dish it out here, did you?"

"No . . . no. My service here won't begin for . . . well, I hope to be ready for the first one in, let us say, a fortnight from the day after tomorrow."

"Two weeks from the day of the sale," came the translation. "H'mmm. Well, I hate to discommode your plans, but I'm fixing to buy this place myself, and I don't aim to hold church services in it."

"But," said Parson Sand, sincerely sorry for the other's doomed hopes, "you see, I am buying this church myself."

"Oh . . . you are! Well, Andy Gelk has something to say about that, and I'm Andy Gelk."

"My name is Jehu Sand," said the parson, adding as he held out his hand, "I'm generally called Parson Sand."

Mr. Gelk accepted the hand and shook it heartily. "Glad to know you, Parson," and then, "Mean to say you never heard of me?"

"I'm sorry, I never have."

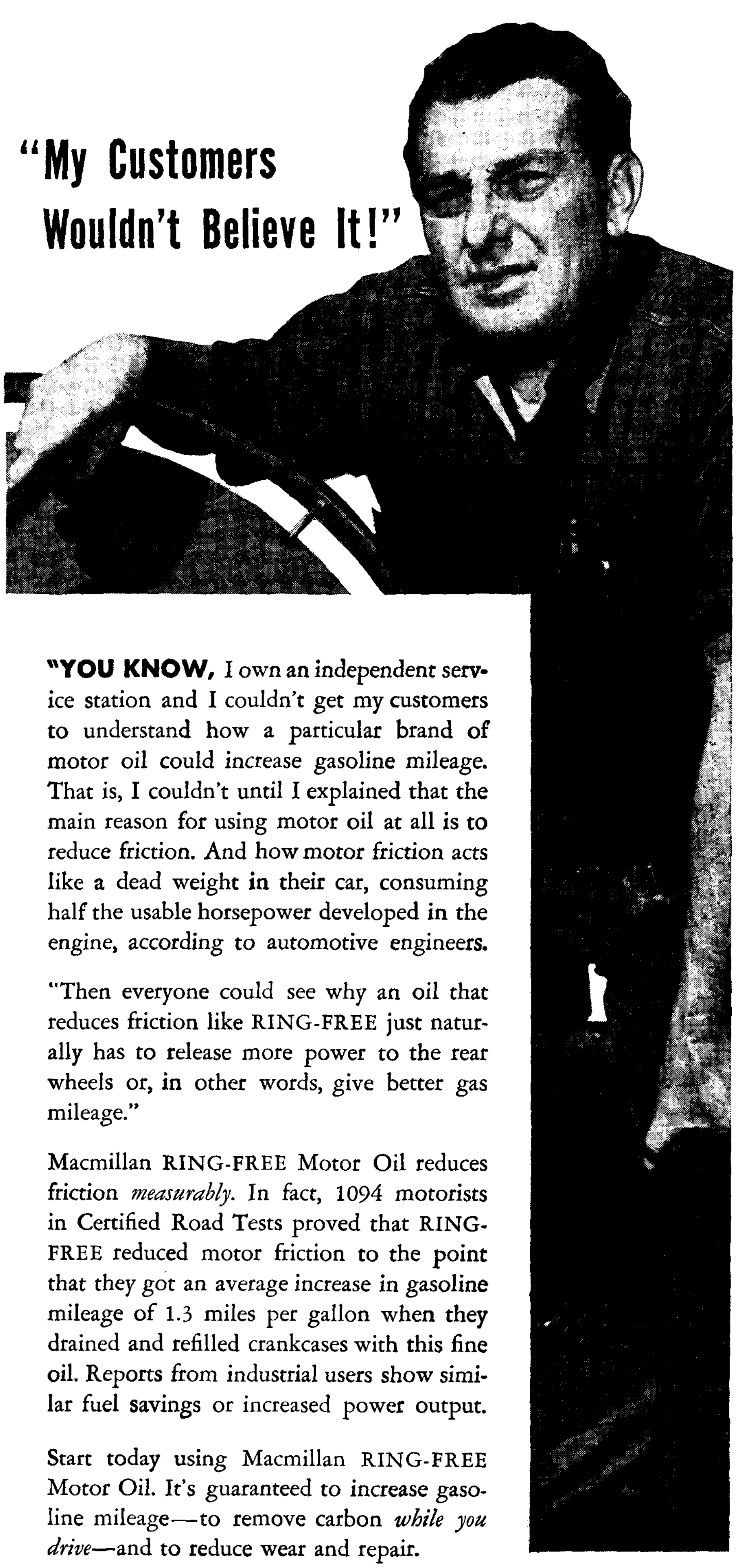
"Andy Gelk's Bowling Alleys? Andy Gelk's Dine and Dances? Andy Gelk's Recreation Rendezvouses? That's what this is going to be—a Recreation Rendezvous. Look . . . you saw them pews in half, move 'em to the side walls, face 'em in, put a slab table between 'em, and what've you got? Booths. Wax the floor. Put a juke box on that platform up there and call in the boys and girls. It's a natural. And think of the publicity! Andy Gelk turns useless church into recreation center. It's a natural, I tell you."

"But . . . but surely the trustees who hold the title now would never let . . ."

"Oh, wouldn't they? They got good uses for money, and I've got good money for them. How much you fixing to offer?"

"Everything that I have," Parson Sand replied.

Gelk was impressed. His face sobered.



"My Customers Wouldn't Believe It!"

"YOU KNOW, I own an independent service station and I couldn't get my customers to understand how a particular brand of motor oil could increase gasoline mileage. That is, I couldn't until I explained that the main reason for using motor oil at all is to reduce friction. And how motor friction acts like a dead weight in their car, consuming half the usable horsepower developed in the engine, according to automotive engineers.

"Then everyone could see why an oil that reduces friction like RING-FREE just naturally has to release more power to the rear wheels or, in other words, give better gas mileage."

Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil reduces friction *measurably.* In fact, 1094 motorists in Certified Road Tests proved that RING-FREE reduced motor friction to the point that they got an average increase in gasoline mileage of 1.3 miles per gallon when they drained and refilled crankcases with this fine oil. Reports from industrial users show similar fuel savings or increased power output.

Start today using Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil. It's guaranteed to increase gasoline mileage—to remove carbon *while you drive*—and to reduce wear and repair.

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BUY RING-FREE WHERE YOU SEE THIS SIGN

"Say, tell me, just who do you represent, anyhow?"

"You might say," said Parson Sand, "that I represent the Lord."

The answer restored Gelk's composure. "And you might say," he returned, "that I represent the devil, and he's got plenty on the ball these days."

"If I were a betting man," said Parson Sand, "I would lay you a wager that you do not buy Gilead Chapel."

"Well, I am a betting man and lucky to boot. Name your bet."

Parson Sand considered. "Can you sing?" he asked.

"Sure, I can sing. What'll you have?"

"The church's one foundation . . ." intoned Parson Sand.

". . . Is Jesus Christ her Lord," responded Andy Gelk, in a robust tenor.

Parson Sand added a nice if less robust second tenor and together they continued to the end of the first verse.

GELK, rather red in the face, said, "Now what in hell made me do that? Sounded good, didn't it? My mother was strictly for church, made me learn all them songs."

"It was very nice, indeed," said Parson Sand. "Now the wager is this: If you get possession of Gilead Chapel, I shall attend in person its opening as a recreation center."

"What good would that be to me?"

"It would disarm any possible criticism."

"Yes . . . yes, it might at that. Seeing a guy here in a turn-around collar. But how'd I know you'd come friendly?"

"Because," said Parson Sand with the greatest firmness, "it is God who will dispose of this church, and if He disposes of it to you, it is my duty to accept His will with good grace."

Gelk nodded. "H'mmm . . . good publicity, I can see that. Well, what's my end of it?"

"If the church remains a church, you are to lead the singing of the hymn we have just finished at my first service . . . and that would be excellent publicity, too."

Gelk threw back his head and laughed, "I'll say it would. I ain't been inside a church for services in twenty years. Okay, you're on. But I don't feel no need to start practicing my singing, brother."

They shook hands. Then they explored the interior of the church thoroughly and amiably. They parted at noon, each firm in his mental hold on the future title to Gilead Chapel.

Parson Sand spent the afternoon in his room. He wrote to Jesse. He outlined an essay on the wonderful ways of God. He meditated happily on his new future and listed plans for the restoration of his church. At four o'clock, these pleasant occupations were interrupted by a telephone call. "Mr. Adams has arrived," said the clerk, "and is on his way up."

As Parson Sand and his friend shook hands, Tilch said, "It was in the paper this morning, Jehu, the news about Jesse."

The tone was all Parson Sand most dreaded. While he tried to muster a reply, Tilch moved a chair forward and went on, "Now just sit down, Jehu. Relax if you can. I . . . you must have known this before you left Baltimore."

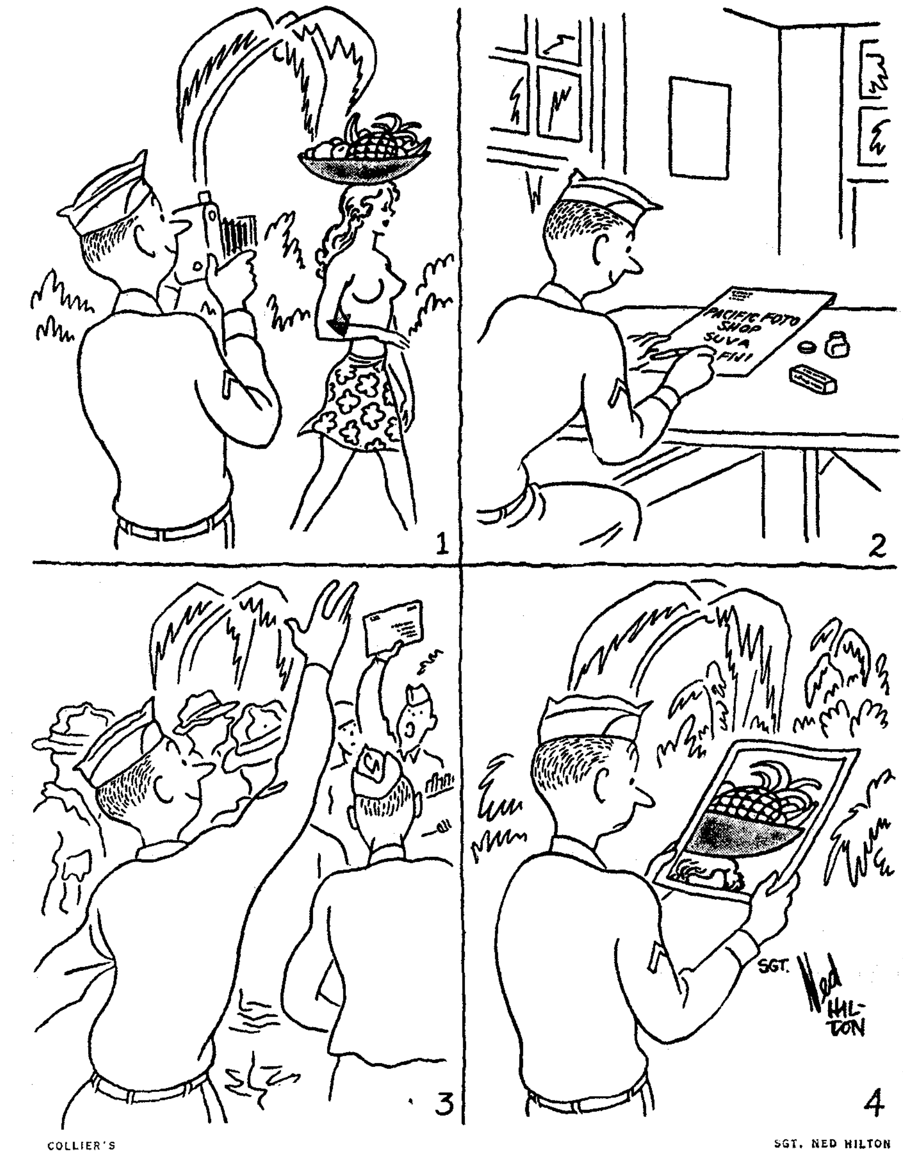
"Yes. Yes, I had the telegram that morning, an hour or so before your call."

"Why didn't you tell me, Jehu? Shock, I suppose. I . . . it's hard to put sympathy in words . . . but, Jehu, you must pull yourself together. You should get in touch with President Hollins, at least, and, Jehu, most of all I've come down here to impress on you that

GARDEN MYSTERY

Though you plant broccoli,
Limas, beets,
Peas and similar
Succulent eats,
Golden Bantam,
And beans—b'gosh,
Everything comes up
Squash.

—Ethel Jacobson


PACIFIC FOTO SHOP SUVA FIJI
1
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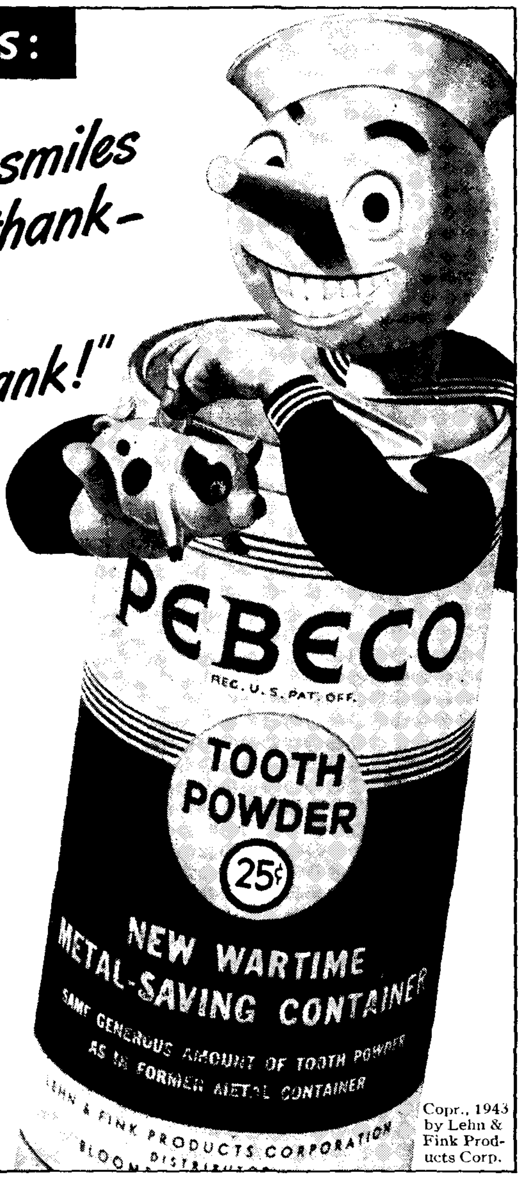
SGT. Ned HIL-TON

COLLIER'S SGT. NED HILTON

PEBECO PETE SAYS:


"The brightest smiles have me to thank—
And I'll fill up your piggy bank!"
PEBECO
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
TOOTH POWDER
25¢
NEW WARTIME METAL-SAVING CONTAINER
SAME GENEROUS AMOUNT OF TOOTH POWDER AS IN FORMER METAL CONTAINER
LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORPORATION
BLOOMFIELD DISTRIBUTOR

1. Save money . . . Pebeco Powder gives you 60% *more* than the average of 6 other leading tooth powders!

2. Grand for brightening teeth! No other dentifrice cleans and polishes teeth better than Pebeco!

3. Safe, efficient. Contains no grit; doesn't harm or scratch tooth enamel.

4. Tastes so tangy, too—freshens the mouth. Get Pebeco Powder today!

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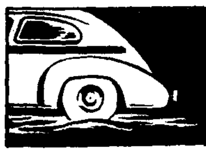

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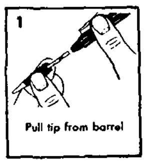
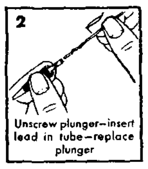
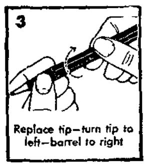

1
Pull tip from barrel


2
Unscrew plunger—insert lead in tube—replace plunger


3
Replace tip—turn tip to left—barrel to right

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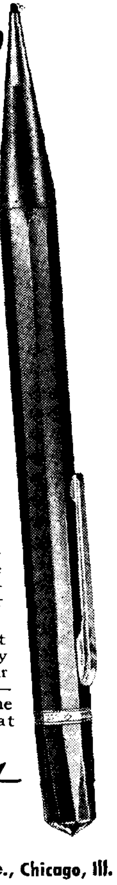

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(as of 30 Nov. 43)

	1939	*1940*	*1941*	*1942*	*1943*	*Total*
Air crew						
Pilots	696	1,786	7,244	28,782	56,008	94,516
Navigators		44	601	4,477	13,783	18,905
Bombardiers		18	310	5,760	13,998	20,086
Aerial gunners			. . .	25,820	81,398	107,218
Miscellaneous			198	2,325	18,850	21,373
Technicians			. . .	273,068	513,333	786,401
TOTAL	696	1,848	8,353	340,232	697,370	1,048,499

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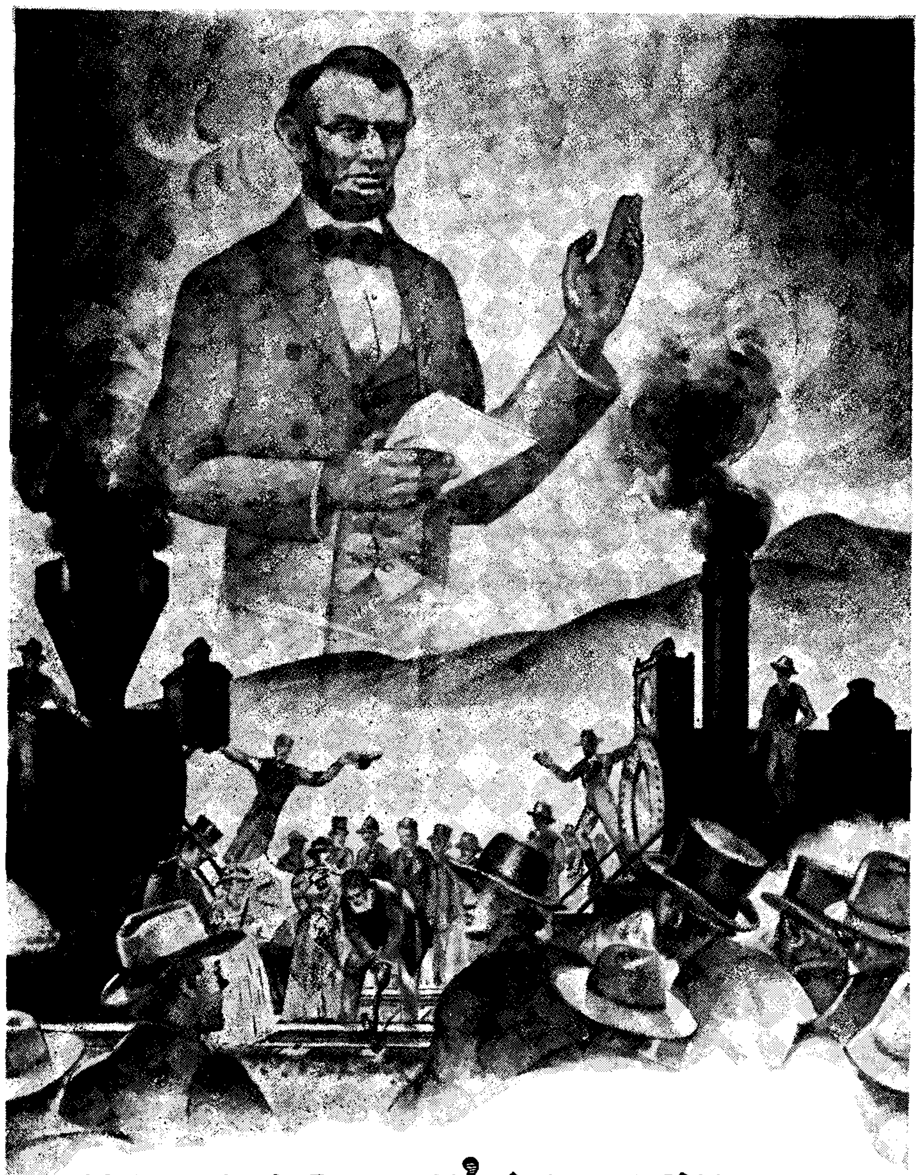

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NATION-WIDE RAIL-AIR SERVICE

spending money to try to find Jesse at this stage is extremely useless."

"Spend money . . ."

"Yes. I was at a bank board meeting when you telephoned to have your investments converted to cash, Jehu. I left for Orion as soon as possible."

"But I don't want to spend money trying to find Jesse."

"Then what do you want with five thousand dollars?"

"I want to buy a church," said Parson Sand.

Tilch looked at him compassionately. "Have you seen a doctor, Jehu? This . . . this is terrible. You must rest, Jehu. You ought to be in bed. We'll get a nurse . . ."

"Nonsense!" cried Parson Sand, and poured out the story of Gilead Chapel.

Tilch listened patiently. "Jehu," he said when the tale was told, "this is worse than I'd feared. You can't buy a church. It . . . it isn't seemly. What would the bishop say? *It's unheard of.* Now if you must have a church, let me find you a parish. There are plenty of vacancies, well-organized ones where your work would be light. I'm entirely in sympathy with your doing more active work, that's why I sent you to Orion . . . but if you want a church . . ."

"This church, Gilead Chapel," said Parson Sand, "wants me."

Tilch studied his friend, then tried another tack: "You mentioned someone else who means to bid on it. What was the name?"

"Andrew Gelk."

A smile twitched Tilch's mouth. "Andy Gelk. Well, he's quite a person in his field. With the amusement syndicate he's built, he can outbid you a hundred to one, Jehu."

"There's a record of five thousand who were fed on loaves and fishes sufficient originally for very few," said Parson Sand.

"Oh . . ." Tilch gestured impatiently, "the day of miracles is past, Jehu."

"That doesn't seem any more of a miracle to me than pushing a button to bring the voice of someone talking in China into this room."

"That's science at work," Tilch explained.

"Well," said Parson Sand, "the laws of radio have been in existence ever since creation, waiting on science to discover them. Perhaps science will catch up with miracles someday."

"I doubt if even then assets of five thousand dollars will count against assets of a quarter of a million," said Tilch. "If that ever happens, *I'll take to believing in miracles myself.*"

Parson Sand was silent. After a little, Tilch said, "Look here, Jehu. I'm your oldest friend. Take me out to see this place tomorrow. Are you afraid to put it to the test of my seeing it?"

"No, I'm not," Parson Sand replied. "I'll be glad to take you to Gilead Chapel."

THE outcome of this inspection caught Parson Sand unprepared. They went first on a tour of the neighborhood in a slow-cruising taxi. "There's work to be done here," Tilch conceded.

He next viewed the church from every angle. He pounded pew backs with a vigor to equal Andy Gelk's. A dusty cupboard in the vestibule disclosed a church registry with dates far back in the early 1800s.

"What a find!" said Tilch. "Jehu, you've got something here. I apologize. I'll bid the place in tomorrow myself. I know where there's some good old stained glass, nice blues, and there's a refugee blower who can turn out some rose for over the altar. Gelk's perfectly right. The building's sound as a nut. We'll make it a beautiful thing again, Jehu. How's the organ?"

The organ merely wailed and they went away, with Tilch deep in consideration of a substitute instrument. He barely noticed Parson Sand's departure to his own room. Tilch had telephone calls to make, a number of them, he called after Jehu, to religious supply houses.

In his room, Parson Sand thought with mild amusement of Tilch and Andy. He had no fear that either of them would acquire the church. Of course, something had to happen to both their plans, and an additional something to any ideas the trustees had of large amounts of money. It occurred to Parson Sand that he was expecting a considerable number of miracles, three at least. And yet he could not feel discouraged. "Dear Lord," he prayed, "Thy will be done," and was content.

This confidence held through their arrival at the auction the next morning. A sizable crowd had collected. In it, Parson Sand recognized Andy Gelk, who came over and was perforce introduced to Tilch.

"So this is your backer," said Andy Gelk; "just Mr. T. Adams and a couple of million bucks!"

"I am bidding for myself," said Tilch.

Parson Sand's conscience writhed. It continued to protest while the two men measured each other. A vision of them in a snarling contest over possession of Gilead Chapel assaulted Parson Sand's faith.

To reassure himself, he felt in the wallet for his telegram. He would read again the summary on its back. He looked at the paper in his hand. He was holding, not the War Department message, but his own check for five thousand dollars. His fingers closed over it. My name, thought Parson Sand, isn't even in the hat.

He looked about for a way of escape. There was none. The thought of Jesse came to him strongly. Jesse whose plane . . . what was it pilots said when disaster threatened? "Over to you, God." Parson Sand repeated the words silently, then looked up.

A GROUP of men appeared and one who moved with authority stepped forward.

"That's Clem Clay, trustee chairman," ran a whisper.

Mr. Clay began to speak:

"Ladies and gentlemen: As you know, we, the trustees of the Community Congregation, believing Gilead Chapel had outlived its usefulness in this community, determined to offer it at public auction. We received a number of sealed bids and are aware that some of you wish to offer larger sums this morning.

"However, we also reserved the right to reject any and all bids, and, it follows, we are privileged to accept whatever bid we prefer of those offered in advance. We have accepted such a bid, *offered by the Reverend* Jehu Sand. Is he present?"

The silence in the crowd could be felt. A great wonder filled Parson Sand's soul. He could not speak, could not move, and he heard only dimly Tilch speaking for him:

"Yes, he's here. This is Parson Sand."

"How much did he bid?" cried Andy Gelk. "I got a right to a chance to offer more. Lemme see that bid."

"We have no objection," said Mr. Clay, "unless Mr. Sand prefers it otherwise."

Again Tilch spoke for his friend. "Announce the bid," he said firmly, and then, in a whisper: "Whatever it is, I'll cover it for you, Jehu."

Mr. Clay took from a brief case a sheet of yellow paper. He looked at Parson Sand. "I have your permission to read this?"

Still Parson Sand could neither move nor speak. He recognized the yellow paper, and every instinct of reticence shrank from what was to come. Taking his silence for consent, Mr. Clay spoke again:

"This bid was submitted on the back of a War Department message which is now public knowledge. It tells that Mr. Sand's son is missing in action. Now—" He turned the message over and read Parson Sand's summary aloud. "You will see," he concluded, "that the amount of this offer is clear. 'I offer all that I am and can, with God's help, become.' Are there any higher—any equal bids?"

No one spoke. Every face turned toward Parson Sand. They were *waiting,* all of them, and still he stood, rooted to the ground.

A voice spoke beside him. A hand gave him a gentle push. The voice, Tilch's voice, said, "The miracle has happened. Go claim it, Jehu."

Parson Sand moved. He mounted the first step and looked up at friendly faces. He turned to the crowd. Now, now, he must speak.

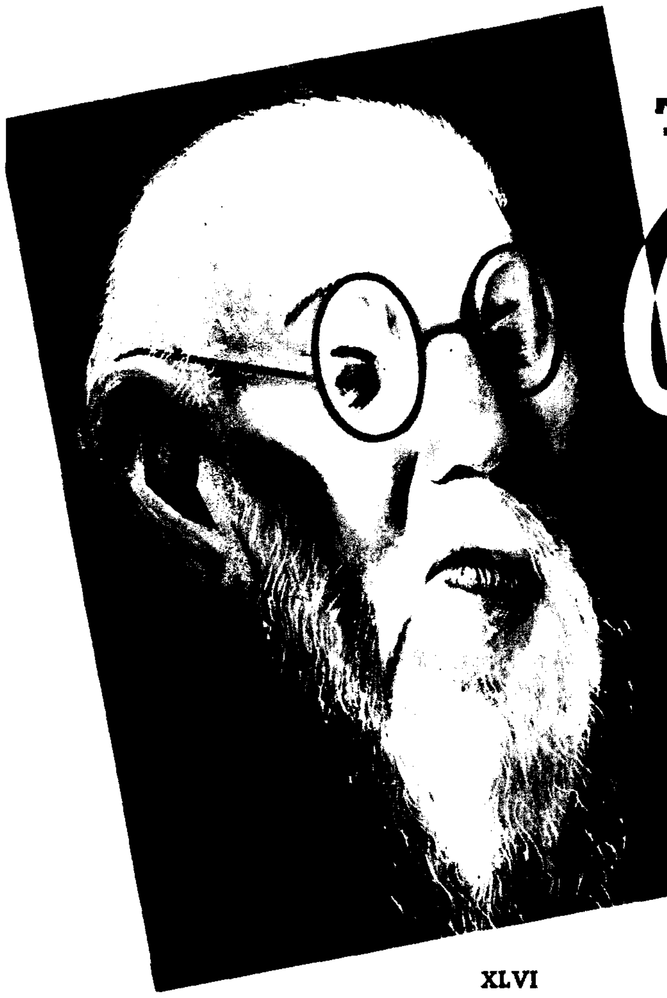
Something must loosen the strings of his tongue as Tilch's touch had released the power of his body to move. Across the heads, Parson Sand's eyes met Andy Gelk's.

Andy Gelk's mouth opened, and the robust tenor issued forth. Parson Sand's throat relaxed. He sang along with Andy, and others joined until up, up to the very crooked cross, so soon to be set straight, rose the hymn Parson Sand had selected for his first service in Gilead Chapel:

"The church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord."

THE END

THE *Guilty*



MITSURU TOYAMA

XLVI

THERE is no shorter cut to an understanding of Japan and the Japanese people than the life story of Mitsuru Toyama, so great a power and so much an idol that he has long been recognized as his country's Unofficial Emperor. To make clear just what this means, it is exactly as though the head of Murder, Incorporated, or some other bloodstained gang leader, were to be hailed by Americans as Unofficial President of the United States.

From earliest youth, Mitsuru Toyama has plied the trade of assassin, openly and without the slightest pretense of concealment. The scores of organizations formed by him, while using patriotism as a mask, have made assassination their business. Today, a white-bearded old man of eighty-nine, he is still the terrorist, holding the threat of death over every man in the government. At his beck are hundreds, even thousands, of young fanatics, ready to go forth and kill at their master's order. Even Hideki Tojo does not dare oppose Toyama's will, well knowing that he would pay for his rashness with his life.

It is not possible to imagine some junior officer walking into the office of Secretary Hull or Secretary Stimson and either killing them outright or else menacing with his dagger until promise was gained to change a policy. And yet that is the way Toyama has run Japan for a full forty years. At his command, cabinet officers, generals and admirals have been stabbed or shot, and not once in that long stretch of time have the authorities dared to lay a hand on him, nor on his killers, for that matter.

Toyama first came into notice as far back as 1877, when he followed the Great Saigo in a rebellion against imperial orders that stripped the samurai of special privileges. Defeated, the Great Saigo committed hara-kiri, but Toyama carried on. Not as a rebel, for he saw that it didn't pay, but as a gangster for hire to anyone who wanted an enemy put out of the way.

A complete success from the first, the militarists eventually took him and his organization under their protection, and began their terrorization of all who stood for peace and modern ideas.

Toyama helped mightily to bring about war with China in 1894, and again with Russia in 1904.

Now rich by reason of valuable mining concessions that were his part of the loot in these campaigns, he organized the Black Dragon Society (a counterpart of the Mafia and the Camorra) and spread it throughout the empire.

Other "patriotic" organizations very shortly burst into being, and soon Mitsuru Toyama had his hatchet men in every city, town and village.

A spirit of democratization swept Japan as an aftermath of the first World War, and there was a while when it seemed that the country was on its way to civilization. The Liberals, however, had only ideas; the militarists had Toyama and his assassins. In 1930, Premier Hamaguchi was shot down at his desk, and one year later the army marched into Manchuria.

A peace party still persisted, and so, in 1932, Toyama struck again, murdering Prime Minister Inukai, Finance Minister Inouye and Baron Takuma Dan, head of the House of Mitsui.

In 1935, Japanese forces invaded China, making war inevitable, and sane statesmen rallied to curb the power of the militarists. In 1936, the Black Dragon's representatives in the army assassinated on a scale that showed both Toyama's deadliness and his power. Four cabinet members were killed, and the Prime Minister escaped only because the killers shot his brother-in-law by mistake. At Toyama's behest, the supreme court applauded the assassins as "patriots."

Toyama, and none other, now proceeded to speak for the nation. Sounding a call for the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere, he announced that the white "barbarians" must go.

Following this, a pact with Germany and Italy was demanded as the first step toward war against the United States and Great Britain. Premier Konoye and Home Secretary Hiranuma, in particular, stood out against the militarists, arguing that Japan had all she could handle in China. Under Toyama's lash, a people shed the thin veneer of civilization, and reverted to heathenism. Generals, admirals, professors, princes and high officials stripped naked and plunged into streams, howling like maniacs as they invoked their ancient gods.

Public opinion properly prepared, a Toyama fanatic walked into Hiranuma's office and attempted his assassination. A bullet-proof vest saved the old man's life, but a shattered jaw and a perforated throat put him out of commission. Konoye, openly warned by Toyama that he was next on the list, promptly resigned, giving way to Hideki Tojo, Toyama's man. This done, the Master Murderer sat down with the admirals and generals to lay out the plans for Pearl Harbor.

There, then, is the story of Mitsuru Toyama. A lifetime given over to cowardly, cold-blooded murder, and yet he is today the best loved and most revered man in all Japan. What more terrible indictment of a people? What more convincing proof that they are still creatures of the jungle? Not all their cherry blossoms, and not all their skill in flower arrangement, can hide their innate animalism. . . . G. C.

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

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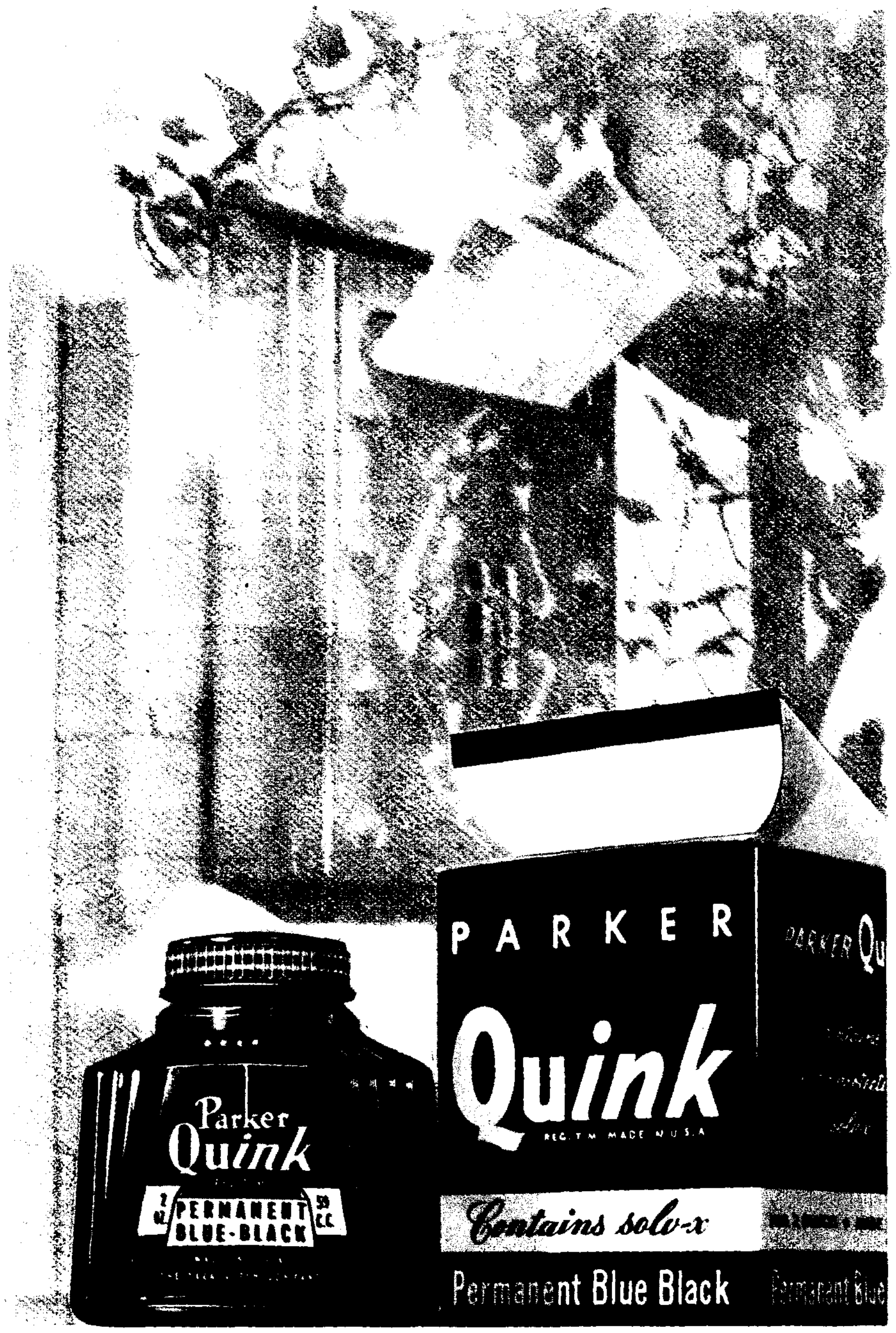

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MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT—BUY WAR BONDS NOW!

PARKER Quink the only ink containing solv-x

Sam, You Made the Pants Too Loud

Continued from page 23

remembers to put in the subject at all, and dangling participles and split infinitives have to look out for themselves when Sam loses himself in the mazes of syntax.

The New York Mirror once put a stenographer on the phone to take a complaint from Sam that some of his publicity hadn't appeared as promised, and this is how he was quoted the next day:

"What's the matter it's not in there, I mean, you know, Broadway Sam and November and so and so about the big benefit, you know, I mean it's for charity and how Broadway Sam will have all the stars of stage and screen, you know, how we give Christmas baskets to the poor families and at Passover, it's strictly nonsextarian and unpartial, I mean it's the annual twenty-first affair of the Nordacs Club, you know, and put it how Sam Roth is in favor of charity and the Nordacs, too, and Louis Scadron, what a wonderful fellow doing it for charity always, I mean how Broadway Sam will be master of ceremonies and his great ad-libbing, put it in the headlines you know the big type and get me up near the top because it's for charity, remember, the Nordacs and all."

It can't be repeated too often in this story that Sam is a guy who is in favor of charity.

Broadway Sam got his start in the Purple Plush Vest Sweepstakes when Charley Levy, his boss, bought him his first "long-pants suit." As a gag, Levy picked out the loudest set of hand-me-downs he could find in a theatrical costuming shop. It may have been a gag on Charley's part, but Sam was hypnotized with joy at the burlesque-comedian getup. There's a story that Sam was so enamored of his new suit he slept in it—which could account for the screechingly loud pajamas he now affects.

Lest someone fail to harken to his clothes, Sam used to go around the theatrical district, singing at the top of his voice and picking up the pennies chucked at him. From force of habit, even to this day when he is a big spender and playboy, Broadway will often mechanically stoop to pick up a copper tossed to him by a heckler when he obliges with a request number (requested by Broadway Sam) at some night club.

Looking back on his formative years, Sam gets sentimental. "As I went along in life," he recalls, "I—" and words fail him, but only for a minute. "Yes, as I went along in life, I grew older!" You'd never suspect it, though, for he doesn't look a day older.

To give Sam a bit of continental polish, Charley Levy took him to Europe in the lush 1920s. Sam refused to take a shine to it, however, and couldn't get back to his street fast enough.

"That London is a funny country," he recalls. "Over there, the people talk the American language with an accent, aw'ready, and they think a circus is a street. I mean Piccadilly. I always thought Piccadilly was something like ketchup that you put it on your steak."

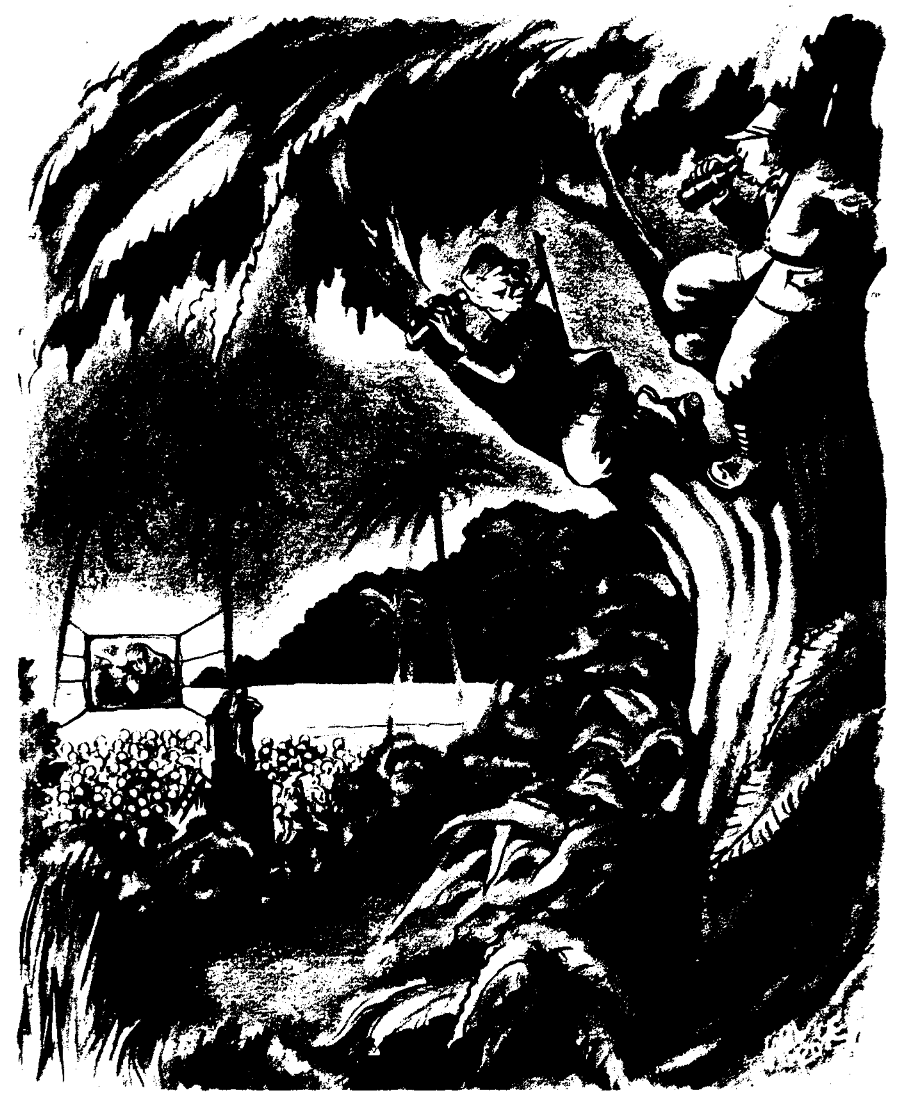
The Personal Touch

In his campaign to become a celebrity, Broadway Sam used two media: Personal publicity in the newspaper columns and "personal appearances" at night clubs, lodge meetings, etc.

"Broadway Sam made a rule, like, early in his career," explains Broadway Sam, "to always show up in person for personal appearances. Personal appearances don't mean nuttin' unless you're there yourself."

There was a time when Sam had to use all his persuasiveness on night-club masters of ceremonies in order to make sure he was called on to take a bow. He wasn't above slipping these glib gents a pair in the center for a hit show as insurance. Now, however, Sam's position as a celebrity is so secure he doesn't have to do any missionary work with the m.c. He is always introduced as "that well-known Broadway celebrity and lovable character, who does so much for charity—Broadway Sam."

To keep his public reminded of how much he thinks of the greatest of all virtues, Sam phones the newspapers just before Passover and Christmas when the Nordacs Club, his organization, distributes baskets



COLLIER'S "If Ingrid Bergman doesn't get the Academy Award for this I don't know my American movies!" CARL ROSE of food to the poor, and asks that photographers be assigned to take pictures of him helping to load the trucks or handing a basket to a poor woman. It is a tribute to the skill of the news cameramen that Sam seldom has to handle more than one basket at each distribution.

Sam's pet and perhaps only hate is the sidewalk ticket scalper who gives legitimate ticket brokers such as him a bad name. On these curbstone bandits he looks down with the same contempt a Brahman has for an untouchable. He will even refuse to give these gougers his autograph—lest it turn up in his next bank statement, at the bottom of a check.

"Don't put Broadway in the class with them crumb-bums," he says with a shudder. "After all, Broadway Sam is a couth guy that was born and brought up."

Sam knows every star on Broadway and he has only to make a well-timed entrance at a musical comedy to have the star comedian stop the show and ad-lib a crack about Broadway Sam. Usually, Broadway has phoned to let the comedian know he is coming, so the surprise won't be too great when he barges down the aisle in his reverse-English mourning clothes.

If a spotlight is focused on him—as a result of his inside connections in the Stage Electricians' Union—Sam will pause in mid-aisle until the applause had subsided to a faint roar, then take a bow. Like a courtier of old, Sam bows from the waist, with a flourish of his sombrero.

In His Favorite Spot

Expert bow stealers of the professional stage concede grudgingly that Sam can give them a head start of three claques and still beat them by a good substantial ovation—that is, of course, providing there's a spotlight, for Sam will not even acknowledge the introduction in semidarkness.

One of Sam's favorite diversions is going to the movies. It would seem that he would be at a disadvantage in the darkness of a movie house where no one could see him. But Sam can handle that one, too. At the top of his voice he carries on a rapid-fire running commentary on the picture.

"Don't go in that room, Bette!" he will shout. "There's a villain in there waiting for you with a gun!"

Sure enough, there is. Either Sam has a pipe line to Hollywood or he scouts a picture in silence before paying it an official visit. At any rate, he has never been known to go wrong on what's about to happen.

At newsreel theaters, Sam thinks it is his patriotic duty to help crush the Axis by hissing Hitler and hollering, "Why don't yuh commit harum-scarum, yuh bucktoot' bum, yuh?" whenever a Japanese general is flashed on the screen. Sam spent an entire day during his vacation in the Litvak Alps (as he calls the Catskills) last summer, stepping on Japanese beetles to help the war effort.

Broadway Sam's company is considered so desirable in the summer hotels on the Borsch Belt that resort managers actually bid for the privilege of having him as their guest. Sam weighs the offers and takes the best. In return, he acts as master of ceremonies at the hotel entertainments, autographs menus for guests and insults them in a way they love.

When acting as master of ceremonies, Sam always opens with an extemporaneous poem, which he has memorized especially for such occasions. It starts:

I stand before you a tongue-tied
stammerer,
Will someone please send for Izzy
Kaplan and his camerer?
What if I am Broadway Sam, a
celebrity?
Is that any reason you should attack
my intebrity?

That stanza merely gives you an idea. From that point on, it gets more and more extemporaneous.

As a front-row spectator at all the big sports events, Sam is sought out by the sports writers for his opinions. Perhaps his most memorable prognostication was given in connection with last year's Kentucky Derby. Asked how he thought the classic would come out, Sam pondered for a moment, then replied with that tone of assurance which has made him what he is today—and I know he's satisfied: "The Kentucky Derby must be won!" To show that Sam knew whereof he spoke, it was won, too!

With Broadway (the street) enjoying the greatest theatrical boom in history, Sam is a much harassed man these days. Like all brokerage offices, his agency is swamped with business. Everyone wants either Oklahoma! or The Voice of the Turtle. (The Verce of the Toitle to Broadway Sam.) His office is a madhouse, with phones buzzing endlessly all day. No Broadway hit is as funny as Broadway Sam himself is when he faces the battery of telephones and starts talking to four customers simultaneously.

One of his quadruple-talk monologues sounds something like this: "No Toitle till 1952, lady. . . . Oklahoma!? Why don't you drop dead, Joe. . . . What? Four for Jacobowsky and the Koinel? And you don't even know the password, aw'ready! Nothing left but two in the third balcony for The Ladder (a notorious flop of the 1920s). . . . Oklahoma!? That's not a show. It's a state. . . . Okay, go to Tyson's then and see if we care! Don't be such a kroavney, mister! The Toitle is out like your shirt, I told you. You're on for four for Hayride Saturday night. . . . Oklahoma! Didn't you hear about it? They changed the name back to Indian Territory. . . ."

Then Sam will drop all four phones and scream, "Allus they can think of is Oklahoma! and The Toitle. I'm goin' mad, I tell you!" Then he will pick up four more phones and vamp till ready.

From selling tickets to hits, Sam recently advanced to the role of stand-in for an angel. A wealthy friend has put up the money for Sam to back a new musical show. If Samivel can steer all the turnaways from Oklahoma! and The Toitle to his own show, it's a smash hit already.

Sam's suite in a hotel fronting on Central Park is an interior decorator's nightmare and a psychoanalyst's picnic ground. The ceiling is covered with mirrors, so Sam can see how he looks when he's asleep.

"So far, Broadway always snores and wakes himself up before he can take a look," explains the celebrity.

The side walls of the bedroom are covered with blown-up reproductions of newspaper columns on Broadway Sam's favorite subject—Broadway Sam. Here and there, sandwiched between framed columns, are photographs of himself which Broadway Sam has thoughtfully autographed. There aren't more than a score of these, however.

His Gentleman's Gentleman

As befits a celebrity of his rank, Broadway Sam now has his own valet. His good man, Kupperberg, who refers to himself as "Sam's wallet," sees that no stray herring scales, truant splotches of purée mongole or spots of Eggs Benedict remain on the master's Ascot ties after he has made a personal appearance at a Bronx delicatessen, a Brooklyn lodge meeting or a Canarsie bar mitzvah. Kupperberg, like Eric Blore, has an accent, but not an accent like Eric Blore's. Democratic Sam, who believes in sharing the bows (as well as the wealth that comes his way), often brings Kupperberg along with him when he makes his rounds of the night clubs and arranges to have him introduced, also. Now Sam's friends are warning him that unless he limits Kupperberg to two bows in each jernt, the "wallet" will steal the master's popularity.

An eligible bachelor approaching forty, Sam surprised his friends recently by inviting them to "his engagement party." When they were assembled, he arose and announced his engagement to Broadway Sam, his first love.

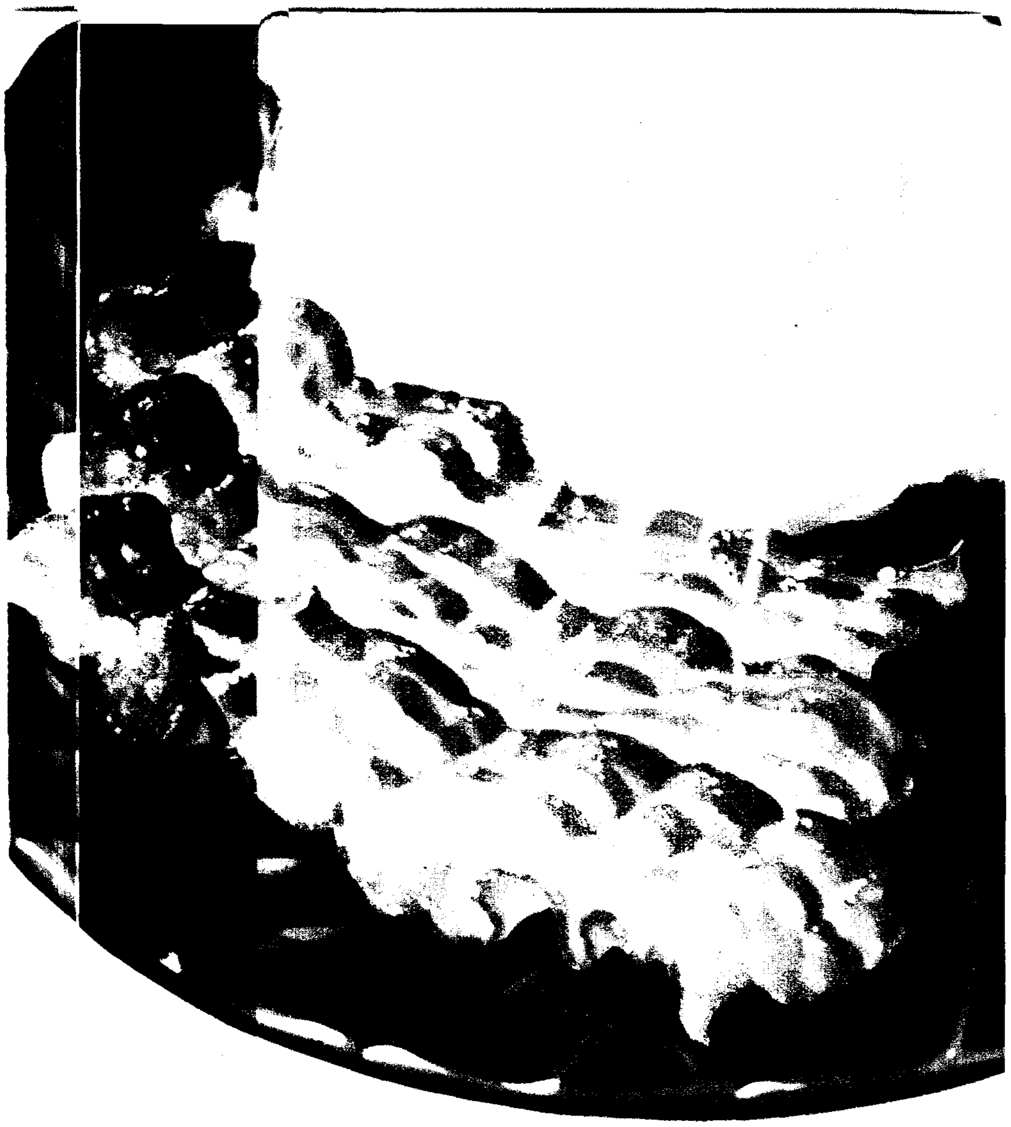
Sam addresses friend or foe, male or female, by such endearing terms as Sweetheart, Darling, and Lover. Another one of his pet names is Character.

"Hello, Character," he will say. "I met a character yesterday who thinks you are a great character."

Once at a theatrical dinner when the late George M. Cohan had proposed a toast to "dear old Broadway," Sam arose, and in a voice quivering with emotion and triple talk, mumbled his thanks to the great showman "for this wonderful tribute you have just paid Broadway Sam."

Which should answer for all time the question: "Which came first, the street or the man?"

THE END



Far and away America's favorite*—this bacon with the sweet smoke taste

Swift's Premium BACON

*Votes proved Swift's Premium Bacon more than twice as popular as the second best brand!

MEAT is materiel of War!

Your first duty to your country: BUY WAR BONDS!

BRITISH INFORMATION SERVICES

TEDDER

Sir Arthur William Tedder, deputy to General Eisenhower, is as British as his pipe and that sober, searching glance. He is the Allied Air boss

BY W. B. COURTNEY

RADIOED FROM LONDON

The secret of Sir Arthur Tedder's success as a British Air Marshal is merciless mathematics. And here's how he adds up, professionally, so that the sum of his effort always totals V for Victory

WHEN Yank fighting men really cotton to a foreigner, especially one who also happens to be an ally, they grope awkwardly for nice words to describe him and then finally sum the whole matter with: "He is just like an American." That is the all-outest praise they can think of—the clincher.

In this respect Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur William Tedder, Deputy Supreme Commander to General Eisenhower, frustrates them. They genuinely like him as a person and shrewdly respect him as an airman. He is immensely popular with all Yanks of the air and other arms who have firsthand knowledge of him; particularly with those fliers who have served under his supreme air command in the Mediterranean theater. But no one can ever say that he has any outward American characteristics.

For Sir Arthur is as cheerily British as tweeds, pipes, colds in the head, thick-soled boots, puns, drafty houses and Guy Fawkes Day. Which is, perhaps, natural, seeing that he is a Scotsman. Only a Scotsman actually is ever as British as a Galsworthian Englishman.

It is reassuring to hear what Tedder's American colleagues have to say about him. Many tout him as the "top all-around air brain" in the war today. Somewhat frail, pallid and scholarly in appearance, he nevertheless gives the impression of being larger physically than he is, through a habit of sprawling and lounging. In a chair at a desk or against a wall, he is constantly twisting himself into as many cozy bends as a pretzel. He has straight, fairish hair, graying but still adequate, and lustrous dark blue eyes, large urchinish ears, a leader's big nose and a generous mouth.

He is gentle, friendly, with a fetching smile, and persuasively rather than belligerently intellectual. He obtains his results (and these must have been even more outstanding than the mere successful campaign records and statistics have the power to indicate, to get him his present high post) for what he knows rather than for what he does or how he looks. Most of the Yank stories about him are in the American way—human interest.

At the conference in Cairo, there was a great parade of review when President Roosevelt was driven at the head of a long and imposing line of shiny cars decked with the starred flags of rank and filled with stern-looking and beribboned military chieftains and leaders. At the very end came a single ordinary, modest jeep, with a solitary occupant. It was Tedder driving himself expertly, keeping the varying pace, his bright and humorous eyes taking in everything as he smoked his pipe and appeared to be resting as he leaned upon the wheel.

"He's the only man," one Yank said, "that I ever saw looking as comfortable and relaxed in a jeep as if he were in a back-porch rocking chair."

An Informal Conference

Another favorite Yank recollection of Tedder concerns the briefing of the Liberator crews for the first Ploesti raid, when he suddenly appeared before the fliers who were to make that day memorable in American air-war history. Sir Arthur, despite his academic experience and somewhat professorial traits, does not like to make formal speeches. Anything in the nature of a pep talk would be abhorrent to him. Those combat kids did not know him very well then and they figured they were in for the usual staff lecture. Sir Arthur looked over the crowd of serious-faced young men for a few moments and then simply asked, "Gentlemen, are there any questions you would like to ask me about this job?"

Whether it was from surprise at his unexpected beginning, nervousness over what lay ahead of them, or diffidence in what was for most of them their first time in the actual near-presence of their supreme commander, the lads remained mute. A few shifted uneasily, others coughed, but no one spoke.

Sir Arthur waited quietly. Then he grinned. "Very well," he said. "I will try to tell you the questions that I think you'd really like to ask."

He began to move about the room, not briskly, but restfully balanced on the edge of a desk one minute and clasping his knees, standing at the map the next minute, then swinging a chair backside and hunching onto it with his chin resting on the top rail, blending one cushy posture into another, chatting all the while—both asking the questions and answering them. In short order, the crews were relaxed and completely at ease, with their interest and attention deeply held during every one of the full twenty minutes that Sir Arthur talked.

Upon another occasion, Sir Arthur was visiting an operational air base somewhere in North Africa. It was during the Tunisian campaign. With a group of American officers, he was talking on the perimeter of the field in his accustomed swankless manner. Spitfires, those darting little slivers of grace and elegance that are royalty among fighter planes, had just done a "good show" in the near-by action. Some of them were returning now, giving off their soft whistle as they passed overhead.

Fliers' Favorite Plane

Sir Arthur began to discuss Spitfires. Here was a subject he could really warm up to—as indeed could any flying man of the Allies, or the Germans, too, for that matter, if and when they ever talk with professional honesty. This was the valiant instrument of "the few" in the saving Battle of Britain. So the normal charm and acuteness of his remarks took on an inspired color as he extolled the Spit—its speed, its maneuverability, its baby-pram handling. He got into high gear, launching his encomiums of the Spit with gestures of his hands toward the sky. As he talked, one of the Spits came in for a landing.

It was a bad landing. The Spit kangarooed across the field, wings rocking, leaving a swirling pillow of dust and gravel to mark each of its eight or more leaps before it came finally to a halt. Nothing dangerous, just sloppy.

Tedder covered his face with his hand and bowed his head while the Spit taxied away. Finally, as the dirt and noise subsided, they heard him murmur through his fingers, "Gentlemen, that concludes my remarks about Spitfires for today."

Sir Arthur has been married twice. His first wife, a gracious and popular Australian, was killed in a plane accident near Cairo. She had been so anxious to reach the city that evening, not only to rejoin her devoted husband, but to keep a long-standing promise to visit the R.A.F. hospital there on the following day.

The next morning, both staff and inmates of the hospital were startled when Sir Arthur came in his wife's stead. To look at him, no one could tell of the horrible shock of the previous night. He carried out the inspection to the last minute detail; neglecting to speak to no one, even having a humorous word for each of those to whom it was appropriate, and encouraging comments for the badly wounded. Then he said goodby unostentatiously and left, to go back to his grief. Married in 1915, the Tedders had three children, two boys and a girl. His elder son, in the R.A.F., was posted missing in 1941.

Recently Sir Arthur married again. The second Lady Tedder was Mrs. Marie Black, widow of an officer killed early in the war. She drove ambulances during the worst of the blitz in London, worked for a while at the American Embassy, and then went to Cairo.

Some Americans remark Tedder's facial and physical resemblance to Clarence Chamberlin, the old-time American transatlantic flier and stunt pilot. Any resemblance ends there. Sir Arthur's career in aviation has no circus elements. Its spectacular features lie in his sound achievements, in his technical and tactical successes, and are not represented in the man himself or in his personality or modes and habits of life. It is significant that he is not well known even to British laymen, let alone to the American public.

Tedder has an air of friendly, whimsical

Tick-Tock...Tick-Tock... NOW TASTE WHAT TIME HAS DONE!

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KENTUCKY'S FINEST
1874
OLD CHARTER
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Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, distilled from fine grains by the old time-proven method. This whiskey is seven years old
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IMPORTANT WAR-TIME NOTE

The Old Charter that you can still enjoy has been taken from our inventories of pre-war whiskies. Our distilleries have not made whiskey since October, 1942. Since that date their full capacity has been converted to production of alcohol for war use by the Government.

IF YOU STILL FEEL that silkiness, mellowness, smoothness are just advertising words...chances are you've never tasted Old Charter! If you still have no real choice between brands of whiskey ...chances are you've never tasted Old Charter. If your own palate has never told you what long and leisured years of ripening can do for a noble whiskey...chances are you've never tasted Old Charter—and you ought to, soon!

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Emperor will grow in value down through the years

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For symmetry, for rugged strength, for rare beauty of costly briar—here is true perfection.

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reserve with no sharp corners to his nature. He is the chess player, the quietly enjoyable witty friend-by-the-fireplace type. With him, you would have an evening of chuckles rather than of loud laughs.

Sir Arthur was born in 1890 at Glenguin, Killicern, near Stirling in Scotland. He was educated at Whitgift in Croydon, one of the oldest (founded 1596) and best public day schools in England. He left Magdalene College, Cambridge, to become a second lieutenant in the Dorset Regiment just before the outbreak of the first World War. Grand old Viscount Trenchard, marshal and dean of the Royal Air Force, is fond of calling 1913 and 1914 the "vintage years," because so many of his "boys" who are now air chief marshals and other top rankers finished at Cambridge or Oxford in those years.

Tedder served in the slogging trench land war with gallantry and ability that brought him mention twice in dispatches and a captain's rank by early 1916. In June of that year, he followed a growing conviction and interest by transferring to the young Royal Flying Corps, as it was known in those days. He went to the Middle East and had command of several R.F.C. units.

With the finish of the war, his mind was made up to follow a life of military aviation. He was commissioned in the permanent establishment as a squadron leader. He served in Constantinople; then for twelve years from 1924 onward, he specialized in training activities, eventually rising to air commodore and director of training. He was appointed air officer commanding the Far East Command in 1936, made air vice-marshal in 1937, and in 1938 became Director General of Research and Development. He was Air Officer Commander in Chief in the Middle East from June, 1941, until his appointment as Supreme Allied Air Commander with the opening of the combined North African Campaign in 1942. Meantime, he had become Air Chief Marshal and Vice-Chief of the Air Staff.

Throughout his career, Sir Arthur has been known as a "brainy" officer—in which respect he parallels General Eisenhower's reputation in the United States Army. His genius and secret are that, in the application of air support, as well as in the larger co-ordination of air and surface forces, he has achieved a higher and cleverer ratio than any of our adversaries. This pays the two-fold dividend of success with minimum losses.

His tactics in Africa played leapfrog. Besides giving routine air cover to his side's attacking ground forces, he makes successive big jumps in great force behind the enemy, paralyzing the power of its front to continue the battle.

He saturates and covers enemy areas with varieties of bombs, including emphatic use of the antipersonnel kind in a systematic pattern that has become known as "Tedder's carpet"—a rug that is not delectable to German feet. The mystery of the quick collapse and mass surrender of the Germans at the end, in Tunisia, it will be shown by history, in my opinion, was not due to lack of courage on the part of the Germans or to lack of the will and spirit to struggle on, or to lack of food or ammunition.

Starving Out the Enemy

Food, ammunition and reserves, no matter how plentiful, are useless if you can't move them about. So Tedder methodically destroyed the lines of connection between the fighting German units and their dumps. The Germans had drawn up expertly and cannily, taking advantage of terrain with sea lines behind them short enough for the protection of movements by night. Here were all the earmarks of a tough fortress, feasible for a protracted defense. Tedder not only lopped off its arteries, but cut its veins. The stoutest hands cannot defend when the blood does not flow. The game was up for the Germans. And what happened in Africa, Tedder plans to have happen again in Fortress Europe.

The fighting airmen know that. Now they know something else, too. They know that the appointment of this truly great airman, Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur William Tedder, as Deputy Supreme Commander is an assurance of the most efficient and whole-hearted co-ordination between themselves and the gallant land soldiers who must wade ashore on The Day.

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

wrote to the Honorable Claude Wickard, Secretary of Agriculture, about it, and twelve large books have just arrived, making things a little more crowded. This causes us to feel rather proud of our government which, in the midst of war, hasn't forgotten us busy farmers. We also have in our office a zither, two maps of the Dutch East Indies, a number of reference books and three wastebaskets. Right homey!

WHILE it is none too safe to say what you think these days, you may still go ahead and think. On this basis, Mr. Anson W. Prescott of Theodore, Alabama, would soon pay off the war debt. He would hale 80,000,000 of us into court and fine us each $100 with no jail option. One month later, he'd have us all in court again. The judge would say, "So you don't think so, hey?" and fine us another hundred. He'd keep that up until the slate was clean. We have read this over twice and don't think it would work.

A LADY in Jonesboro, Indiana, writes: "I do not like sin and will vote against it, but everything has got so sinful that I don't know." That lady is in a quandary or dilemma. A high-school young lady in Muncie, Indiana, wants to be a WASP but sends her measurements which, she says, look better in a WAVE uniform. She wants Kyle Crichton to decide for her, "when he finishes his next picture and not disturb him now." We have just received a circular letter reading: "Your country needs old scrap. How about you, friend?" One of our hackles rose at that imputation. Mrs. Bea McGinn of Moscow, Idaho, is very angry because some character in this magazine said that he'd "as soon have a strange tropical disease as a Boston bull terrier." There's nothing we can do about that except wonder what stalwart Westerners are doing defending Boston bulls which, we thought, were doted on only by us Eastern lilies. And from a lady in Philadelphia: "Is a job on the magazine? So give a job for the son Benny who can make with the typewriter."

AND Mr. James Ronald of Fairfield, Connecticut, takes exception to an "error made, beyond question, without malice" by Frank Gervasi in his article, The Jew As a Soldier. Mr. Gervasi's article had it that "Early in the war, Jews were used only in work battalions—Pioneers." This, Mr. Ronald tells us, is not true; that Mr. Gervasi meant that *refugee* Jews were used only in work battalions. British Jews, he adds, were drafted in the same way as Gentiles. No distinction.

WE HAVE a large photograph of a fire in Firth, Idaho. That fire was started by the government, and the idea, wholly successful, was to get ride of 2,700 jars of peanut butter. Mr. H. K. Williams sends us the horrid details, including newspaper quotations from an assistant United States attorney who says that there was nothing wrong with the peanut butter except that the jars, instead of containing sixteen ounces of the spread, contained only 15.66 ounces. Mr. Williams, just returned from working on military bases in Newfoundland, thinks that there are hungry people here and there who wouldn't have objected to a jar of peanut butter because it was shy .34 of an ounce. However, he adds that we should have seen the government destroying hundreds of cases of canned milk, vegetables and fruit juices in Newfoundland and Baffin Island merely because the labels had washed off the cans." He admits, though, that peanut butter smells better while it is burning.

WE HAD a swell paragraph to wind up with, but we've just received a demand from The Methodist Ministers Association of Delaware County, Pennsylvania, that profanity be eliminated from all our magazines. Too bad. It was a lovely story. . . . W. D.

UNTOLD MISERIES TO MANY OUT OF ONE OLD TIN CAN!*

Spray FLIT on all ***stagnant water.*** It wipes out baby Anopheles . . . the malaria mosquito . . . before it has a chance to hatch out into a full-fledged carrier of disease.

Spray FLIT in closets and all ***dark corners.*** It's sudden death to the mosquito that may spread living death from a sick man to *you.*

Attack all mosquitoes in the air . . . with a quick shot of FLIT. It's an *easy* way to kill 'em. It's a smart way to help protect the health and happiness of your family. Be prepared! Arm yourself with plenty of FLIT . . . today!

* Empty tin cans catch water . . . act as breeding places for mosquitoes. Why not serve your country and your community by turning them *all* in for scrap?

FLIT

kills mosquitoes, ants, moths, flies, bedbugs and other household pests.

FLIT
Kills
Moths
Mosquitoes
Flies
Bed Bugs
Ants

Be sure it's FLIT.

Ask for the yellow container with the black band.

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Stanco Incorporated

Wallace Rides Again

Continued from page 11

ecord. As a consequence, the man who took he Vice-Presidential oath was vastly different from the bashful, backward, deprecatory ustic of 1933.

The change became public knowledge in August, 1941, when newspapers headlined he astounding news that Mr. Wallace had een named head of the Supply Priorities nd Allocations Board. No longer a Throttlebottom, sitting in parks with the squirrels nd pigeons, but a Big Executive, above such reat industrialists as Knudsen and Nelson. And the job was one of magnitude, for SPAB was to bring order out of the production haos, and start preparedness hitting on very cylinder. Unhappily, inside of six months, SPAB's failure stood so plain that t was sponged out, giving way to the War Production Board with Donald Nelson as its hairman.

Not that the Vice-President was entirely o blame. SPAB was just another white rabbit that came out of the Great Magician's hat, and never had a chance. But did the *new* Wallace go down with the ruins? Far from t! Shaking SPAB's rubble from his nimble eet, he quickly reappeared as chairman of he Board of Economic Warfare. This was a man-sized job, for BEW was supposed to 'advise, develop and co-ordinate all policies, plans and programs for the protection and strengthening of America's economic relations in the interest of the national defense." And who was named to be Executive Director but Milo Perkins!

The click of the combination soon became the loudest noise in Washington. Not only did BEW mushroom into gigantic proportions, but word spread that the acquisition of strategic materials was not its sole function. All Latin America, as well as the United States, was to have its New Deal. Through the medium of our contracts, the standard of living was to be raised for the tin miners of Bolivia, the rubber workers of Brazil, the copper miners of Chile and the toiling masses of Central America and Mexico. At the very outset, however, the Great Adventure struck a snag. Henry and Milo could only *buy;* payment was up to Jesse Jones. And Jesse, as holder of the purse strings, coldly pointed out that he could find nothing in the law that justified the expenditure of millions for "uplift activities."

Protests proved unavailing, and relations became strained to the breaking point. Finally, on an April morning in 1942, Henry slipped into the White House and gained the President's signature to an executive order. Simple enough on its face, no piece of paper ever had a higher explosive content. What it did was to turn Master Jones into a mere cashier for BEW, a signer of blank checks, and take away certain vital powers from the State Department.

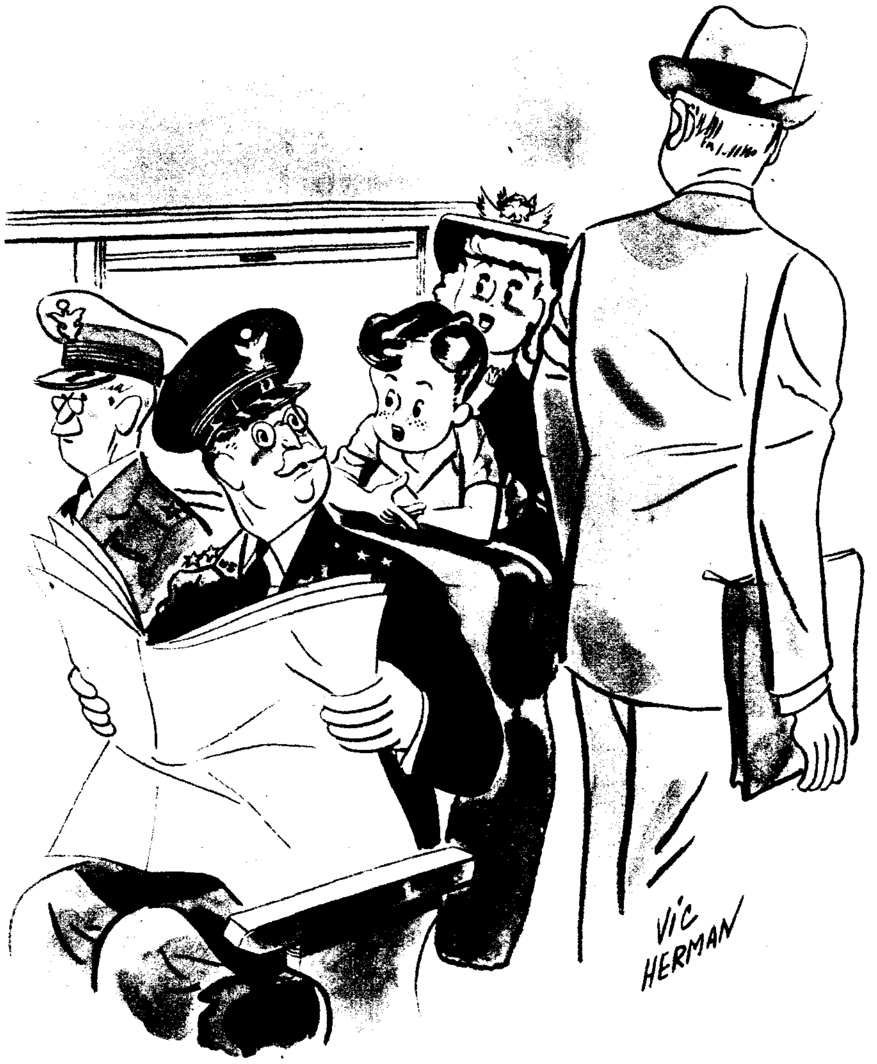
Battle of the Checkbook

Cordell Hull hit the White House all spraddled out, and had the order rescinded as far as he was concerned. With respect to Mr. Jones, however, the President stood by Henry. The battle that followed made even Harold Ickes' feuds seem like childish spats. Insisting that it was a plain purchasing job and not a social uplift crusade, Jesse went into a clinch over every check and contract.

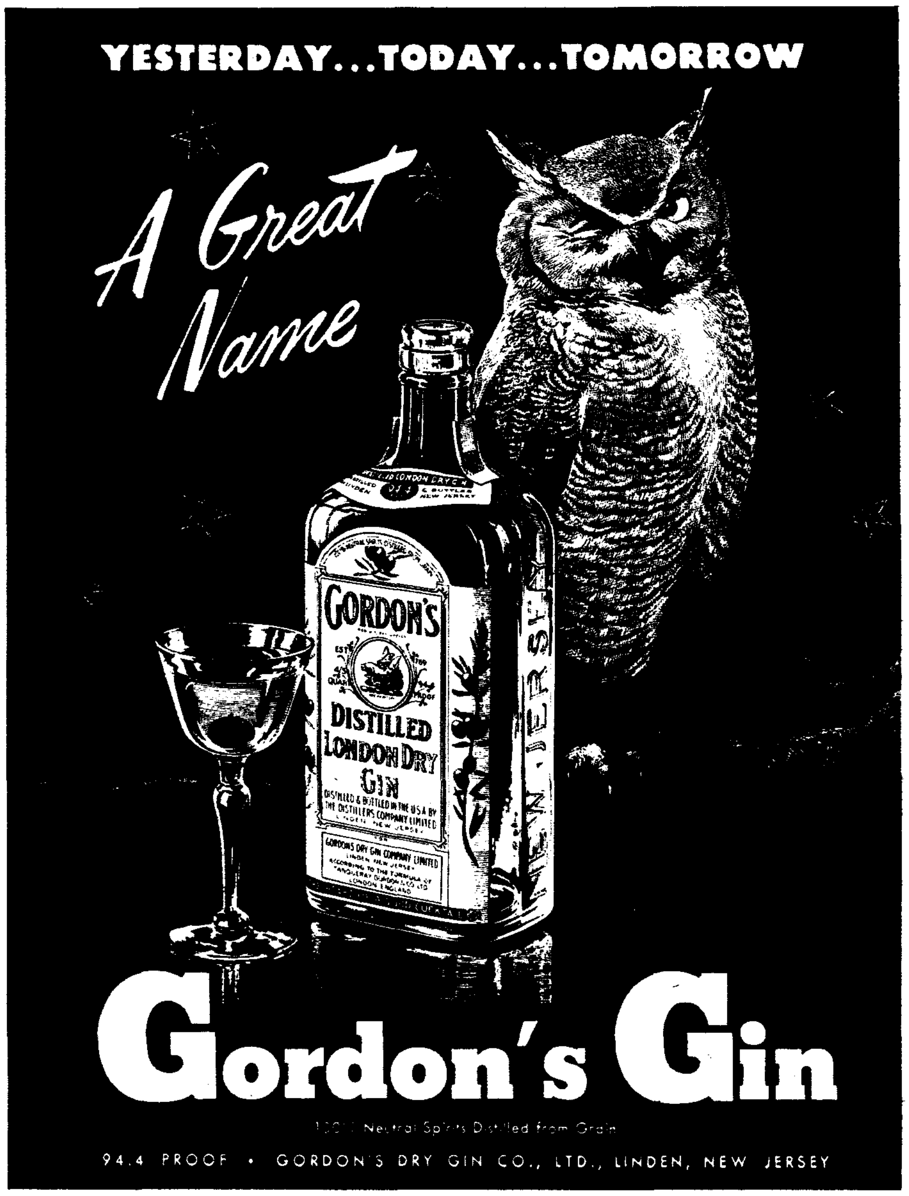
The Wallace of other years would have suffered in silence, but the Wallace of 1943 suddenly erupted with Vesuvian violence. Out of a clear sky he attacked the big Texan for his "timid, business-as-usual" approach to great moral problems, leaving no doubt in any mind that he regarded the Keeper of the Purse as a hateful combination of small-town banker and East Side pawnbroker.

Mr. Jones, answering no less hotly, denounced the charges as "falsehoods out of whole cloth" and branded many BEW activities as "hysterical." All Latin America, he sputtered, had been flooded by "social workers," ignorant of the language, knowing nothing of business practice, and concerned only with grandiose plans for a Richer Life.

Some time before, the President had warned his appointees against airing their differences in public and, faced with this glaring infraction, he acted decisively. Jesse Jones suffered a curtailment of power, although more apparent than real, but Henry was cast into the outer darkness. Milo Perkins, defending his chief's attack, declared that it was only "what any red-blooded



COLLIER'S "Is it really the straight goods that you became a general because you always washed behind your ears, went to bed without a fuss, and ate oatmeal for breakfast?" VIC HERMAN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But it's *your* car! And *your* worry!

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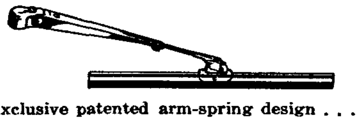

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Used on our fighting tanks and trucks and ships and bombers too.

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Somewhere today he's dreaming of this... of summer at home, an open car and a coke...of sun and sea and a beach full of Jantzen poster girls come-to-life...because when a man thinks of summer and a gorgeous girl, he naturally thinks of Jantzen. The new Jantzens are as he remembers them ...suave, knitted fabrics with marvelous bras for the girls...and for men the smartest trim-tailored knitted trunks in America.

ESCAPE...Braided Velva-Lure two-piece 8.95

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BUY MORE WAR BONDS . . . AND BRING HIM HOME SOONER!

erican would have done on discovering ny things under a stone." As a conse-ence, he hit the skids in his turn, disap-aring with the same suddenness that rked his advent.

For quite a while it was as though Henry allace had never been. Now and then ne kindly columnist reported that the e-President had given up boomerangs, d was deep in the study of Spanish and ssian, but soon his name disappeared from public prints entirely. By way of ac-tuating the Administration's swing to the ht, such conservatives as Leo Crowley d Edward Stettinius were lifted into the ite light that beats about a throne.

Still more significantly, solid Sam Ray-rn began to be mentioned as an acceptable ce-Presidential nominee, and Harry Hop-s left the White House for a home of his n. And then, with the drama that he loves, President let drop at a press conference at the New Deal had served its purpose, d could no longer be regarded as a live pic.

Straightway, volcanic rumblings came m the Capitol where Henry Wallace uched behind the Vice-Presidential bars. rrespondents, rushing to the scene, re-rned thick with ashes and scorched by va. Henry, according to their reports, had own off his top. Denying that the New al was dead or even ailing, he affirmed ith in its vitality as an eternal force. Oth-s might desert and betray, but for his part, meant to take the field, shouting the bat- cry of freedom.

And so he did, all by himself and in the ce of the Administration's frowned dis-easure. As he roamed from state to state, no city was his appearance sponsored by e Democratic organization, nor were the atforms from which he spoke ever crowded ith political dignitaries. His meetings, with-t exception, were under the auspices of ivic and labor groups," and these carefully named. They were principally CIO un-ns, and now and then, a women's club. By s own frank admission, these were the diences that he sought, for the burden of ery single speech was the Common Man, d the wrongs suffered by him at the hands "American Fascists." The following ex-rpts, picked at random from mimeo-raphed copies furnished by his office, are irly illustrative:

"Some businessmen want to put Wall treet first and the nation second. They want put property rights first and human rights econd. They will fight with unrelenting atred through press, radio demagogues and bbyists every national and state govern-ent which puts human rights above prop-rty rights. American Fascists at this oment are desperately striving to control he delegates to county conventions, so that hey may, in turn, control the delegates to he state and national conventions of both arties.

"Operating on the precinct level, the peo-le, thoroughly aroused, can at any time they vish throw the American Fascists out of ontrol. They can put the man above the lollar and march straight up from the pre-inct to the county to the state and to the national convention. They can see that the right men are nominated for Congress and the Senate. They can see that Congressmen and Senators, after they reach Washington, are kept informed and eager to respond to Main Street instead of to Wall Street. Dollar principles are all right insofar as they serve human principles, but when they fail in such service, they have no meaning except to American Fascists.

"We are in for a profound revolution, partly as the result of the aftermath of two great wars, and partly as a result of 150 years of modern technology and democratic thinking about the rights and duties of man. Those of us who realize the inevitability of revolution are anxious that it be gradual and bloodless, and it can be, if the makers of public opinion, the politicians, the pressure group leaders, will only influence their millions of followers on behalf of the public good instead of regional and class prejudices. We must fight with all our might to do this thing. Otherwise we shall have a bloody revolution and slavery."

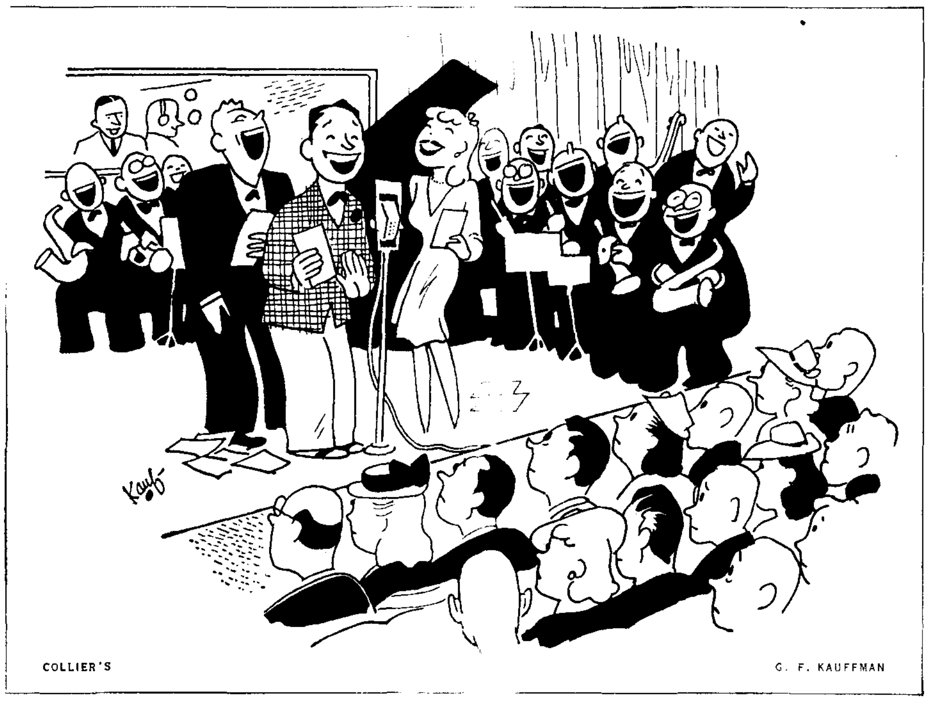
Crusade Against Privilege

Just as the New Deal pointed out the way to happiness and prosperity for the Common Man, so did "entrenched greed" block the attainment of these objectives. Over and over, the Vice-President stressed "monopoly profits, financial manipulation and Wall Street speculation." The railroads were attacked for their discriminatory freight rates and suppression of competition. Bankers were berated for high interest rates, and the patent system was assailed as "a weapon of oppression by monopoly groups." His cure for the "swindle" that kept America's inventive genius under lock and key was "sponsored government research, available to all."

Time and time, he took issue openly with the Administration, particularly with respect to the handling of the government's investment of sixty billions in war plants, land, machinery and materials. Undaunted by any possible cry of State Socialism, the Vice-President made repeated declarations of his faith in a continuance of government ownership, and if need be, government operation. Here is an exact quote:

"We must not regard such plants as liabilities to be disposed of hastily; we must not allow the disposition of these plants to add to the concentration of control in industries which are already monopolistic. The plants must be kept in full production to create the enlarged national income required to support a new American standard of living. As a final sale of these war plants would probably result in their being acquired sooner or later by a few large concerns, I have suggested that title should remain in a federal agency."

"Get the government out of business," he insisted, was the cry of American Fascists. Continue the New Deal, and government will stay in business, and on an even larger scale. "If investment financing in a few large cities becomes the order of the day . . . government agencies will, of necessity, furnish financing services to the small businessman." As for public works, "Government



COLLIER'S

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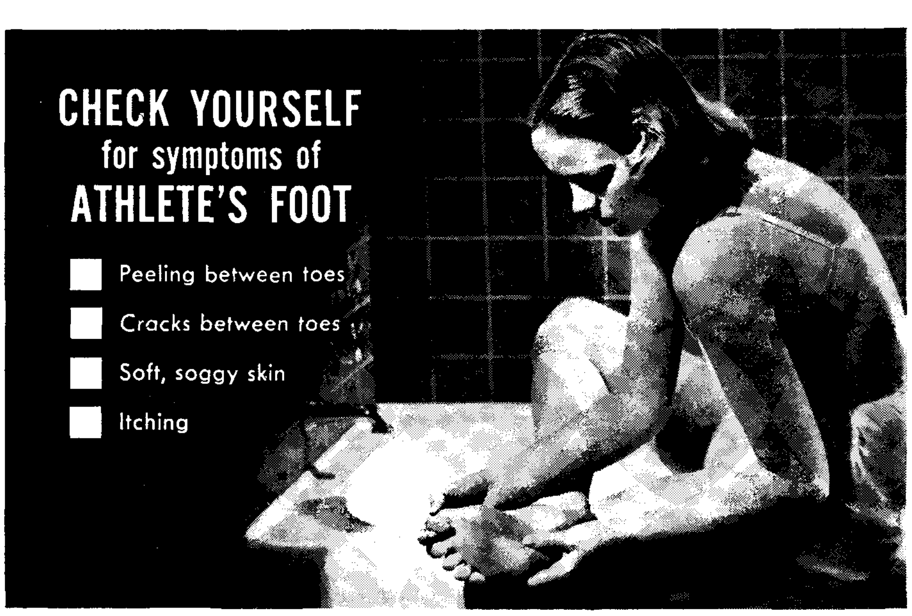


CHECK YOURSELF
for symptoms of
ATHLETE'S FOOT

☐ Peeling between toes
☐ Cracks between toes
☐ Soft, soggy skin
☐ Itching

HAVE YOU GOT IT?

Maybe you never realized it, but chances are *you* have Athlete's Foot. Surveys show over 70% of U. S. adults infected each year. Mild case may suddenly become serious. Now science has a better treatment! In thousands of test cases, practically all infection cleared up quickly with easy 2-way Quinsana method—used today by millions.

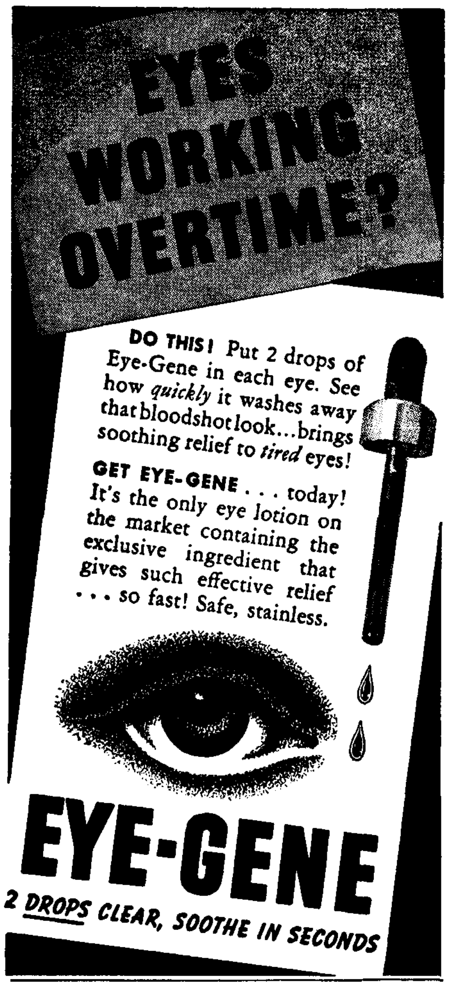
NEW 2-WAY TREATMENT

1. Use Quinsana on feet daily. The great majority of Chiropodists, specialists in care of the feet, recommend Quinsana.

2. Shake Quinsana powder into shoes daily to absorb moisture, reducing chances of *re-infection* from shoe linings.

MENNEN
QUINSANA
for
Athlete's
Foot
50¢*

IMPORTANT: The fungi which cause Athlete's Foot exist almost everywhere. For protection and relief, use Quinsana daily. Also excellent for excessive perspiration, foot odor. Pharmaceutical Div., The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J. (*SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA)

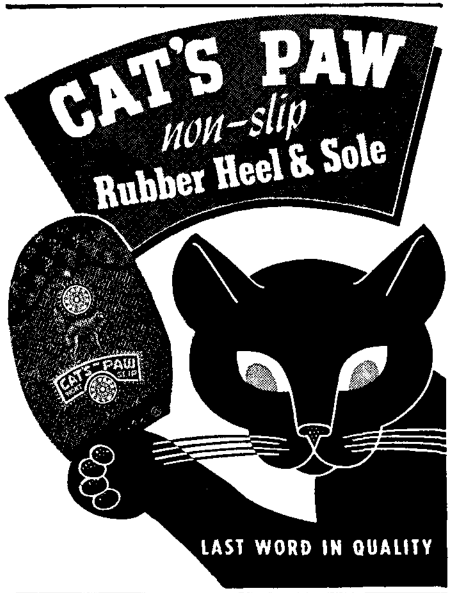

EYES WORKING OVERTIME?

DO THIS! Put 2 drops of Eye-Gene in each eye. See how *quickly* it washes away that bloodshot look...brings soothing relief to *tired* eyes!

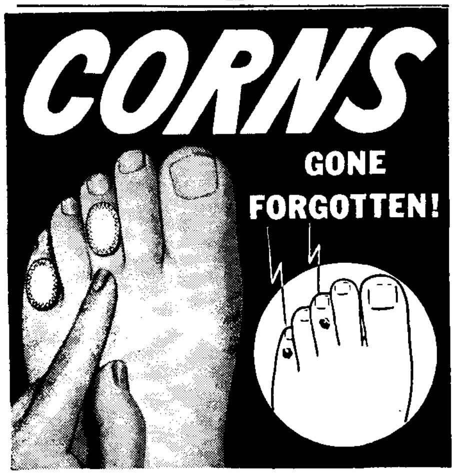
GET EYE-GENE . . . today! It's the only eye lotion on the market containing the exclusive ingredient that gives such effective relief . . . so fast! Safe, stainless.

EYE-GENE

2 DROPS CLEAR, SOOTHE IN SECONDS


CAT'S PAW non-slip Rubber Heel & Sole

LAST WORD IN QUALITY


CORNS GONE FORGOTTEN!

Doctor's Relief Acts Instantly!

You'll be amazed how Dr. Scholl's thin, soothing, cushioning Zino-pads instantly stop tormenting shoe friction and lift painful pressure on corns, sore toes.

With Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads come separate wonder-working *Medications* for quickly removing corns, while you work, walk or play. No other method does all these things for you. Cost but a trifle. Get a box today. At Drug, Shoe, Department Stores, Toilet Goods Counters. Insist on Dr. Scholl's!

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

can and must accept the major responsibility for filling in whatever gaps business leaves."

At no time did the Vice-President fail to assert his belief and faith in the "American system of free enterprise," but every such assertion was followed quickly by his own definition. It did not mean, he was at pains to make clear, "privileged enterprise which confers benefits on the few at the expense of the majority, or artificial controls of production and distribution of goods."

In Los Angeles, speaking before labor groups, he made this particularly explicit statement of position:

"To its own conscience, this selfish, narrow-visioned branch of big business puts its desires in mild-sounding phrases somewhat as follows: 'We must have an economically sound government and a balanced budget. Government spending must be cut down. We must get rid of that so-and-so in the White House. Then with government out of business, and with Wall Street running the country again, we can have what we want—free enterprise.' By free enterprise, this type of big business means freedom for freebooters . . . the privilege of charging monopoly prices without interference by government; the privilege of putting competitors out of business by unfair methods of competition; the privilege of buying up patents and keeping them out of use; the privilege of setting up Pittsburgh-plus price-fixing schemes; the privilege of unloading stocks and bonds on the public through insiders who know their way in and out, up and down, backways and sideways."

It was in his consideration of the future, however, that the Vice-President really went to town. Continue the New Deal in power, and the United States could have "a miracle of peacetime production even more remarkable than the war production of the last year." A "million new homes" at the very least, for with all the technological advances, it would be as stupid "to tinker with an old house as with an old car." Thousands of new hospitals, and medical care for every man, woman and child. "Vitamins in corn meal and flour to wipe out all vitamin deficiencies and diseases, extending the working life of the individual by a full ten years." Electricity in every home and farm, permitting quick freezers, deep freezers and hundreds of other gadgets that will lift the burden of drudgery from American backs.

The national debt? An advantage, not a danger at all. Overthrow the forces of American Fascism, and "we can pay the interest on that debt and have a standard of living at least 50 per cent higher than in the decade of the thirties. . . . A national income of 130 billions and an annual production of 170 billions of goods and services. With such an income, we can carry the interest on our war debt, and still have a whole lot more left over than we had at the top of the boom in 1929."

There was, however, one qualification: The people must make a choice between spending and thrift. "We can," he explained, "enjoy the things we have always wanted, and thereby create such prosperity that we can carry the national debt easily, or we can pinch and save and bring on a depression."

Only once did the Vice-President ever pull a punch or veer in the direction of practical politics. Shrewdly enough, transcripts were made of his speech before the American Business Congress in New York, and sent to 569 radio stations throughout the country. A comparison developed that this paragraph, contained in the transcript, had not been heard by the businessmen:

"The present high concentration of investment banking in New York is itself incompatible with free enterprise, for only large national corporations have access on reasonable terms to that market." Not a very vital suppression, for he had uttered the charge in a score of speeches, but the newspapers made much of it.

Tidings of the Wallace tour came back to Washington, of course, but excited small interest in Democratic circles. "Bush league stuff," was the general comment. "Henry's dead and just won't admit it." Complacence, however, received a rude jolt when reports began pouring in from the sticks. Despite the antagonism of the "organization," the Vice-President was "turning 'em away."

A Political Evangelist

"And how," provincial operatives asked wrathfully, "did anybody ever get the idea that Henry was a dope and a drip?" Not since Huey Long, all agreed, had the hinterland been stirred to such frenzied yelping.

"A ball of fire," they moaned. "He's grabbed Roosevelt's old line and gives out even hotter, and we'll all be reading the want-ad columns next November."

On top of these reports, endorsements of the Champion of the Common Man showered in from labor unions and radical groups, and "We want Wallace" grew to be a menacing cry that had the beat of a Sioux war drum. As at a signal, Washington's speculation about other Vice-Presidential candidates died down to mumbles. Members of the Democratic National Committee waxed fulsome in praise of Henry as an upstanding American, and denied vehemently that there had ever been any thought of breaking up a winning combination.

Any remaining doubts as to the Wallace "comeback" have been removed by announcement of his trip to China, Russia, India and points south—not only a sign that he has been restored to White House favor, but a shrewd maneuver to keep him in the public eye while taking him away from the public ear. Partisans of Sam Rayburn and Harry Truman may console themselves by thinking it a "brush-off," but not the Inner Circle. They see it as a "build-up" and are readying their gullets for the painful gulp in July.

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

a physical examination every two years by the pilot's family physician, in place of the annual checkup by a government-designated doctor. The alternative is for a physical examination by a government-designated physician at the time the certificate is first issued and no more thereafter. From then on out, it would be the pilot's own responsibility not to fly if his physical condition fell below what he knew it should be. And in either case, it is proposed that the examination be more general and consist of a determination that the applicant has adequate eyesight and no ailments which might cause him to become suddenly incapacitated.

For private flying, this opens up the opportunity to thousands of potential pilots who have been ruled out by physical imperfections, but who in the opinion of the Safety Board are just as safe in an airplane as at the wheel of an automobile.

Aeronautical knowledge requirements also are to be knocked down. To pass a private pilot's test now, the student must devour six and a half pounds of books and documents, most of which he forgets the moment he has passed his test. As a substitute for this, there is in preparation by the Civil Aeronautics Authority, the administrative agency of the policy-making Civil Aeronautics Board, a pamphlet which the applicant could read in thirty minutes or really digest in a couple of hours.

Lastly, the flying experience necessary to get the coveted ticket would be so revised that, if an applicant really worked at it, he could accomplish the course in two weeks. It is proposed that a total of thirty hours of flying experience be logged, ten of which would be dual instruction. The rules now say forty-three hours—eight of them dual. Under the new plan, if a student shows enough aptitude to solo in two hours, he could be turned loose then, but he must work in the remaining eight hours of dual instruction before he will be licensed.

If the student can pass this flight test, Mr. Lankford believes he will be fortified with sufficient fundamentals to keep him out of trouble—if he wants to avoid trouble. And on this point, Jesse is philosophical. His records tell him that no matter how forcefully certain rules have been hammered home at pilots, there have been and always will be accidents due to violation of the very ones set up for their safety.

"The careless human in an airplane is not one bit different from the careless motorist, and the result is always the same," says Jesse. . . .

F.R.N.

A·1 SAUCE

ONE Sauce for ALL!

Not just for meat. Not just for fish. Not just for fowl, beans, salads and egg dishes. *It's A·1 for all!*

Ask for it when dining out. Keep it on the table at home. *Not rationed.*

G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford 1, Conn.

The DASH that makes the DISH

WEDGEWOOD

5¢ STILL BUYS A GOOD CIGAR

Civilian supplies are necessarily restricted. But if your dealer happens to have them, you may find the answer to your smoking problem... WEDGEWOOD PANETELAS

PENNSTATE CIGAR CORP.
ALLEGHENY AVE. & BOUDINOT ST., PHILA. 34, PA.

WEDGEWOOD

HEAR...

Electronic science SELECTS sounds to fit your ears

Enjoy Maico's *selective* hearing, a new triumph of electronics. Emphasizes sounds your ears need most, yet suppresses loud blasts. For easy, *lifelike* hearing, try a midget Maico aid.

Write for details.
MAICO CO., Dept. 655
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Maico supplies 90% of America's precision hearing test instruments

USE ASTHMADOR

The medicated smoke of Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR aids in reducing the severity of asthmatic attacks—helps make breathing easier. ASTHMADOR is economical, dependable, uniform—its quality more than ever insured by rigid laboratory control of potency. Use ASTHMADOR in powder, cigarette, or pipe mixture form. At any drugstore—try ASTHMADOR today!

PULVEX FLEA POWDER

Kills fleas

25¢ AND 50¢

JUST APPLY TO ONE SPOT

The Voice of China

Continued from page 15

troops in China. There are regular daily periods of music, recordings of half-hour shows by comedians Jack Benny, Fred Allen, Bob Hope and others, and special home sports news. The programs are as eagerly listened to by a group of G.I. fans around a multitube receiver in Chungking's new plush-and-polished Red Cross Servicemen's Club, as by a couple of American radiomen in besieged Changteh, who relax with sanity-holding jive during a few moments of battle lull.

XGOY's program director is stoop-shouldered, baldish Peng Lo-Shan, or Mike Peng, as he prefers to be called. During two years at theological seminary in Auburn, New York, Mike spent more time listening to his radio than to his professors. The war broke the day he returned to China. Earnest, superpatriotic Mike quickly sold himself to XGOY and then started to sell XGOY to the world, using American methods. He has done a good job of it, considering the terrific problems he has had to contend with.

He's got the strangest collection of assistants you ever saw. There's U Ba Gale, dark-skinned, sarong-wearing Burmese scholar from Rangoon, who broadcasts daily to occupied Burma. He's a devout Buddhist and exceedingly finicky about his diet. He eats *only three things—chicken*, duck and mutton.

Then there's Ma Ping-Ho, whose real name is McCauland. Ma Ping-Ho is an Oxford scholar who came to China a decade ago, liked it so much he renounced his British nationality and became a Chinese citizen. Deciding to model his life on ancient Chinese scholars, Ma took the vow of poverty and renunciation.

Today Ma wears a tattered black Chinese gown over his gangling, six-foot frame, straw coolie sandals on his feet, and a face full of matted whiskers.

Even so, he is a brilliant scholar in Chinese, which he both reads and writes to perfection. He refuses to speak English except when broadcasting. Then he reads with the cultured, well-modulated voice of the perfect English gentleman. His scripts are classics in prose. Yet, in preparing them, he refuses to use anything but the poorest quality paper and painstakingly fills every possible space on both sides in a scrawl that is legible to him alone.

Colonel Liu Yuan-Tao is another queer one. He's a Dutchman, born of well-to-do people. Like Ma Ping-Ho he has become a Chinese citizen.

Though a graduate of the Chinese military academy, he is more or less on permanent detached duty, assigned to do news broadcasts in Dutch for XGOY.

Steadiest of the foreign announcers is Leonard Allen, who was a professor of history in the University of Rangoon until the fall of Burma. A full-fledged Baptist missionary, Len Allen balks at scripts containing such words as pregnancy, rape and ladies' underwear, and he refuses to read news items which are not in conformity with the Moral Rearmament movement principles, in which he is a firm believer.

Getting the News Through

Russian newscasts are given by a Chinese from Harbin, Manchuria; Spanish, by a Chinese girl born in Lima, Peru; Japanese, by the Japanese wife of a Chinese official, and Mandarin, by Miss Chu Ming-Hsuan, a former movie star from Shanghai.

Some months ago, the Division of Cultural Relations of the U. S. Department of State sent out George Grim to advise and assist Mike Peng with his programming and the training of personnel. A veteran of sixteen years in American radio, "Smiley" Grim has tightened up a lot of loose nuts and bolts in XGOY's organization.

He has introduced new program features, livened up old ones, brought precision, order and system into its studio procedure. He taught them the standard finger and hand signals as used in American radio stations for cueing. Aiming an index finger for go ahead, a finger drawn across the throat for cut, and so on.

He had just finished his nightly Free China Network broadcast one evening when he spied Floyd Rogers, another American who broadcasts occasionally over XGOY, looking through the glass panel in the control room. Unthinkingly he gave him the flapping-moose-ears sign. The control-room operators nearly threw a fit; they thought it was some new signal and didn't know what was expected of them.

That Free China Network program is something unique. There being no telephone connections with stations in other parts of the country for a simultaneous network pickup, XGOY has devised a "bucket-brigade relay." The nearest station picks up XGOY's broadcast, amplifies and passes it on to the next station, which in turn sends it along to the next, and so on until the circuit is complete.

The program begins with a brisk forty-five seconds of news headlines, for isolated missionaries whose radios run on old, irreplaceable batteries which can be charged only enough to last a minute or two daily. Typical daily item is a tribute to the unknown arsonist who started that ten-million-dollar fire in occupied Nanking, as announced in a Tokyo broadcast.

Production Man's Nightmare

Sadly understaffed, cramped for space in a single studio, yet trying to do a man-sized job of professional quality, the setup is a production man's nightmare. For example, George Grim was on the air, talking to radio engineers in America, a pencil in his right hand, cutting the script of the announcer to follow him, while with his left he motioned a choir of long-gowned Chinese into place before the microphone for their singing of Hark! the Herald Angels Sing, in Mandarin for listeners in Des Moines, Iowa.

Love-making crickets occasionally get behind the studio paneling, and Mike has to detail attendants to massage the walls to keep the crickets quiet during network broadcasts.

The studio itself is well built, with soundproofed walls, high ceiling and carpeted floor. The soundproofing is entirely homemade and is surprisingly efficient. Instead of processed insulating board, the walls are lined with Chinese grass paper mixed with lime and pressed dry, as is done in the preparation of bean curd. The head-high wood paneling is made of hand-grooved, twelve-inch squares to break sound reverberations—something you find only in the most modern studios in America. The furniture consists of a table and a couple of chairs—no more.

And there is no such thing as accurate time in Chungking. There is not a single chronometer in Free China—at least not in Chungking. All XGOY has is an American alarm clock which is checked by Mike Peng's pocket watch and a periodic time signal from BBC.

This is good enough for all ordinary needs, but presents quite a problem for short-wave broadcasts cut into American network programs.

To you in America, listening to your radio, it all sounds so smooth, so faultless. You hear the announcer in New York say, "Come in, Chungking," and obediently Smiley Grim begins talking. But here is the picture behind the scenes:

Due to atmospherics at that hour of the day, Smiley can't hear that casually spoken "Come in, Chungking," so he goes on "blind"—that is, according to previously cabled instructions, he is to start talking at exactly fifty-three minutes and ten seconds after noon Greenwich Mean Time; which wouldn't be much of a trick if they had a chronometer in the studio keeping accurate GMT—but they haven't.

So, minutes before Chungking is due to go *on the air*, Smiley begins giving the time signals—according to XGOY's alarm clock, which may be anything from a few seconds to a half minute ahead or behind chronometric time.

Network engineers in New York listen, hurriedly contact Moscow, London, Sydney, Rio de Janeiro and other pickups scheduled for the same program, giving them last-moment instructions to cut or stretch their scripts, adjusting the whole world-wide network hookup—ordinarily operated on split-second GMT—to Chungking's amazing alarm-clock time.

Sounds crazy, but it works—and will continue to work until Lend-Lease or someone sends XGOY a chronometer.

THE END

FALSE TEETH WEARERS

How *YOU* can Avoid
The Danger of
DENTURE BREATH

TAKE CARE, Grandpa! Sally seems to be a trifle annoyed at you. Could it be your . . . Denture Breath? It's possible *you* may not know when your breath offends—*but others do*. Avoid this danger—don't brush and scrub your dental plates with ordinary cleansers that may scratch your plate material. For such scratches help food particles and film to collect faster, cling tighter, causing offensive Denture Breath.

PLAY SAFE—SOAK YOUR PLATE IN POLIDENT

Do This Every Day!

Soak your plate in Polident fifteen minutes or longer . . . rinse . . . and it's ready to use. A daily Polident bath gets into tiny crevices brushing never seems to reach—keeps your plate sparkling clean and odor-free.

No brushing

What's more . . . your plate material is *60 times softer than natural teeth*, and brushing with ordinary tooth pastes, tooth powders or soaps, often wears down the delicate fitting ridges designed to hold your plate in place. With worn-down ridges, of course, your plate loosens. But, since there is no need for brushing when using Polident—there's no danger. And besides, the *safe* Polident way is so easy and sure.

Later—Now Grandpa doesn't worry about Denture Breath . . . he's really tops with Sally. Grandpa's one of the delighted millions who have found Polident the new, easy way to keep dental plates and bridges sparkling clean, odor-free. If *you* wear a removable bridge, a partial or complete dental plate, play safe. Use Polident every day to help maintain the original natural appearance of your dental plate—costs less than 1¢ a day. All drug counters, 30¢ and 60¢.

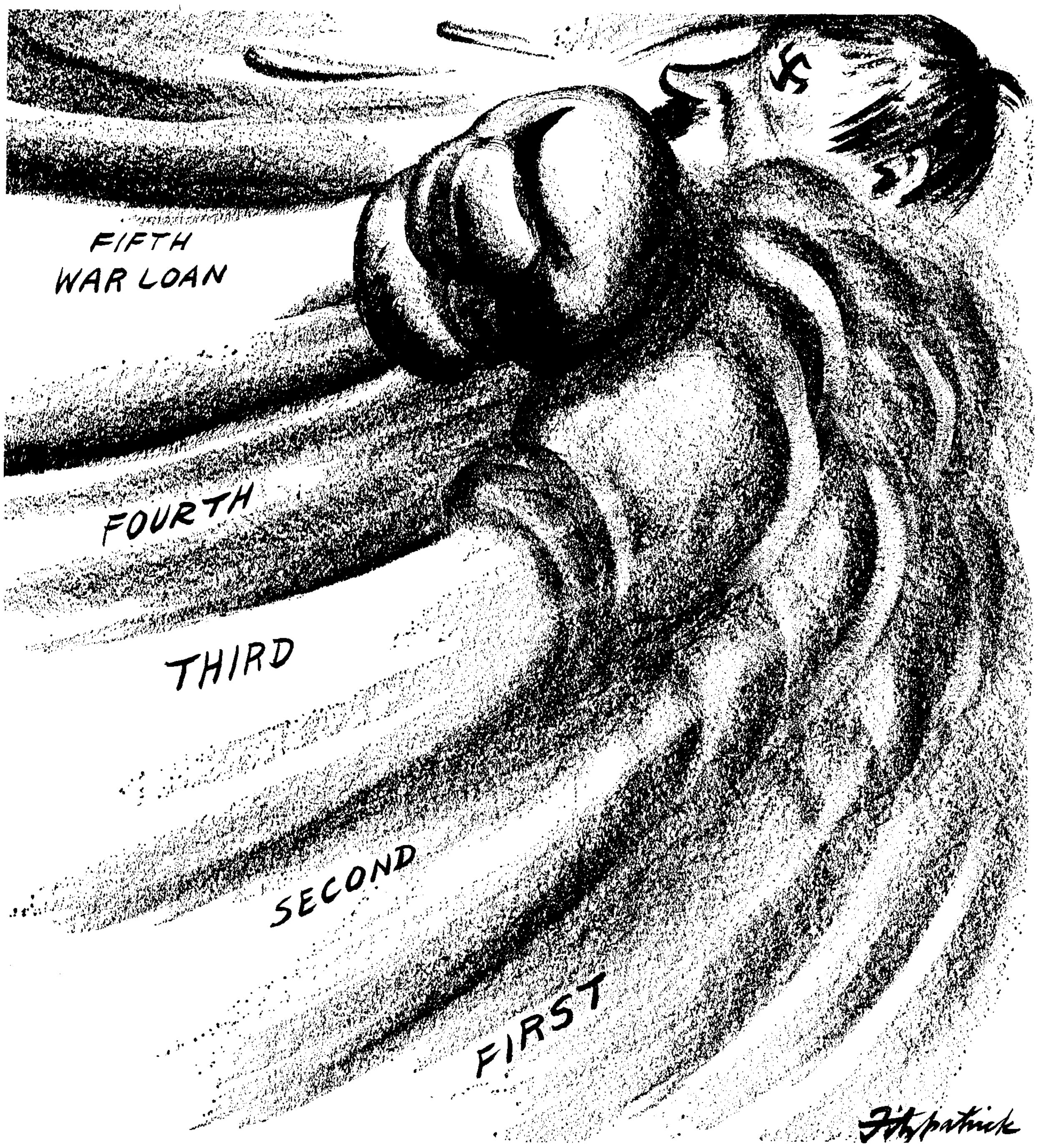
BUY MORE
5th WAR LOAN

Use POLIDENT *Daily* TO KEEP PLATES AND BRIDGES CLEAN . . . AND ODOR-FREE!

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Publisher

HENRY LA COSSITT, Editor



WAR LOAN NO. 5

THE FIFTH WAR LOAN drive offers Americans, among other things, a fine chance to show Messrs. Hitler and Tojo and their numerous dupes that we do not make the mistake of starting to pull punches when we see victory ahead; that we stay right in there slugging until the opponent goes down.

We've come a long way since the Japs attacked Pearl Harbor, and Hitler and Mussolini declared war on us. It is a way that has led our dauntless warriors past many a milestone of glory—Guadalcanal, New Guinea, Bougainville, Kwajalein, Tarawa, Cape Bon, Sicily, Salerno, the giant air offensives against Germany, the tremendous sea and air slashes at Japan's empire—all of these achievements leading toward the final breakup of Axis power.

That the Allies are going to win both of these wars is now about as certain as anything in this uncertain world can be. The main question is how soon.

Every time the American people overshoot a War Loan goal, as they have done four times, they serve notice afresh on the Axis nations that the United States means business in these wars and will not relax its efforts until both wars are won. Incidentally, they pile up postwar purchasing power with which to keep our industries spinning after peace arrives and they contribute toward prevention of a runaway inflation.

Speaking of the war of nerves, heavy War Bond subscriptions are among the most effective sockos we can send home to the psychological chins of the Axis leaders and peoples. And anybody who can scrape up the money to buy a bond has the great privilege of adding weight to the punch.

OUR CHINESE ALLY

A GOOD deal of adverse criticism of China has been flitting around the United States of late; and possibly a good deal of it is true. But how necessary is it, and how well-advised, at this time?

To anybody who knows anything about China, it is no news that China is not yet a Western democracy; that polite graft is practiced as a sort of fine art in almost all strata of Chinese society; that the war lord is still a prevalent and poisonous institution in China; and that Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek is bitter toward the northwest China Communists.

For all that, the Chinese have been fighting the Japs longer than any of the rest of us and, at least till the Battle of Midway, more effectively. China's leaders, too, have been more polite and understanding about our inability to send them all the help we'd like to send than have some other people we could mention.

As an ally of ours, China is not perfect. But neither, looked at from a detached point of view, have we as yet been a perfect ally of China.

Let's just accept our allies as we find them, without objecting out loud to the way they wear their hats or run their domestic affairs. What really matters is how much they contribute to the Allied cause. China's contribution already has been very large and, in the light of Admiral Nimitz's expressed opinion that the final offensive against Japan will have to be mounted from the Chinese mainland, China's future contribution promises to be larger still.

LET THE GOOSE LIVE

THE misadventures of the 30% cabaret tax furnish about as vivid an illustration as we can remember of the folly of overtaxation.

"Cabaret" is a word which to many people connotes a mixture of sin and extravagance. To most of such people, a cabaret owner is always a rich rascal and most likely a "furriner," and hence fair game whenever the government needs more tax money.

It didn't prove out that way in this case. In the first month of the 30% cabaret tax, the American Guild of Variety Artists' national director, Matt Shelvey, estimated that 25,000 entertainers had been plowed under, and that 250,000 waiters, bartenders, musicians, kitchen workers, etc., were threatened with loss of their jobs. "A billion-dollar industry," said Shelvey, "is about ready to throw up its hands." Allowing for the exaggerations which most people in the entertainment business habitually make, the picture is still bad.

If such hardships did anything to advance the Allied cause in the war, there would be no justifiable objection. But they don't. They only increase confusion and discontent on the home front and defeat their own primary purpose, which is to raise more revenue for the war. Tax revenues from cabarets promptly began to sag after imposition of the 30% tax, whereas the tax's framers had expected them to balloon.

It is still true that you cannot kill a goose that lays golden eggs and get any more golden eggs from that particular goose. Some prayerful pondering on this ancient truth should do a lot of our tax framers a lot of good.

"Well, here's to better luck tomorrow!"

DRY Paul Jones ...a gentleman's whiskey since 1865

In a whiskey as in a champagne or a sherry, dryness has just one purpose. To bring out true flavor. Paul Jones's dryness (lack of sweetness) brings out all the richness and mellowness of this very fine American whiskey.

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.

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